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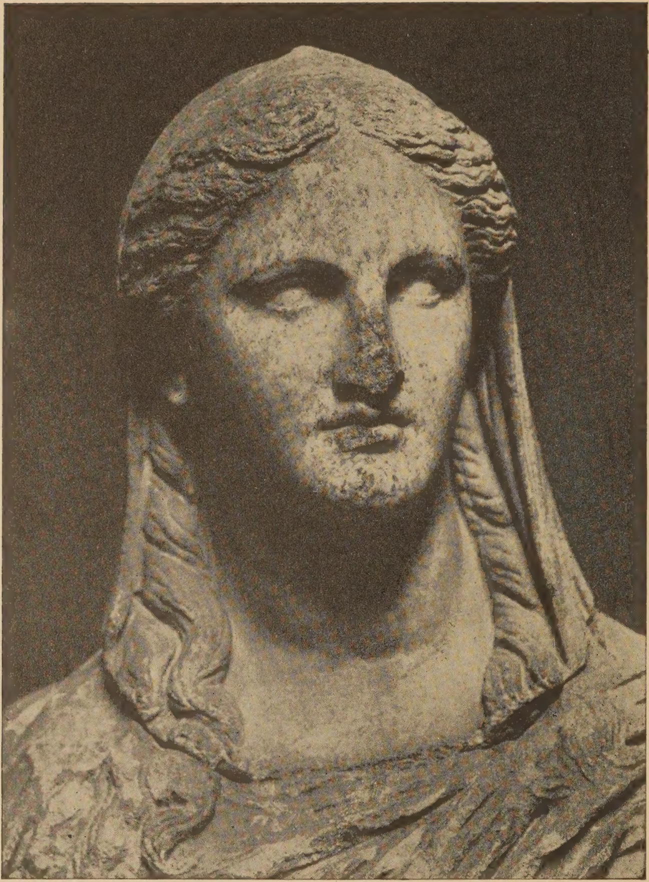

Frontispiece.

Head of Demeter of Cnidus. British Museum, London.

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THE MESSAGE
OF
GREEK ART

BY

H. H. POWERS, Ph.D.

PRESIDENT OF THE BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
AUTHOR OF "MORNINGS WITH MASTERS OF ART"

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1928

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Set up and electrotyped. Published September, 1913. Reissued November, 1925.

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

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THE MESSAGE OF GREEK ART

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION — THINGS GREEK

THIS is not a history of Greek art. Still less is it a record of personal research or exploration beyond the limits of previous knowledge. The writer is deeply conscious of the debt which he and others owe to the patient scholarship which has rescued from oblivion so much that he values, but he claims no part in the honor of this achievement. He has found in the civilization thus rescued a thing inspiring and enjoyable beyond any other. While sharing with scholars the regret that so much still remains unknown, he has even greater regret that the known is so inaccessible, that so few enjoy what he has found enjoyable or feel the inspiration which he has felt. This regret is the occasion of this book, and sufficiently suggests its purpose.

As the title of the book implies, the subject here chiefly discussed is Greek art, but with emphasis rather upon the adjective than upon the noun. The subject is never dissociated in thought from its great background of Greek civilization and history, and it derives its chief interest to the writer from the fact that it so constantly reveals and interprets this larger fact. It is therefore the message of Greek art, what it has to tell us of the Greeks, of their personality, their ideals and their experiences, that will chiefly concern us, rather than considerations of process or later accident.

By common consent the Greek civilization is the most remarkable that the world has ever known. If its supremacy is more relative than absolute, it is not the less significant. The Greeks of course lacked the distinctively modern appliances which have so largely increased human efficiency. The mighty blocks of the Parthenon were lifted into place by muscle rather than by steam power. The education of the Athenian citizen was accomplished without the printing press. Decidedly, in the matter of plant, our civilization is superior.

But is it not clear that this very fact increases the marvel of Greek achievement? If they could produce such temples and such personalities with their appliances, what ought we to produce with ours? If we measure civilization by its plant, ours is easily ahead. But if we measure by ratio of product to plant, ours bears no comparison. Decidedly, the Greek was a success at the task of living.

The conventional and concessive recognition of these facts hinders rather than helps their appreciation. We never take much account of facts which we concede unthinkingly as matters of course. Hence it happens that when we are seriously confronted with such facts, we too often repudiate our former concessions and fail to draw the legitimate inference. After all, isn't this Greek superiority a myth? Was their art any better than our art? Have they anything to teach us, who are in so many ways ahead of them in the race?

The only answer to this complacent skepticism into which our empty recognition resolves itself on the slightest pressure is to be found in a fuller acquaintance with the Greeks and their achievements. That answer the writer believes will be conclusive. His conviction deepens that here is one of the supreme phenomena of history. In Athens, for a century or two, life scored its most notable success. Here for a brief season the fecund organism of the species ceased to turn out its wonted animal product, and produced the higher man-stuff in unprecedented measure. And this new type slipped the leash of old-time superstitions, shook itself free from imbruting traditions, won measurable control over the baser impulses, and strode boldly over the barriers which convention had set to thought.

Imagination reveled in magnificent fancies and disciplined itself for their realization. Emotion became the trained servant of the mind, a thing neither petted nor suppressed. This union of emotion and insight under perfect discipline produced those great human products, art, science, literature, philosophy, ethics, which together constitute culture, the finished human thing. They did not exhaust the possibilities of these things, of course. No race ever will, least of all a race which is granted but a moment of existence on a mere speck of a vast darkened earth. That is not the important thing. It concerns us rather to note that life was here more productive of the higher goods than at any other time or place.

All this, of course, will be interpreted as a relative rather than an absolute supremacy. It amounts to saying that the Greeks did extremely well, better indeed than any other people, considering their time and circumstances. At the risk of being taken for an extremist, the writer will venture the opinion that in essential matters the Greek supremacy was absolute as well as relative. Greek character was better rounded than our own. Greek mental development, though less affluent in detail, had a juster balance of faculties than ours. Greek perception of subtle harmonies of relation was much keener in many lines than ours. Nor can it be admitted, as is so often assumed, that Greek development was one-sided, subordinating the ethical to the æsthetic. Nothing is more amazing in Greek history than the vigor of its ethical assertion. Even the most criticized acts of the Athenian state compare favorably with those of the most ethically developed peoples in our day. The attack upon Syracuse was less wanton than our attack upon Mexico two generations ago and its underlying motive far higher. Athenian slavery was a thing of sweetness and light compared with our own, and Greek religion interested itself in its amelioration as our own did not do. No modern divine or prophet of other mold has uttered words which will draw tears of homage after two thousand years as do the words of Socrates in his prison.

The list might be prolonged indefinitely, but it would take us far from our chosen theme. Suffice it to say that it is more than doubtful, in the light of our last century of history, whether any race now living, if situated as were the Athenians, subjected to the same temptations and confronted by the same appalling disasters, would acquit themselves as well. And it is perfectly certain that no modern people under like conditions would build a Parthenon.

Can it be that such a people has no lesson for us, no wealth of achievement to bequeath which shall lessen the perplexities and increase the joy of living? If so, then there is no value in the continuity of life, and we live in vain for those who come after us. There is infinite unplausibility in such an assumption. There is no possible justification for the prevailing ignorance and indifference regarding this most significant episode in human history. Is it a thing to pardon when a prominent newspaper can speak of Plato as an English writer, or a seemingly intelligent listener to a lecture on the Age of Pericles can ask the speaker to kindly tell her "what *are* pericles?" Why is it that the torch of Greek civilization lights us so dimly on our way?

The explanation is to be found in part in the widespread revolt against "classical studies" and the policy which they represent. That policy is one of insistence upon the study of the Greek language as a necessary preliminary to the study of Greek literature and in general of things Greek. It matters not that the route thus chosen is the most impassable of all entrances into the promised land, that of those directed thither not one in a hundred ever starts, and of those who start not one in a hundred ever arrives; it still holds its place as the road of preference, the only one leading to the true mandarinate of culture.

On no account would the writer be willing to see that road closed. He studied Greek as a youth and does not regret it. He remembers catching faint glimpses of the eternal things and struggling with the lump in his throat as he wrestled with the aorists of Plato, and he grudges neither the time nor the struggle. But few were his comrades and slight his glimpses in this first effort to spy out the land. Conquest and possession came later and by another route. Not till after years, when his Greek was forgotten, did he make the acquaintance of things Greek. By all means keep open the old route via conjugation and syntax, but give it no monopoly, no misleading preference. We must open up other thoroughfares, broad and convenient, through which all may enter. Let us hope that the day is not far off when every department of Greek will be a department of things Greek, in which, not one achievement of this favored race and that the leanest and the least, but all the products of its unparalleled culture shall be made accessible to all whom they may profit. That accessibility must be secured by the removal of every unnecessary obstacle. It is a crime against culture to interpose the Greek language as a barrier to the study of Greek literature. It is a calamitous mistake to devote to the problems of Greek syntax the energies which might master the meaning of Greek art.

But our plea is not merely for a larger recognition of Greek achievement, and for the study of Greek art as well as — even in lieu of — Greek syntax. We must study Greek art in a larger way. In art as in linguistic studies we have been more careful of syntax than of sense. Our age is a scientific age. Our triumphs have been those of intellect, the extension of exact knowledge and its application to practical affairs. Emotion and sentiment have had little to do with these achievements and their part has seemed to be a disturbing one. We have come to distrust emotion and to regard it as an indulgence of our leisure hours to be eschewed in moments of serious occupation and indulged but sparingly when we are in training. This dispassionate "scientific spirit" is highly conducive to exact knowledge, the great desideratum in scientific investigation.

But we sometimes forget that knowledge, as the word is here used, can bring us only into intellectual relation with things, and that there are some things whose very nature requires a different kind of knowing. Take people, for instance. How long must we investigate a man before we can say that we know him? When a recruit is called to the colors, he is examined as to height, weight, lung capacity, heart action, eyes, teeth and every possible fact of significance. When the result is tabulated, the examiner has a body of exact knowledge regarding the man to which no friend of his can pretend, but has he made any progress toward an *acquaintance?* Even if the examination were extended to qualities of head and heart, the two would never get acquainted, would never know each other in that very significant sense which is familiar between friends, unless investigation were supplemented by another kind of experience.

It is acquaintance, as the word is understood between friends, which is the object of our quest. Such a quest is not unscientific, for it allows the fullest place to exact knowledge, but it involves some things in addition which exact knowledge cannot furnish, just as a fireside acquaintance with a person involves things quite outside the measurements of the recruit.

The scientific preoccupation of our age has led to a great deal of art study which is of much the same nature as the measurement of the recruit. There is first of all the study of processes or technique. There is a great deal to be learned about this, and like any line of study, the inquiry becomes very absorbing. The investigator may even forget that there is anything else to study. The writer recalls the contemptuous remark of an instructor in art history: "I don't bother about the artist's message. What I try to show them is how he does it." This is quite naturally the attitude of the craft, but it is not confined to the craft.

The fragmentary character of Greek sculpture and of our knowledge regarding it offers another line of fascinating scientific inquiry, namely, archæology. There are missing parts to figure out, gaps in the series to fill, affinities to determine, attributions to settle, literary allusions to explain, etc. These are scientific problems of the greatest importance to the ultimate understanding of Greek art, and so absorbing that in many an academic circle archæology and art seem to have become interchangeable terms.

But it will be clear on a moment's reflection that however valuable these studies may be, they do not give us what we are seeking, an *acquaintance* which shall give us the artist's meaning and inspiration. If instruction in art is too often limited to such inquiries, it is because they are scientific in their nature, and we know how to go about scientific inquiries. Even if we are conscious of something beyond these inquiries which is supremely important, we stand with a helpless feeling that this is something which cannot be learned or taught, that in the presence of art itself we cannot be helpful to one another. And yet, oh, how we do need help in this same presence!

There are many things about art which science may investigate, but art itself is the very antithesis of science. Science is organized knowledge, but art is organized emotion. They are the two halves of our dual nature, two halves equally vital and equally entitled to honor, halves somewhat out of balance just now, but superbly balanced in the character of the race we are dealing with. Now to know emotion, we must *feel*, just as to know color, we must *see*. We can no more interpret art in terms of exact knowledge than we can interpret color in terms of hearing. The things of the spirit must be spiritually discerned. The essential thing, therefore, in studying art, is to create in our minds a certain emotional susceptibility, an appreciative mood. The mind thus sensitized is quick to receive the impress of the artist's imagination, while historic and technic data acquire a new significance. But to explain art to a mind not thus sensitized, is like photographing on an unsensitized plate. We may know all about a picture or statue, and if we have not *felt*, we do not know it as art.

It is a delicate matter, in the light of these considerations, to propose a task which our age seems to have regarded as either unworthy or beyond our powers. Not without concern does the writer expose himself to the charge on the one hand of sentimentality, and on the other of presumption. But whatever the risk, he has elected to present Greek art *as art*. He would fain trace these fair forms back, not to the quarry from whence they were digged nor to the chisel with which they were shaped, but to the mind that gave them meaning and to the passions that gave them birth. He would invoke their aid to secure spiritual citizenship in this most wonderful of communities, to find himself in the mighty currents of feeling which animated this creative race, to see their visions and share their struggles for things good and beautiful and true. Through the aid of Greek art once more to worship Athena in her temple, to rejoice with the bridegroom at the bride imbued with charm by Aphrodite, to join in the sad farewell at the departure to the undiscovered country, and with Orpheus resign Eurydice to the Lord of Shades, and in turn, to feel our heart leap within us as Helios bursts from the waves and his chariot gleams from the sky, *this is to know Greek art.*

It goes without saying that such a study leads us constantly beyond the mere study of statues, back to the busy life which they reveal. The very significance of Greek art, its vitality which so far exceeds that of any other age or people, lies in the fact that it never lost touch with life. Every wave of passion, every alternation of victory and defeat, every change of private culture or social organization was reflected in art. The study of art, as here defined, consists largely in the tracing of this relation. If, therefore, the reader finds with surprise that the writer continually digresses from art to history, the only reply is that this is not a digression. If at the end, the reader feels somewhat acquainted with the Greeks and their art, acquainted with the Greeks through their art, on better terms with them and more conscious of their spiritual fellowship, the purpose of the writer will have been in so far accomplished.

It will possibly avoid misunderstanding and forestall criticism to confess freely that something of symmetry and presentableness has been given to the subject by a freer use of conjecture than a purely archæological treatise would allow. At the best, the magnificent fabric of Greek art must forever hang in tatters. To one who, by long acquaintance, has become conscious of its matchless beauty, the tatters matter little, but at first they are all we see. To minimize at first these disfigurements is not only legitimate, but is in the interest of essential truth. Nowhere has the writer indulged in mere guesses, and seldom has he hazarded conjecture upon his own authority. Whether he has been uniformly circumspect the reader must judge.

It is in the interest of this same presentableness and this higher mood of æsthetic appreciation that controversy has been almost excluded from these pages. The writer is quite aware that some of the usual conclusions are challenged, and that in certain cases several hypotheses compete for acceptance. In most cases, however, the presumption has seemed strongly in favor of one of these claimants, and the writer has felt it a favor to the reader not to confuse him with an exaggerated sense of uncertainty, or to dissipate by the temper of discussion the elusive mood upon which the appreciation of art must depend. Only in the rare cases where he has advanced a hypothesis of his own has he felt it incumbent upon him to state opposing views and his reasons for dissent.

CHAPTER II

THE KINGDOM OF MINOS. THE ÆGEAN CIVILIZATION.

3000 (?)–1500 (?) B.C.

It was a warm afternoon in springtime when we clambered over a rocky hill that rises above modern Argos. Below us lay the town, its deceptively white cottages embowered in trees. To the right, high above us, towered the mighty Larissa, citadel of ancient Argos, with memories of Argive and Spartan, of Venetian and Turk, while to the south, across the level plain, rose the Gibraltar-like fortress of Palamidi, guarding the gateway to the gulf where our white yacht slumbered upon the blue waters.

There were three of us, a silent, spectacled scholar, an irrepressible enthusiast, and another, who clambered together over the rugged hillside and the scarcely less rugged remains of man's tempering activity. There were bits of Roman wall repairing Hellenistic structures; there were Greek foundations and earlier walls, and earlier yet, till the measuring rod of the imagination gave up baffled, as that of the mind had done so long before. One of these walls engages our special attention. It is made of rough unshaped rocks such as abound upon the hillside, but they are handled with not a little skill. Very large are the stones that form the faces of the thick wall, and so placed that their smoother sides are outward, while smaller stones fill in between, and all are locked together cleverly, so that the wall, still straight and trim, has triumphed over man and nature.

We walk along the top of this venerable monument the like of which we have just seen up at ancient Mycenæ and "wall-girt Tiryns," sister fortresses only a few miles away, when, lo, our wall crosses diagonally another wall, reduced to a few courses and covered by the shallow earth until uncovered recently by the explorer's spade. It is a much poorer wall, made of small stones, laid without skill, such as shepherds of to-day might build for a sheepfold. Perhaps that is all it ever served for, though it may have belonged to a royal palace. But the important thing is that it runs *under* our big wall, and so must have been there, abandoned, buried and forgotten, when these neighbors of Mycenæ built the big wall, well on towards four thousand years ago. The little wall must therefore be older, perhaps a good deal older, and we view it with respect.

Suddenly the enthusiast begins with an archaic umbrella to burrow under this earliest wall. No result for a time, then a tiny shard or two, unmarked at first, but then with precious telltale markings, and finally a flake of gleaming, vitreous substance like the fragment of a black bottle. Not glass, however, for there were no bottles then, but obsidian, a volcanic stone which is no stranger. The flake is possibly a rude arrow-tip, but more probably only a chance flake struck off by the arrowhead maker. That is all, yet we go away with a key to a great civilization. What can it teach us?

The first thing is that some one brought it there. There is no deposit of obsidian in Greece. That is not a thing to see at a glance, but we happen to know it. Long ago it must have been brought, for it was there before that earliest wall was built. Moreover, none but men of a very early time would have had any motive for bringing it. Obsidian was used for implements before men knew anything better, before the days of iron, or even of the earlier bronze. Our chip must have been left there by a neolithic man. Where did he get it?

Our yacht weighs anchor and steers toward the south and east. The promontories fade, the coast islands are passed and the sun goes down in the sea. We are in the most untenanted part of the Ægean, and despite its slumberous calm, we are glad that our yacht is large and staunch. In the morning we steam through a crack in the rim of an ocean volcano and anchor in the crater of Melos, the most scenic and isolated of the islands of the Ægean. We make our pilgrimage to the former resting place of the famous Aphrodite, and do other homage, but what concerns us now is that everywhere, in our path, in the walls along the roadside, in cliff and cove, is the gleaming obsidian. Here, then, our neolithic man may have found our chip, — must have found it, for it is found nowhere else within the limit of his accessible world.

And that means that while the Pyramids were still young, the neolithic obsidian merchant was crossing the uncharted seas between Melos and Argos, bearing his wares, these and many more besides, and returning with others in their stead. And if here, then surely between other islands and other bays as well. And so we find it. Not in Melos or in Argos only, but in all the islands of the Ægean and up the western coast of Greece toward the Adriatic, on countless Greek hillsides, on the Acropolis itself, in Troy, in remoter Cyprus, especially in Crete, richest and strangest of them all, we find the same walls, the same wares, the reminders of the same civilization. Not flakes of obsidian alone, but handicraft in stone and ivory and above all in pottery, most indestructible of all, and easiest record of man's tastes and thoughts. Even farther we might trace these far-wandering footsteps, to Sicily and Sardinia and even to Spain, to central Spain, where in far-off Saragossa we find the work of the Ægean potter.

Who were these people, and whence and when came they? We can give but tentative answer. One thing only seems certain. They were not Greeks. They occupied the land which was later made glorious by Greek civilization; they were no mean forerunners of that great race, and perhaps contributed more to Greek civilization than has been recorded, but they were not Greeks in complexion or build or temperament. They seem to have been dark complexioned and short of stature, while the early Greeks were tall, blue eyed, and fair. Their speech, recorded in many inscriptions, is still a sealed book, and holds the secret of their kinship. They were probably part of an extensive race who once occupied all the peninsulas and islands of the Eastern Mediterranean before aliens from the north usurped their birthright. Some indications point to an African origin, though of course in regions not yet dominated by the negro type which has come to be too generally associated in our thought with the "Dark Continent."

Of their civilization we fortunately know much. Distributed at first among many local centers and showing varied and provincial types, it gradually becomes unified under the apparent sway of imperial Cnossus, where from the magnificent palace whose ruins still astonish the beholder, the dynasty of the great Minos ruled over the first sea empire. Cnossus alone among ancient capitals, like London among modern, was unfortified. How assured must have been the allegiance of Cretan subjects among whom kings could dwell for a thousand years unprotected by wall or bastion, how well organized the fleet that could protect the Cretan coast from sea rovers and compel distant isles and inland kinglets to pay the tribute for which we find the tallies in Cnossus. Yet there is reason to believe that this sway was seldom disturbed, and that a peaceful temper, unfavorable to martial spirit, was the rule in the Ægean world. Commerce was well ordered and extensive, attaining vast proportions, especially with Egypt in the days of her splendor. The arts flourished, social procedure was defined by venerable conventions, and writing, most useful and significant of man's intellectual achievements, found elaborate development and extensive use in the records at which we gaze, wistful but helpless.

But we are concerned with their art, as remote ages will be with ours, for art alone endures among things human. This art is preserved chiefly in two forms, pottery and metal, with slight remains in ivory, stone, plaster and painting, less durable media of art expression. These men were not sculptors like the Greeks, though the Lion Gate of Mycenæ is one of a limited number of sculptured forms which are of profound significance. They were not architects, like the builders of the Parthenon, though they built palaces of vast extent, and so complicated as to give rise in a later day to the tradition of the Labyrinth, while luxuries, conveniences and sanitary arrangements of an astoundingly modern character bear tribute to their skill. Painting, albeit scantily preserved, must have been extensively practiced. Though more decorative than pictorial in style, it is not without amazingly lifelike transcripts from nature, fish sporting in the water, a cat stealing through the high grass to catch the bird perched on a bending stem, gayly dressed and tight-laced guards of the palaces, etc.

But it is in pottery and metal that Ægean art is best preserved, and it is here that we may most easily discover its characteristic elements. Pottery especially gives a most comprehensive record of the art feeling of an early people. In the first place it must be remembered that pottery fills an enormously larger place in the economy of early peoples than in that of to-day. We cook in vessels of iron, put our milk in cans of tin, carry water in wooden pails, store wine in casks of wood, keep our perfumery and drugs in bottles of glass, etc. Imagine what it would mean if all our iron and tin and wood and glass were taken away and we were obliged to find a substitute for them all. Such was the situation in the ancient economy. The ancient family cooked in earthen vessels, carried water in earthen jars, stored wine and oil in earthen casks, poured water or wine from earthen pitchers, kept perfumes in earthen bottles. The potter's art supplied wants ranging from tiny vials dainty as a lady's jewel, up to storage cisterns holding many hogsheads. And as is always the case, the omnipresent utility translated itself into symbolic and ceremonial forms, epitomizing the ritual of religious and social procedure. Betrothal, marriage, religious consecration, death, all these and many other events in the great drama of man's life, the potter was asked to commemorate in the stately forms of his infinitely supple art.

There is no craft in our later time upon which life so focuses our attention and our skill.

Our interest in ancient pottery is further enhanced by the ease with which it reflects other forms of art and life. The Attic vase maker of the early day wrought many a stately vessel expressive of the growing ritual of his time, form and feature being determined by an ever more exacting convention, but upon the broad surfaces whose decoration permitted the exercise of his pictorial art he did not fail to portray the new waterworks which Pisistratus had inaugurated for Athenian convenience, or the pictures that Polygnotus had painted in the Stoa, or the stories from the lives of heroes and gods. Pottery thus becomes at once the greatest of all the early arts and the reflection of all the rest.

In the long life of Ægean civilization, covering perhaps a period of three thousand years, the art of the potter passed through an eventful evolution, assuming many and contrasted forms, but betraying throughout a certain dominant tendency strongly suggestive of race character. To trace this evolution is no part of our purpose. We are concerned merely with its final forms and the race character which they indicate, for it was these with which the northern invader came in contact and which became his heritage.

In their form — always the most important element in the potter's art — the Ægean vases have no significant peculiarities. These forms are elegant, and if less exquisite than those of the best Greek period, they vastly surpass the work of the Greek potter who immediately succeeded. It is rather in their decoration, where the artist was little hampered by considerations of manufacture or use, that we are to look for the free play of fancy and the expression of race feeling and ideals.

In their best-known types the Ægean vases are decorated with designs in immense variety, animals and plants, denizens of earth, air and sea, as well as infinitely varied conventional or geometrical figures. The whole range of the creation and even

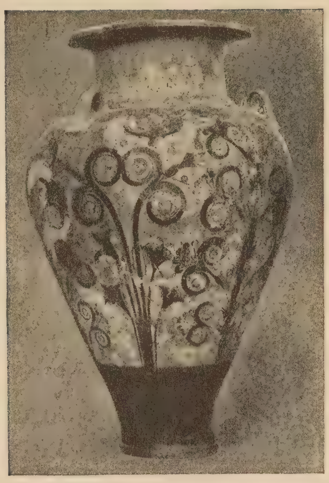


Fig. 1.—Vase. Museum, Candia.

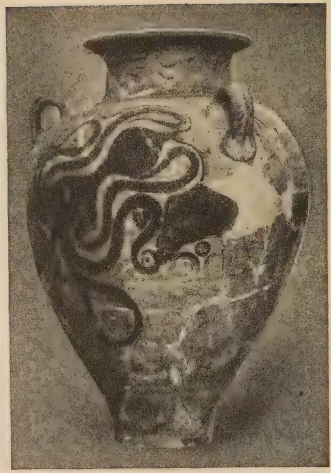


Fig. 2.—Vase. Museum, Candia.

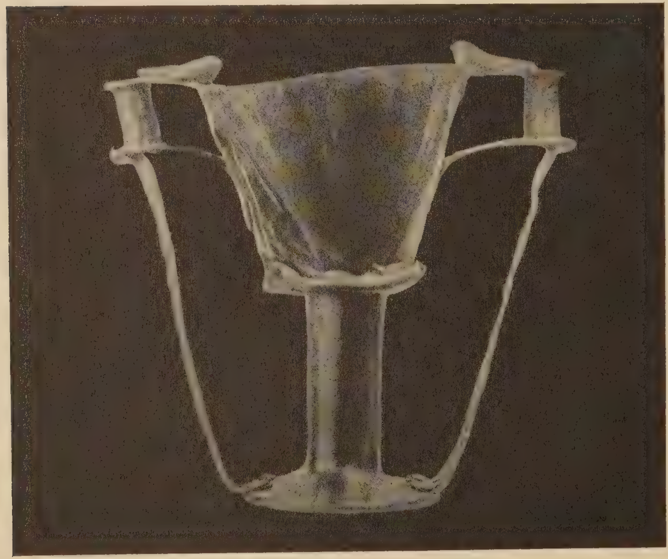


Fig. 3.—"Cup of Nestor." National Museum, Athens.

of geometrical abstraction is drawn upon, though with a significant reluctance to represent the human figure. Yet with all this immense range of motive, emphasis is always laid upon one or two simple elements of an abstract character: the spiral, the rosette, the curve in some form, to the exclusion of straight line and angle. Of these forms, all of them of Egyptian origin, the spiral is by far the most important (Fig. 1). Sometimes it is the simple spiral, a line traced with the brush, winding up like a watch spring in a closely packed circle; sometimes the reversed spiral, which you follow round its many turnings to the center, when the line doubles back upon itself and finds its way out again along the devious pathway by which it came in. Sometimes there are four lines, all starting at once from the center and winding their way outward till they reach the circle's edge, when they dart off on tangents in four different directions and, combining with other lines, wind themselves up again into other spirals like the first. Thus a two-line spiral could be made to repeat itself in an indefinite series of watch springs, linked by tangents, and constituting a border; a three-line spiral could be made to cover a triangle, a four-line spiral a rectangle, etc. For ceiling decorations, for furniture, for metal work, for pottery, this uniform yet infinitely variable motive was ever available. If a border went upright round a vase or lay flat upon its spreading top, the accommodating spiral and its tangent links were equally available. If called upon to ornament a dagger blade, the successive spirals had but to appear in convenient diminuendo to follow perfectly the taper of the blade. No motive has ever been so perfectly pliable, or when skillfully executed and combined with other elements, so uniformly pleasing as this sign manual of Ægean art.

Closely akin to the spiral is the rosette which, in various forms, is an ever recurring motive in all forms of Ægean decoration, one which was not forgotten by their subtler heirs in the domain of art. The rosette could also be ranged in rows for borders, or used as the centerpiece of panels, and if less organic as the covering of a ceiling or other surface, this was an advantage in the many places where the requirement is for an isolated unit of decoration, as in the bottom of a ceiling coffer, or the limited area of a button or a brooch. The number of varieties of rosette is absolutely unlimited. It could be edged with borders in spiral and filled with patterns in every conceivable variety of sinuous or simple curve. Notice a few examples in Figure 5.

Turning from these abstract elements to motives taken from nature, we are struck by the Ægean choice. Not gods and heroes, unless by necessity, but creatures of lower order; not the eagle of Zeus or the hawk of Horus, strong characterful symbols of majesty and power, but by preference the swan and the goose. Not the fir tree, the oak or the soaring cypress, though all these were familiar, but curving fronds of leafage; strangest of all and oftenest, the octopus (Fig. 2) and sea algæ. Insects, too, are favorites, butterflies and moths and bees. We occasionally find lions and bulls and other royal beasts, but strangely modified, as we shall have occasion to note when we turn to their famed work in metal.

A glance at any of these nature forms discloses the fact that they bear very little resemblance to the creatures that suggested them. It is not that they are clumsy, and that the artist's skill was not equal to the rendering of nature in her true character. Doubtless the artist would have fallen short of perfect naturalism if that had been his ideal, but nothing is clearer than that this was not his ideal. His deviations from nature are not shortcomings; they are deliberate modifications in the interest of an end definitely proposed. And what is this end? Simply his beloved spirals and curves. How much better the plump form and curving neck of the goose than the more vigorous lines of the eagle, if one is after curves. The last thing a modern artist would think of is the cuttlefish, but if you want spirals, his long tentacles are about the only thing in the animal kingdom which will assume the desired form, while

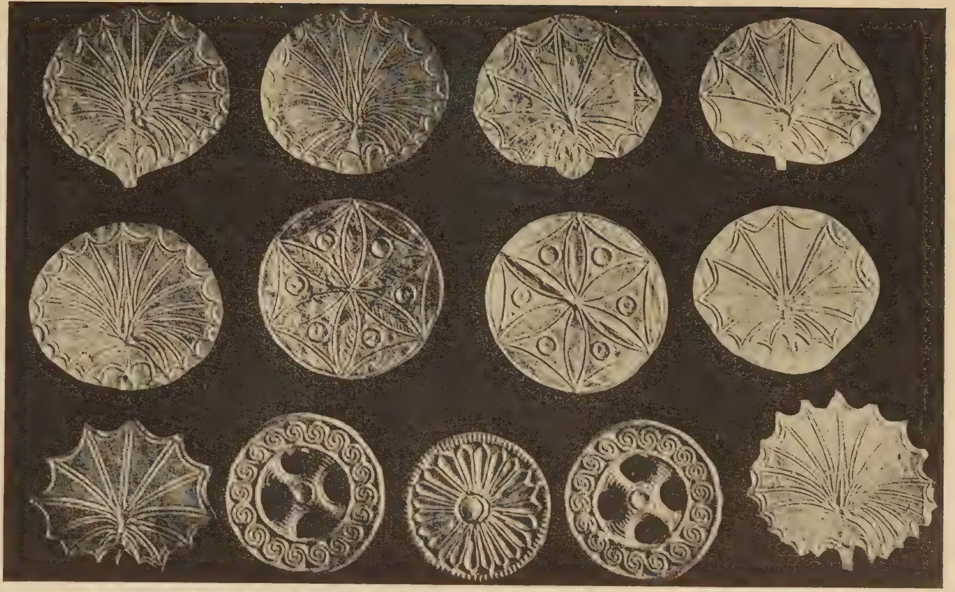


Fig. 4. — Gold Ornaments from Mycenæ.
National Museum, Athens.

his plump pulpy body rivals the fattest goose in its curved outline, and the long rows of suckers can plausibly be rendered as so many tiny rosettes. The cuttlefish was easily first in the repertory of the scroll hunter. But other creatures were made to do duty, even if under obvious constraint. The butterfly and the moth had antennæ which could be prolonged and wound up like clock springs, while the outline of body and wings might be freely rendered in pleasing curves. The long stems of sea algæ, too, were accommodating, if not very characterful. Hence his bold distortion of forms only partially suited to his purposes. If nature were too poor in the necessary curves and spirals, so much the worse for nature. Nature must ask of art but hints of her real self, and must permit of free transformation in the interest of art's ideals. True art has always reasoned thus.

We have seen how the absence of iron, tin, wood and glass shifted the emphasis of our manifold technic arts on to the potter's craft. In a less degree that emphasis was laid upon metal art. The convenient and useful, but plebeian iron was lacking. The precious metals were present and by their beauty, their costliness and their ease of manipulation invited the exercise of artistic skill. If, in the absence of glass, the peasant drank from an earthen cup, the king inevitably drank from a goblet of gold. His sword hilt was of gold, and damascened gold decorated his dagger blade. Gold rosettes and pectorals embellished his apparel, and a gold mask covered his face in the tomb.

All these articles, except the last, were decorated in the familiar spirals and rosettes. Indeed, gold ornaments have furnished our most convenient illustrations of these favorite motives (Figs. 4 and 5). But it is to the few surviving examples of the gold worker's art that we owe our clearest idea of the Ægean representation of animals of the more commanding type. Hunting scenes are frequent, and the lion, the leopard, the dog and the deer were familiar themes. The Vaphio cups (Fig. 6) offer a marvelous study of cattle in their two phases, wild and

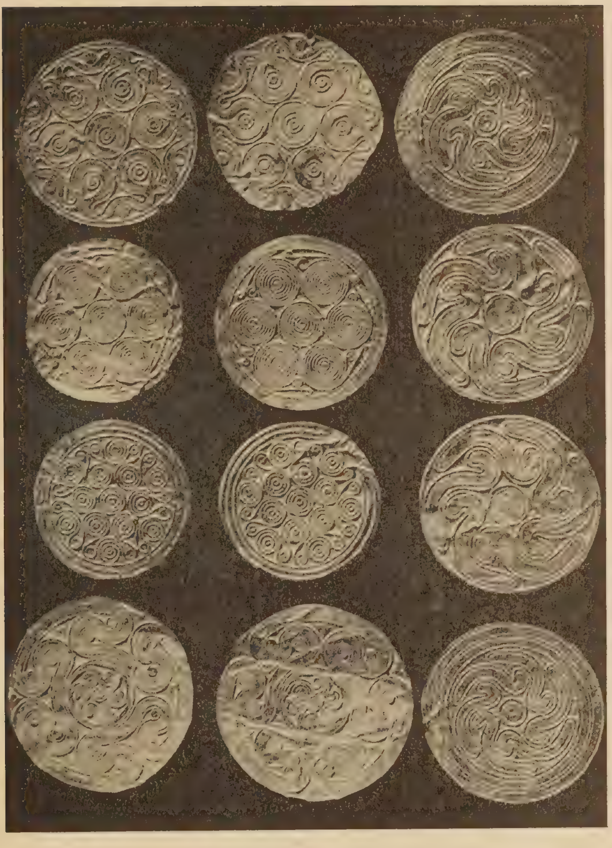
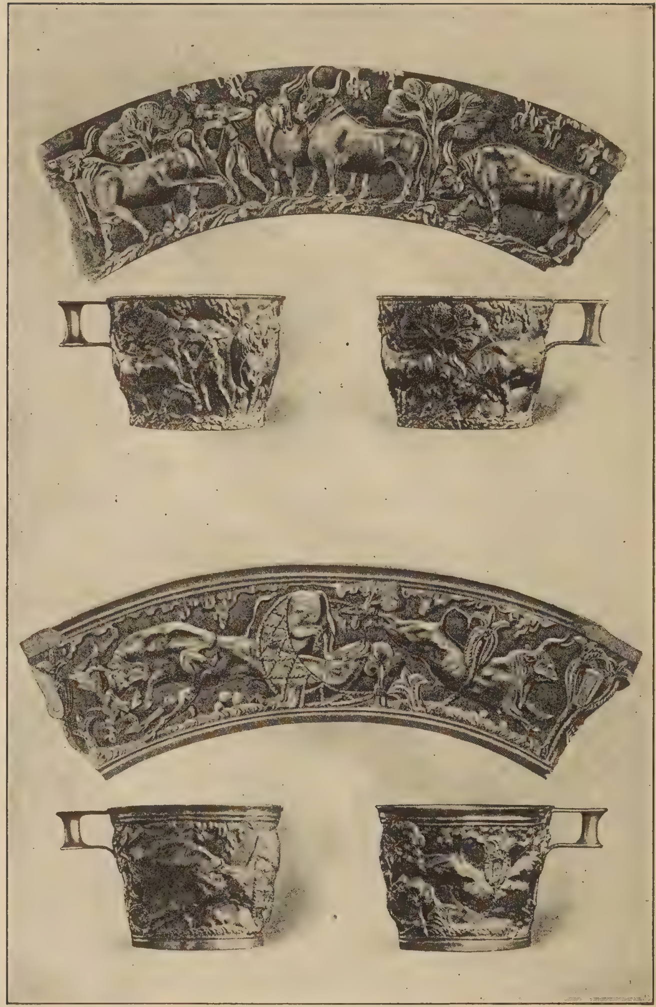


Fig. 5. — Gold Ornaments from Mycenæ.
National Museum, Athens.



By Courtesy of Ginn & Co.

FIG. 6. — Gold Cups from Vaphio. National Museum, Athens.

domesticated. On the one cup is depicted the capture of wild bulls by means of powerful nets, a sport which exposes the captor to no small danger from the infuriated beasts. The other represents domestic cattle in contented, not to say sentimental, mood. But whether the cattle be wild or tame, whether the lion flee or turn on his pursuers, the same dominance of the curve is observable as in the more pliable cuttlefish. In the softened line, yielding to every obstacle, but adapting itself to every situation, harmonizing all elements and maintaining its character with unfailing persistence, we behold the habit of long established art and the temperament of a people.

These two things, then, are our lesson. First, the art with which we have to deal in this earliest twilight of Hellas is not young art, but old, not crude art, but conventionalized. The artist departs from nature, not because he must, but because he will. He draws as we write, not laboriously, but with lines that are automatic. But as we say of one man that he writes a round hand and of another that his hand is angular, so of artists. The Ægean artists, not one, but all, drew with a round hand. During the long centuries their love of representing nature had slowly passed into a love of certain abstractions of line and color, a universal tendency in art. The savage who drew the mammoths on the walls of his cave cared not for curves or colors, but only for mammoths. Not so the man who drew the hunting scene on the dagger blade, or he who chose the unlovely cuttlefish for the sake of its lovely curves. The mere love of representation is the naïve beginning of art. The subordination of representation to abstract principles of design is, to say the least, one of its lines of progress. Let us not hasten to take sides with the one principle or the other. "Never mind your likings; try to understand," must be the admonition to all of us who would fain have likings worth the minding.

It must be confessed that the devotion of the Ægean artist to his favorite spirals and curves is not always discreet. Not to mention the unplausibility, at least to an observant age, of exaggerated tentacles and watch-spring antennæ, our artist is at times too penurious of space, and his decorative elements are not always combined in a manner that is highly organic. Between the legs and above the back of a running horse is some space which he thinks it a pity to waste, and he works in a spiral or two. In the unutilized space between geese and algæ he sprinkles the convenient but somewhat irrelevant rosettes of which he is never weary. But if his devotion is not always according to reason, it is the more obviously devotion. No Christian ever made the sign of the cross more devoutly than the artist of the Ægean Isles repeated this chosen symbol of that beauty which he loved.

The second lesson is less certain, but more significant. The choice of the Ægean artist betrays his temperament and that of his people. It is no accident when a people expresses its sentiments in nonresisting lines of softness and grace. The rugged temper will crave more rugged form of expression. Gentle and refined, but possibly effeminate and voluptuous, we instinctively assume them to be. Pit them against the people whose rugged and uncouth vases are decorated with harsh zigzags and bristling angles, and our instinctive conviction is that the latter must win. The test was not to be long delayed.

CHAPTER III

THE NEWCOMERS AND THEIR ART. THE INVASION OF THE NORTHERNERS. 1500 (?)–1000 (?) B.C.

SHADOWY as is this kingdom of Minos which looms as the dim background of Mediterranean history, we are yet able to follow its development through something of the vicissitudes which characterize the life of all nations. There was ebb and flow, stagnation and revival, in the long course of its development. Conspicuous among these revivals was a brief period of splendor which began about fifteen hundred years before Christ. It is significant that this revival coincides with the rule of the Eighteenth Dynasty in Egypt, when the mighty Thutmes carried the arms and the fame of Egypt to the Euphrates and his ships were seen on all seas. Busy was the traffic between Cnossus and Memphis at that time, and perhaps this alone suffices to account for the new lease of life which was then granted to the long fossilized Ægean civilization. Certain it is that it again became robust and creative, though perhaps less certain of its ideals than in the earlier time. From this period date the wonderful beehive tombs of Mycenæ, second only to the Pyramids as resting places of the great dead. At this time, too, Mycenæ was enlarged, and its walls rebuilt in wider circuit, with hewn stone now, instead of unshaped blocks, and with the famous Lion Gate as its entrance. So creative is this new age that we are loath to attribute the change merely to new opportunities and outside stimulus. To some, such a change can only be accounted for by an infusion of new blood.

Whether the new blood came at this time or not, it is certain that in the course of the next five hundred years the Ægean civilization was first annoyed, then endangered and finally overwhelmed by the irruption of comparatively uncivilized tribes from the north, the last and most conspicuous act in the great drama being faintly recalled by the Greek historian as the Dorian invasion of the eleventh century B.C. We shall entirely misunderstand this great movement, however, and fail to grasp its significance in connection with civilization and art, if we conceive it as a well-organized military campaign pushed through in a few years, and resulting in the wholesale expulsion of the population and the appropriation of their territory. Such a conquest would have destroyed the older civilization, even if its material products had fallen into the invader's hands. It is certain that for this region as a whole no such abrupt transition took place. An exception must be noted in the case of a single small body, who, entering from the north, had found settlement in northern Greece, only to be dispossessed in turn by more invaders of their kin. Pressed by enemies behind and foes in front, they organized themselves into an armed camp, eschewed commerce, and became the dreaded and art hating Spartans of a later time. Had the conquest been wholly of this character, there would have been no Greek art to engage our attention.

The process, as a whole, continuing perhaps through five centuries, is rather to be thought of as a peaceable penetration. The Ægean strongholds and opulent cities were situated upon the islands and the rocky promontories of the mainland. Their occupations were manufacture and commerce, and their bond of union the sea. To some extent they controlled and tilled the valleys of the mainland, and hunted in its forests, but there was no definite boundary between the territory thus controlled and the unexplored wilderness beyond, the domain of half savage hordes unweakened by luxury and the scruples of social sentiment. To this advantage of hardihood was added another whose importance was long undreamed. These hardy opponents of the bronze-armed Ægeans had found iron in their Danube valley and had learned to fashion it for their use.

For hundreds, even thousands, of years, the glamour of Ægean civilization and its superior organization kept the northerners in awe. Communication was constant, however, for the Ægean merchant was enterprising, and regular trade routes soon traversed the barbarian's land. They came to understand one another's speech, and the northerner learned to covet the wealth which the merchant displayed. Border difficulties inhere in such a situation. Tillage is pushed farther afield and encroaches upon traditional rights of pasture. Trespass is resented and resisted. There are forays and cattle raids from the north and punitive expeditions from the south. Each conflict teaches the barbarian something of the secret of civilized organization, something of the superiority of his own weapons, something of the weakness and perhaps the dissensions of his antagonists. Each foray discloses the richness of his booty and excites his cupidity.

Some of these forays, too, achieve a measure of permanent success. There are settlements across the border of individuals and clans. The settlers learn the ways of their neighbors, possibly even learn to side with them against later marauders, while still developing a race solidarity based on community of interest and traditional allegiance. Slowly the hardy race crowds its frontier southward. It bivouacs for a century, but it always breaks camp. Its sanctuary is moved from the oaks of northern Dodona to the shining cliffs of Delphi overlooking the Gulf, then across into the Peloponnesus and over the stepping-stones of the Ægean to tiny Delos and on to the promontories of the Ionian coast. The momentum of the great advance which had become a veritable *wanderlust* of the race is revealed at last in the clear light of history as the great colonization movement which, in the next five hundred years, extended to the Pillars of Hercules and planted a Greek settlement on nearly every available site in the circuit of the Mediterranean.

It is important that we should recognize the extreme slowness of this movement and its predominantly peaceful character.

In spite of its incidents of violence and occasional military campaigns, there were long intervals of peace in which the northerners, when once the movement had started, entered the land as Joseph's brethren entered Egypt. They came to appropriate rather than to exterminate the civilization which had lured them. The process was in many ways analogous to that now going on in our own land, with the difference that the newcomers were of one rather than of diverse races, and that boundaries were vague rather than definite, differences undoubtedly to the disadvantage of the Ægeans. None the less the assimilation which went steadily on gave to the newcomers not only the arts, but in large measure the sympathies and the interests of their neighbors. As border troubles became an ever more serious problem to Ægean statesmanship, it was inevitable that the aliens thus won should sooner or later be made the bulwark of the enfeebled state against their kin, as Stilicho, the Vandal, later held this same region for Rome against his fellow barbarians. Thus was gained the respite of a century or two, perhaps, but these bearers of the iron sword could not long be expected to defend for weaklings a throne which was in their power. As Odoacer the Goth at last seated himself upon the throne of Cæsar and Charlemagne upon that of Clovis, so Agamemnon at last ruled in the fortress of the Lion Gate.

The assimilation which it is all important that we should keep in mind was neither complete nor uniform. Down in the Central Peloponnesus, where the invaders drove the uncompromising Spartan wedge, there was little assimilation or none. On the eastern side of the peninsula and in the islands, where wholesale displacement never occurred, the penetration was more peaceful and more gradual, and assimilation correspondingly more complete. It is doubtful whether the transformation of Athens or Corinth was characterized by any more abrupt transitions than Boston has experienced in the changes of the last two hundred years.

As exponents of the civilization thus appropriated, it is not strange that the new race should be guilty of grave inconsistencies. We are fortunate in possessing an incomparable picture of the new régime in the poems of Homer, which celebrate the capture of the last Ægean stronghold, — the only one ever located on the Asiatic mainland. The poems are written after the invaders, whom it will henceforth be convenient to call Greeks, have long been in undisputed possession of the Ægean mainland and of the adjacent islands, but it is reminiscent of the great struggle and betrays at every step the incongruous mixture of old and new which race experience has not yet had time to fuse into a harmonious whole. The reader of the Homeric poems cannot fail to be struck by these incongruities. It is with no trace of apology that the poet describes the return of his hero, Odysseus, to a palace (?), where swine are in the fore court and his faithful dog awaits his coming on a heap of manure in front of the door. Goats and cows are tied indoors and swine are singed in front of the entrance. Untanned oxhides lie about the great hall and a guest in altercation at the banquet finds ammunition to hurl at his opponent in an ox hoof lying by his side. The floor is of earth, and when soaked with the blood of the suitors, it is cleaned with a hoe. Homer is perfectly unconscious of the revolting nature of these details. Nor are they to be explained by the fact that Ithaca is remote from the centers of Ægean culture, a "wild and woolly west." Homer is guiltless of any attempt at historical local color — he pictures the life of Odysseus in terms familiar to himself and his hearers. It was the Greek life of his day.

But along with these features which have seemingly scarce varied since the departure from the Danubian wilds, there are numerous allusions to a magnificence which it is difficult to reconcile with this squalor and filth, even when allowance is made for the different standards of that time and ours. Menelaus dwells in a palace of dazzling splendor; Helen rocks a silver cradle; Nestor drinks from a goblet of gold with golden doves sitting upon the handles and braces to the handles, whose all but perfect counterpart we have found in a Mycenean grave (Fig. 3); while Achilles carries a marvelous shield the description of which calls forth the poet's highest powers.

If we consider our poet's treatment of these contrasted details, we note several facts of importance. First, his allusions to the repulsive facts are always incidental. He never directs attention to them, even by way of apology. They are matters of course to him and to his hearers, things no more requiring explanation or apology than would a modern writer's allusion to the fact that a dining room contained a table or a schoolroom a blackboard. On the other hand, the magnificence rivets attention and calls for extensive comment. This is but its natural preëminence, perhaps, but it may well be doubted whether a poet from the court of King Minos would not have been inclined rather to take gold goblets for granted and to speak of swine and manure heaps in the front yard with something of assertive disgust.

But more significant is the fact that Homer describes this splendor unintelligently, and attributes it to divine origin. The shield of Achilles is the work not of a man, but of a god. The elaborate scenes wrought by Hephæstus in the four quarters of the shield are described with the liveliest interest, but the poet never guesses that these scenes represent the four seasons, one of the most familiar of the themes of ancient art. The exact counterpart of this attitude is found in the mythology of the Middle Ages concerning the works of classic art, which the feeble powers of degenerate days could neither interpret nor conceive as created by man.

Finally, we must note the frequent assumption of Homer that the men of his day were degenerate. The heroes hurl stones which it would require two men to lift, "such as men now are," while in the higher realm of art and craft, the old skill is forgotten and its creations are credited to the gods. In this early day, therefore, the unprepossessing features of life are Greek, the legacy of savage conditions from which the race has but recently escaped, while its finery and its magnificence is Ægean, the booty of recent conquest, a thing degraded and ultimately destroyed. Exactly so the Roman later took over the Greek art, admiring it, patronizing it, but misunderstanding it, misusing, corrupting and ultimately destroying it. No race can preserve such a heritage, or perpetuate a tradition of "the things that are more excellent," unless that tradition be born of its own experience, servant unto its own spiritual needs.

But, in turn, no race can have the squandering of a treasure thus accumulated without learning new wants and acquiring new impulses. Within a few centuries the last vestige of this rich Ægean heritage had perished, but of it had been born a need and an impulse by which it was destined to be immeasurably surpassed.

It would be a mistake to assume, however, that the long period of conquest and adjustment was devoid of art production. Aside from the continuance, under however changed conditions, of Ægean art production, the conquerors had art of their own in one form at least, the indispensable pottery. This is clearly distinguished in the so-called geometric style which characterizes this transition period. The vases of this period are seldom graceful or highly finished in form, and their ornamentation in rude zigzags and angles suggests nothing of the grace of the Ægean spiral (Fig. 7). Even the spiral is drawn with straight lines and angles and converted into the Greek fret, later to be the most widely used of all Greek ornamental designs. Nothing of grace is here, but an unmistakable suggestion of strength and virility. If the newcomer admired the graceful creations of the Mycenæan potter, his tradition was too fixed in this, the only art in which his ruder life had given him long experience, to permit of easy substitution. Throughout almost the entire Ægean world this rude geometric pottery prevailed for three hundred years after this region had become

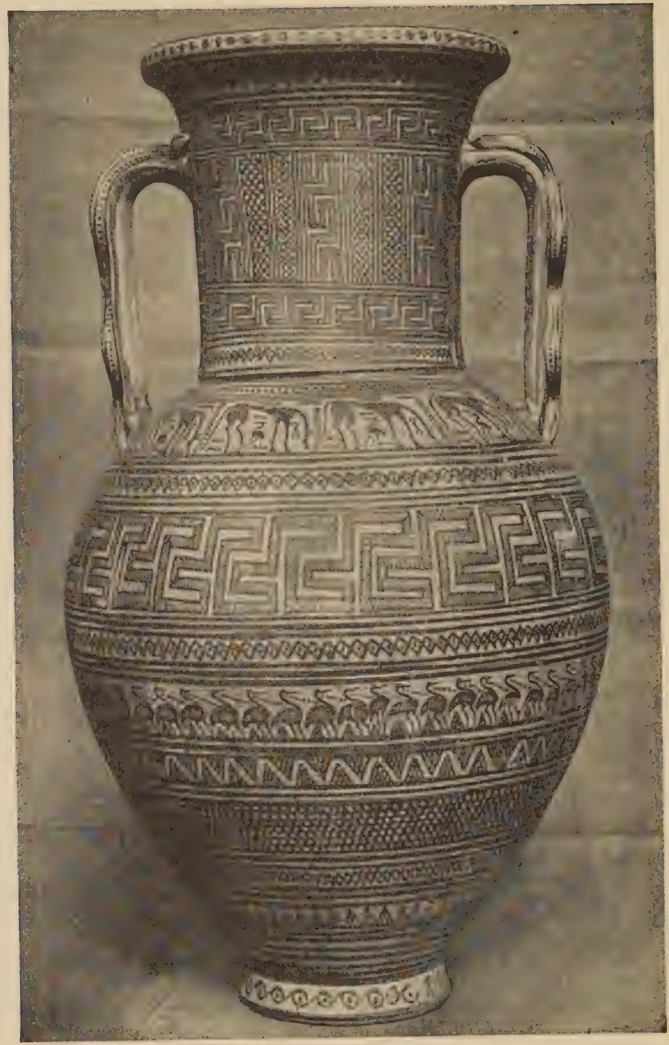


FIG. 7.—Dipylon Vase in the Geometric Style.
Museum, Boston.

Greek. Only gradually and most helplessly does the Greek vase painter begin the use of animal and human figures.

Yet curiously enough one little community seems never to have abandoned the Ægean style, or, rather, to have evolved it along logical lines and under Asiatic rather than Greek influence. This community was Corinth, always the most Asiatic of Greek cities, whose vases, decorated with fantastic figures of griffins and sphinxes in black and rich colors on a pale terra cotta ground (Fig. 8), are found over the whole area of Greek commerce. Nothing can surpass the daintiness of the perfumery phials with tiny figures detailed by marvelous incised lines on black or red, the vacant spaces being occupied by the familiar rosettes. Never has the engraver's skill or the artist's phantasy been more charmingly employed than in the decoration of this pottery which held out against the universal rude geometrical tradition. The result was that while the geometrical ware supplied local needs, the pottery of export, that is, pottery used for artistic or commemorative purposes, was made in Corinth. For more than a century Corinth seems to have had a virtual monopoly of this, the most extensive branch of ancient commerce.

Such preëminence could not but excite envy and create competition. Among Greek communities none was more favorably situated than Athens to compete with Corinth for the lucrative trade of the Mediterranean. Her facilities for shipment were unrivaled, and her pottery excellent. Inevitably the crude figures and arid designs of her harsh geometric style began to feel the refining influence. Every part of the process is studied with unprecedented thoroughness. Infinite pains is taken with the clay to secure not only the fineness required for the engraver's tool, but the rich red color so familiar in Greek vases. Shape is studied until lines become eloquent with a beauty which no decoration can enhance. The rude geometric designs are subordinated and finally displaced by conventional designs of the most exquisite delicacy in whose perfectly assimilated

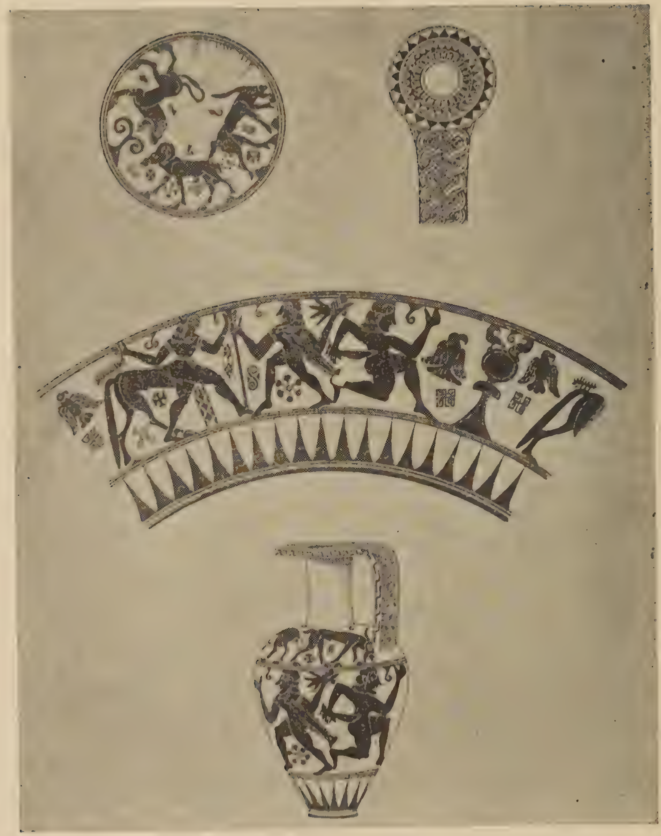


FIG. 8.—Proto-Corinthian Lekythos. Museum, Boston.

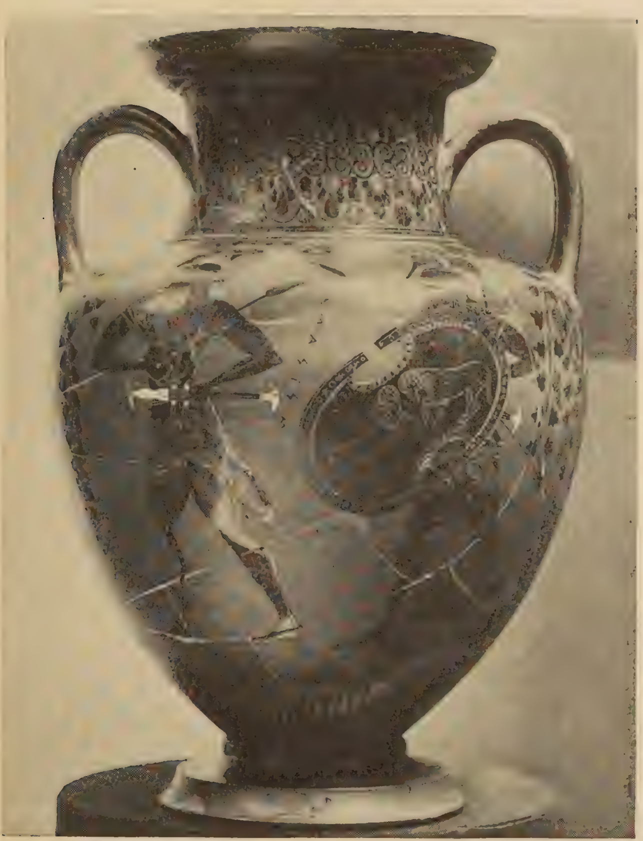


FIG. 9. — Black-figured Amphora by Amasis. Museum, Boston.

Greek unity we can still trace Egyptian, Ægean and Assyrian motives. Above all, the rude caricatures of men which add questionable attractions to the early vases are slowly transformed into the most exquisite drawings ever executed in ceramic art. Here, little by little, was depicted, in the most imperishable of all records, the story of gods and heroes, the folk lore of the most artistic of peoples.

These figures are executed in black silhouette upon the rich red brown of the vase in spaces beautifully set off by delicate borders and masses of conventional design. Details such as facial features, modeling, drapery folds, etc., are engraved on the black surface with lines of surprising delicacy which no living engraver could equal. Such are the so-called Black Figure Vases, which in the sixth century before Christ surpassed the pottery of all other peoples, and in beauty were the supreme embodiment of Attic ceramic art (Fig. 9). Corinth strove manfully to maintain her lead, dropping the superfluous rosettes and substituting carefully drawn human figures for the sphinxes and griffins which the taste of the time rejected. Each step of Athenian progress was watched and emulated; many an improvement was anticipated. Side by side the two wrought in intensest rivalry to perfect the precious art, at once the source of their profits and the object of their pride, but in the end the palm rested with Athens in this as in other arts.

About the beginning of the fifth century the style changes. The figures are now no longer silhouetted in black on a red ground, but they are left in red, and the ground is painted black (Fig. 10). This method had the great advantage that it did away with the engraved line for draperies, etc. The figure now being red upon a black ground, these details could be drawn in slender black lines, in which the artist soon developed extraordinary skill. For another century, that ever memorable century of the Parthenon, Attic vases still challenge admiration along with the best of the arts. Then their primacy passes forever. Higher and more subtle forms of art are developed

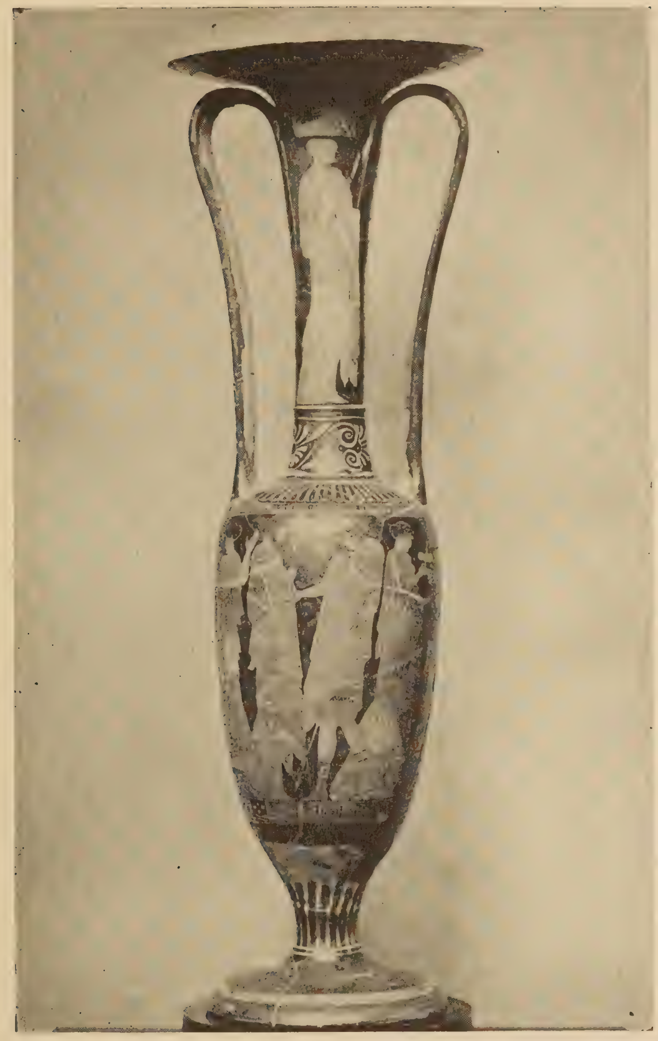


FIG. 10. — Red-figured Loutrophoros. Museum, Boston.

better suited to the more exacting æsthetic sense of this people to whom life has disclosed its infinite possibilities. The potter is neglected, his drawing becomes careless, his themes perfunctory, and his art becomes the echo of the past. The craft which for ten thousand years has served as the almost unique medium of art expression is now relegated to the humble place which it has since occupied and from which it can never again be lifted to its old-time honor.

Yet the potter's art in Greece has for us an interest out of all proportion to the importance of the craft in later times, for the simple reason that it was the one art that the Greeks brought with them into the land which they appropriated. Other crafts they undoubtedly exercised, but they were hardly of a character to give play to fancy or æsthetic feeling, being both less developed and less inherently suited to art expression. But the all-embracing art of the potter, ranging from the humblest uses to the symbolism of the highest sentiments, from a very early period invites to artistic expression. Works of art in bronze and gold they could not make. They had no training in these arts in their native wilds, and it was not among these uncouth aliens, however tolerated, that the Ægean artist was likely to seek his apprentices. These arts, therefore, perished, as the alien became master, or in any case were perpetuated by foreign craftsmen and under foreign tradition. But pottery the Greek had of his own. It might be ever so different from that of the Ægeans; it might continue for centuries its own uncouth tradition, unconscious of outside influence. None the less, the mere fact that this craft was exercised, and consciously exercised as art, while the other crafts were not, made this the one point of sensitive contact between the new civilization and the old. There is fortunately no appreciable tendency to direct imitation. There is simply the birth of a new impulse, hastened at least by this contact with the rich Ægean art, and this impulse expressed itself at first through the one medium which earlier experience had provided.

As the impulse gained in strength, other media were discovered, long inferior to this because of technical difficulties to be overcome, but ultimately superior. In this competition of art forms, the art of the potter was first immensely quickened, but finally immeasurably surpassed and displaced. But this did not occur until pottery had accomplished its mission of transmitting the precious impulse of Ægean art to the new race which was henceforth to be its supreme exponent.

CHAPTER IV

THE WORSHIPER AND HIS WOODEN IMAGE. CULT STATUES. THE EARLIEST GREEK SCULPTURE

THE great movement described in the preceding chapter was largely completed before the year one thousand B.C. By that time the new race held possession of the entire Greek mainland and was looking for more worlds to conquer. The movement across the Ægean had undoubtedly begun, and it was not long before all the Ægean islands and the promontories of the much indented Asian coast were in their possession. The Ægean had become a Greek lake. The movement, indeed, did not stop here, but in accordance with the commercial policy which was common to Ægeans and Greeks alike, colonies were sent out to strategic points east and west, north and south, as far as the Pillars of Hercules on the one hand and the confines of the Black Sea on the other. These colonies stretched in an unbroken chain from Rhodes at the southeastern corner of the Ægean to the Hellespont, then round the circuit of the Black Sea, then westward along the coast of Thrace and the long-fingered Chalcidian peninsula. On the west the Ionian Islands were convenient stepping-stones to southern Italy, where the chain of Greek outposts recommenced, extending round the heel and toe of the boot from Brindisi to Naples, then across to Sicily, which it all but encircled, and thence with a daring leap crossing the great expanse of the western Mediterranean to Marseilles and Spain. Nor was Africa neglected. Decadent Egypt offered the enterprising race asylum in the new colony of Naucratis, while ancient Lybia sheltered the flourishing colony of Cyrene.

The territory thus occupied was not so very different from that formerly controlled by the Ægeans, but one or two important differences should be noted. The great eastern arm of the Mediterranean, stretching four hundred miles beyond Rhodes, had come under the control of the Phœnicians, an enterprising race with whom the Ægeans had not had to deal. The great Island of Cyprus, therefore, which had been an integral part of the culture empire of the Ægeans, never enters in any full sense into the Greek domain, nor does Greek civilization ever largely affect the tenaciously Semitic Syrian coast until carried there by a later and an alien power. Unfortunately for the Greeks, Phœnician influence did not stop here, but operating from its magnificent strategic outpost, Carthage, it contested the possession of Sicily, and largely nullified the efforts of the Greeks to extend their control over the western Mediterranean. We have no evidence that the Ægeans met any such check in their western movement, in which direction their expansion was probably limited only by distance and the deterrent influences of nature.

But this limitation to Greek advance was fully compensated in another direction. If a new world power had arisen to dispute the rule of the Ægean, an old power had decayed, which had held the Ægeans at bay. It is a curious fact that the Ægean power, which seems to have extended from Syria to Spain, never effected serious lodgment on the coast of Asia Minor. Troy, barely across the Hellespont from Europe, is, as far as we now know, the solitary exception. The reason is apparently to be found in the existence of powerful states on the Asian mainland which in the Ægean period were as irresistible by land as the Ægeans by sea. Strangely enough, therefore, this far-reaching sea empire never controlled the Ægean coast. The decay of these inland states, a fact of which there are many indications, left the Greeks free to seize the promontories and harbors of this much indented coast, and thus the Ægean Sea became a Greek lake. From these strategic positions the Greek race has never been dislodged. Of political independence they have enjoyed little enough, but despite the rule of Persian, Macedonian, Roman, Byzantine, Saracen and Turk, the population, the speech, the activities, the wealth of these communities have been continuously Greek. It is hardly too much to say that if Homer were to land to-day on the banks of the Scamander, he could converse with the guide on "the plains of windy Troy."

The enormous advantage to the Greeks of this control of the Asia Minor coast need hardly be emphasized. The interplay between these two coasts of the Ægean during the formative period of Greek history was immense and invaluable. It is no accident that at the moment when Athenian policy fostered most the relation between Athens and Ionia, the art, literature and culture of Athens made the most rapid advance. How different had Turkish or even Phœnician cities stretched from Cnidus to Ilium!

It must not be forgotten that the race that took possession of this Ægean domain was no longer the race of fair-haired savages which had started so many centuries before on the great southward march. Light and dark and tall and short now mingled indiscriminately, with an ever increasing blending, producing a new race in which neither of the earlier races would have recognized its kin. Indeed, the assumption of but two component elements is doubtless altogether too simple. The elements were many, and the fusion by no means complete, as the diversities and feuds of a later time testify all too plainly. But some things they had in common, enough so that with all their feuds, they never lost sight of their Hellenic unity. The Athenian might ridicule the Bœotian and hate the Spartan, but he never classed either with the Barbarian. The national festivals like that of Olympia, which opened their lists impartially to all Greeks, required inexorably that the athlete who would enter the contest, prove his pure Greek descent. No race ever was more exclusive, more conscious of race unity and race destiny than the Greek.

Chief among these bonds of union was their language. Though spoken with dialectal differences, it was one that, however spoken, all Greeks could understand. It is of all languages the one that has changed least with the passing years. Solon could read a modern Athenian newspaper, but the speech of Rome would sound as riddles in the ears of Cicero. Whence this language came we do not know. Was it spoken in simpler form four thousand years ago in the halls of the king Minos, or in the northern wilds? We do not know, or need to know, for our present purpose. Reënforced by the art of writing, it became the great bond of union and outward sign of kinship in this much amalgamated race. From Gibraltar to Batum the Greek merchant heard the accents of his own speech. It is not certain that the Ægean empire enjoyed the advantage of a single language. It is certain that the later Roman Empire did not.

It must not disturb us that the great unity which we are here considering never became a political unity. It is not certain that the Ægean civilization was ever represented by a political unity. That was the achievement of a later day. Nor should it be forgotten that political unity is a relatively superficial and transient thing, especially when it is not reënforced by unity in culture. How ephemeral was the influence of Persia in Asia Minor or of Egypt in Mesopotamia, or of the Saracen in Spain despite centuries of dominion! Even Rome, greatest of political molders of civilization, while Latinizing the more primitive provinces of the west, could only carry into the conquered east the Greek civilization under the thinnest of Roman disguises. Witness the ruins of Baalbek and the cities of the Decapolis.

If we ask the reason for the failure of the Greeks to establish a political unity, we find many answers. Their habitat, much divided by mountains and seas, hindered cohesion. Outside pressure was too slight and intermittent, etc. These are important facts. But there is a deeper fact, which is too often forgotten, that larger political unities were not desirable. The inhabitant of a modern world-empire sees obvious advantage in membership in so powerful a body. The citizen of an early world-empire neither felt nor had reason to feel in that way. No empire up to the time of the Greeks had ever been a willing aggregation for mutual advantage. When the king of Egypt carried his arms to the Euphrates, he returned with rich spoil of booty and slaves, and the governor whom he left behind was little more than his instrument for further exaction. Conservation of the resources thus exploited scarcely began before Rome, and the sole advantage of membership in such an empire as that of Egypt or Persia was the possibility of protection from one spoiler by another, a prospect of finite advantage and uncertain dependence.

Knowing political aggregation in such forms, and only in such forms, the Greek simply did not wish it. His failure to form a political unity was therefore not a failure, but a success. There were moments, to be sure, when such a unity, better indeed than that of Egypt or Persia, but still coerced, seemed to impend. If any one of half a dozen accidents on the plain of Syracuse had gone the other way, Athens, from her two foci of the great ellipse, might have dominated the Greek world. And then, perhaps, Rome need never have been. Think of it! A world refined by Athens instead of rough molded by Rome; a Christianity idealized by Plato rather than legalized by Augustine. But the dream is seductive. The heavy-footed march of humanity is little modified by the leader at its head. It is doubtful whether the influence of Greek culture would have been increased by political unity and world dominion. Such an outcome would certainly have been less consonant with Greek ideals. In judging the achievements of this wonderful race we must avoid these anachronisms of political ideals and learn to look, not with commiseration, but with admiration upon the marvelous vitality with which for so long they succeeded in maintaining their local individuality and creative power. Their genius was not smothered by empire.

Having located the Greeks in their new home, it is important to note their inevitable occupations. Like the Ægeans before them, they became artisans and traders. There was, indeed, no other possible choice. Greece and the islands offer scant inducements to the agriculturalist, some parts like Attica being productive of little except men. On the other hand, their facilities for commerce and for the artisan manufacture of the ancient world were unrivaled. Though certainly novices to these pursuits, the newcomers inevitably followed the line of least resistance, as the Ægeans had done before them. Commerce and manufacture are necessarily specialized employments, and any considerable development along these lines implies dependence upon other peoples addicted to complementary pursuits. There must be somebody to buy the wares which the industrial community manufactures; there must be somebody to grow the food which the industrial community consumes. The Greeks found this necessary complement in the inland peoples along the entire extent of their vast littoral. It is interesting to note that the grain ships of industrial Athens brought supplies from the shores of the Black Sea exactly as do the grain ships of industrial England to-day. In turn, they were purveyors of finer wares to the inhabitants of these parts. This specialization, dictated by the character of their home communities, determined the nature of their remoter settlements. They were essentially trading stations, exercising commercial but not political control over a comparatively extensive surrounding territory, a highly economical but somewhat precarious arrangement. The organic union of trading post and tributary district under a single administrative system was the achievement of a later age.

It is important to notice the influence of this system on the development of art which we are about to consider. The all-important fact is the independence of these communities, an independence which involved nothing of isolation. Self-centered and self-controlled, they none the less were in constant touch. The wares of different communities competed in the markets of the world under jealous eyes which overlooked no improvement or invention on the part of a rival. Unhindered by patents and copyrights, competition was merciless and stopped not at any sacrifice. It may be a question whether a stimulus so intense can be permanently favorable to progress, whether the human framework, individual or social, can continue to stand the strain, but for a time at least, competition between these comparatively equal communities, each strong in its local pride and not overshadowed by any larger center, provided a maximum of that initiative which is vital alike to industrial and to æsthetic progress.

The second important fact in its relation to art is Greek artisanship. This was the almost universal vocation in Greek communities. The dependence of the fine arts upon the humbler handicrafts is an often noted but seldom appreciated fact. The changed conditions of production in our factory age have obscured and perhaps destroyed this relation, but so long as manufacture was a matter of handicraft, the training of eye and brain through constant independent exercise was as sure to develop the fine arts (not to speak of literature, philosophy and political and religious independence) as the sunrise is to bring the day. It is hardly an extravagance to say that in an artisan age, the seat of liberty, intelligence and taste is in the fingers. The examples of Memphis, of Tyre, of Athens, of Florence, of Flanders, will occur to all thoughtful readers. Contrast the art sterility of agricultural Bœotia, of military Sparta, of parasitic Rome, of pastoral Judea and of machine-served England, for confirmation of the thesis.

Never, perhaps, have these two favoring conditions of artisan occupation and stimulating competition been so happily united as in the Greek people.

To these advantages must be added others of more local application but still important. As regards sculpture and architecture, it is safe to say that Greek achievement would have been far less if the marble of Paros and Pentelicus had been replaced by the granite of Assuan. In their political history, too, much as there is to regret, we cannot be too thankful that a precious century or more of liberty was vouchsafed to Greece between the collapse of one world empire and the supremacy of the next, the domination of either of which would have made Greek art impossible. Of these and other factors, more in their proper place.

We have seen that the Greek occupation of the mainland was completed, perhaps a thousand years before Christ. In the next five hundred years the expanding movement had reached the limits above referred to, Greek character and ideals are fully fashioned, and the race stands on the threshold of its brief but dazzling career. In the last century of this second period (the sixth before Christ) Greece emerges into the full light of history. We have written records of her doings, incomplete, but still the best the world had yet known. We have remains of temples and sculpture, sufficient to reveal not only general characteristics, but even local variations. It is with a certain suddenness that this prolific art of the sixth century bursts upon our view. It is a far reach from the Lion Gate (Fig. 11), which probably looked down on the first of the northerners, to the first Greek statue, which it antedates possibly by a thousand years. Was there a connection between the two? Was there a sculptor to help the potter "knit the generations each to each"?

It is difficult to trace the connection. The Lion Gate is singularly isolated among ancient remains. The motive, that of two rampant lions (or lionesses) guarding the sacred emblem of the pillar, is a familiar one in Ægean art, and tallies with the pillar cult of which we find such abundant evidence. The unique thing about it is its representation in stone sculpture. Had such representation been common, we should almost certainly have found at least fragmentary remains in greater abundance. There is much reason to believe that sculpture in stone was an art little practiced by the Ægeans.

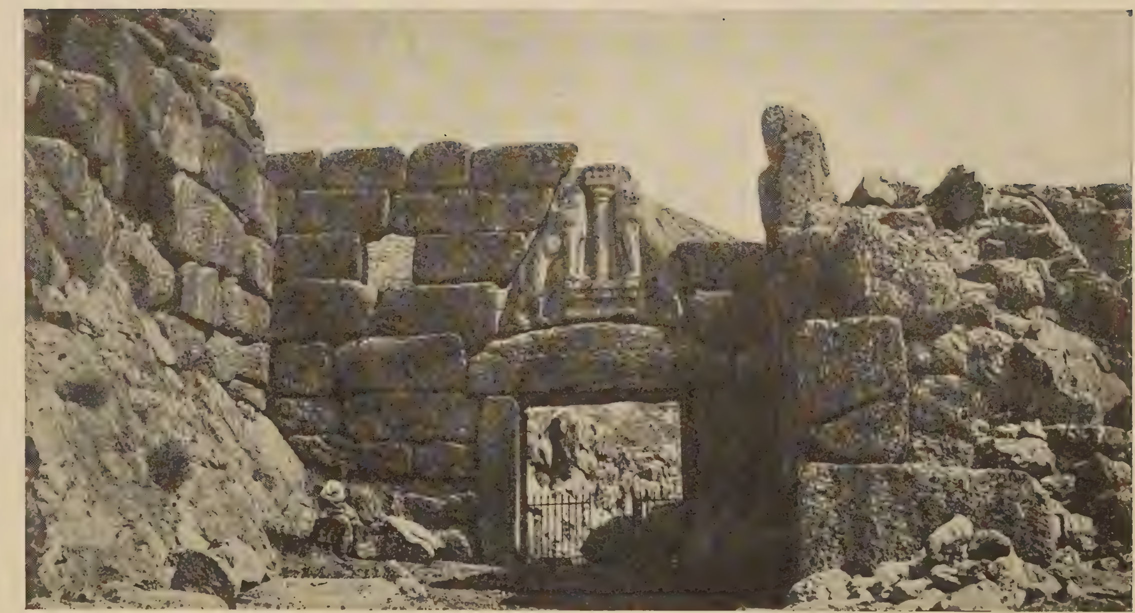


FIG. 11.—The Lion Gate. Mycenæ.

The character of the sculpture points in the same direction. The work is crudely realistic. The deviation from nature is not greater than in the case of the hunting scene on the dagger blade, but it is of an utterly different character. Art is wont to deviate from nature in one of two ways: crudity, which means insufficient skill, or convention, which means the domination of artist habit. The mistakes of early art may be perpetuated in the conventions of later art, as was the case in Egypt, but the result is very different. Conventional art does not lack skill. It is elegant and clever, no matter how artificial. Curiously enough the dagger blade is conventional art, old art, though of very early date, while the Lion Gate is crude art, young art, though of a late period in Ægean civilization. We are forced to the conclusion that the Lion Gate belongs to a period of revival and represents a new departure in art, one neither hampered by tradition nor favored by accumulated skill, but cut short in its development by the northerners. This new start in art suggests the theory advanced by some that there was an infusion of new blood in the days when the Ægean civilization was passing into the sere and yellow leaf.

Yet it is hardly possible to see in this famous work the beginnings of true Greek sculpture. Date it as late as we may, it must still antedate by centuries the earliest Greek sculptures known to us, sculptures which it nevertheless immeasurably surpasses. It is both too early and too good to be the beginning of Greek sculpture.

That beginning must rather be sought somewhere in the gap of the intervening centuries and in forms not now preserved to us for the reason that the material of this earliest sculpture was wood. The choice of wood as the first material of sculpture is not only probable, but is attested by abundant evidence. Wooden statues were common in Egypt, as the Greek trader must have known. They were common in Asia, as witnessed by the fine satire of Isaiah. They were the most revered of cult statues in the temples of Greece throughout the classical period and down to late Roman times. Witness the Athena Polias, the Brauronian Artemis and the "image that fell down from Jupiter" (that is, whose human origin was lost in antiquity) in the Ephesian temple of Artemis. Contemporary allusions, if brief, are significant. One of these wooden cult statues is described as little more than a log of wood, and yet as having something divine about it.

Nor are we wholly dependent upon such allusions for our knowledge of how such statues looked. A draped marble figure from Delos (Fig. 12) undoubtedly reproduces closely the form of these primitive cult statues, whose venerated presence and supposed divine origin gave compelling force to their tradition. In this, better perhaps than in any other, we can epitomize the art of four hundred years.

The skirt of this figure is straight and parallel sided. It is smooth and flat before, behind, on right and left, being thus approximately squared, with slightly rounded corners. The feet are incredibly short and broad, mere broad toeless stubs which are visible under the hem of the very scant skirt. There is a slight constriction at the waist which is approached from the shoulders by a straight taper unmistakably suggestive of draw-shave work. The arms, which drop straight down by the side, adhere to the body except for a short space at the waist, beyond which the hand again adheres. Fingers are scarcely discernible, as also the curls of hair falling over the shoulders. Above all, the face is featureless, apparently mutilated beyond recognition. On closer examination, however, this featureless face is seen to be covered with chisel marks. It is rough hewn, not broken. It seems incredible that any race should have contented itself with so expressionless a symbol.

If we imagine this statue to have been executed in wood rather than marble, as its numerous prototypes undoubtedly were, some of its peculiarities are at once explained. For instance, the very short feet are accounted for by the difficulty of working wood across the grain. Start with an upright log, and perpen-

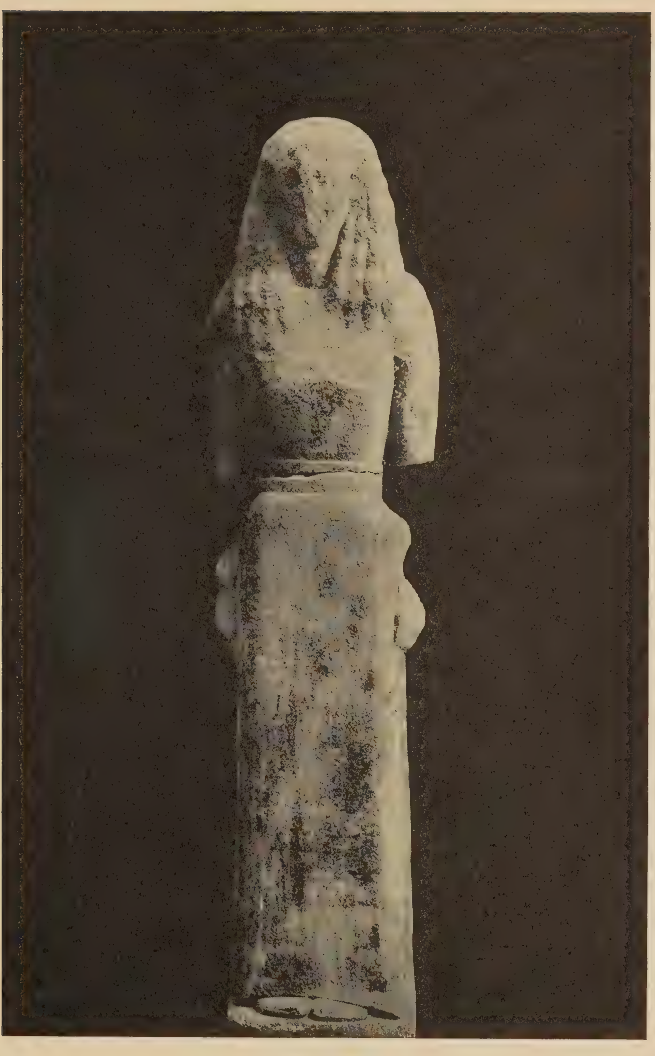


Fig. 12.—Female Figure from Delos.
National Museum, Athens.

dicular lines will be easy, but horizontal lines difficult. The feet are therefore trimmed back almost to the ankle to save labor, and perhaps material as well. The arms, too, are strongly suggestive of having been made in a separate piece and mortised or doweled on as in Egyptian statues we find them and as in the Greek they undoubtedly were. The suggestions of draw-shave work are likewise easily accounted for.

Other peculiarities are referable to the sculptor's manner of working whether in wood or stone. His procedure must necessarily be methodical. The method of the early Greek sculptor, like that of the Egyptian, was simple and naïve. Beginning a statue like this, he smoothed one surface of his log block, and sketched upon it in outline the front view of his figure. Then he cut the block all round straight through, very much as we might saw out with a jigsaw a figure outlined on a plank. This done, he turned the figure on its side and upon the side surface, now undulating, of course, he sketched the profile outline of his figure and again cut it straight through, following the outline. The figure thus blocked out in the square was then finished by rounding off the corners and working out the details. Unfinished Egyptian statues in various stages illustrate this early process. While very few unfinished Greek statues have been found, the numerous finished statues, standing and sitting, which show a large degree of squareness, like our figure from Delos, leave us in no doubt. It is needless to say that that which was square in the beginning was all too much inclined to stay so.

Of a different significance is the almost total neglect of features, the missing toes, the scarce distinguishable fingers and curls and the astonishing blankness of the face where no features can be traced unless in the region where eyes ought to be. It need hardly be said that the very rudest art, in representing the human figure, never forgets eyes and mouth. The explanation of this seeming neglect is to be found in the collaboration between sculptor and painter which characterizes ancient art.

Strictly speaking, there was no such thing as independent sculpture. There was a composite art in which sculptor and painter coöperated, dividing the work according to no fixed rule, but as individual proficiency or preference might dictate. If the sculptor was strong on faces and weak on draperies, the draperies were left for the painter to indicate on surfaces left smooth for the purpose, while eyes, nose and mouth would be sculptured. If he was interested in draperies and felt weak on faces, the reverse would be the case. Among the few examples which remain to us there is much diversity of procedure.

In the particular example before us the sculptor certainly did not magnify his function. The skirt was left perfectly smooth, not because skirts were so conceived, but because the folds were to be painted on, perhaps with rich borders and embroidered patterns, as in examples now extant from a slightly later period. The face is left rough and formless, save for the two slight hollows already referred to, not because this was intended to suggest a human face, but because the features were to be painted on as on a board or canvas. Whatever may have been the result of this joint effort, we must at least remember that it was something very different from what we now have. The painting may well have been strongly impressive. Put into this expressionless marble intense and vivid eyes, black hair and eyebrows, red lips and tinted skin, and the early worshiper would have seen in it not merely an arbitrary symbol but even a strong suggestion of personality. Add brilliant draperies, perhaps embroidered patterns and borders, and the result may have been one not to be despised by the more subtle sensibilities of a later time.

In this dim twilight of Greek art it is especially important that we place ourselves in the position of the primitive worshiper and learn to think his thoughts and feel his impulses. As we measure his achievements and his shortcomings, we are prone to measure by our own standards and assume that he was seeking our goal. The resemblance is not so very close, we say.

Ah, but this is no mere mimicry of things seen. It is not very beautiful, we aver. But beauty was not the sculptor's aim. The impulses which later governed the development of art and which are familiar to us were to him subordinate or unknown, while other impulses, now half forgotten, in him were strong. No mere love of mimicry or beauty sense explains these uncouth creations. A religion full of mysticism and of imaginings born less of reason than of hopes and fears, found in these dim shapes the effective symbols of the inscrutable cosmic forces in whose grasp his fragile life is held fast. Personify them though he must, they cannot be merely human. Too great similitude to things human destroys their similitude to the inscrutable thing they are. Would the Zeus that is most like a man be most like the Thunderer? In the helplessness of this early art there was a vague suggestiveness from which the later art showed itself reluctant to escape, and from which it escaped with loss. Not alone in art has the mind, awed by the inscrutable powers, found comfort in vagueness.

Art passed on to higher ideals and greater triumphs, but faith clung to the last to these, its earliest symbols, whose forgotten origin was the more easily assumed to be divine. The cultured Athenian of a later day might gaze rapt upon the divine beauty of an Athena Parthenos, or proclaim that no man could be esteemed to die happy who had not seen Phidias' Zeus, but his was the homage of art and not of faith. It was in another temple close by the Parthenon, before a shapeless wooden image buried beneath votive offerings, that the faithful felt the deeper reverence.

CHAPTER V

TEMPLE BUILDERS AND PAINTERS. WHY THE GREEKS PAINTED THE PARTHENON

It was in this same sixth century before Christ that the Greek temple first took enduring form. There are undoubtedly extant remains of earlier date, but they tell us little of the humble structures which housed the rude cult statues of the earlier centuries. The classic temple, however, retained so completely the record of its evolution that we are at no loss to reconstruct in essence these early shrines. The history of Greek sculpture is so intimately bound up with that of Greek architecture, of which it long remained an integral part, that a brief glance at the early temple is necessary to an understanding of the derived art. The limited scope of the present work excludes a detailed study of architecture as such, for we have elected to make our acquaintance with the Greek primarily in connection with his sculpture. The Greek temple, therefore, in its most general character, as related to Greek life and environment, is our present object of inquiry. Beyond this we shall be interested to follow, in due season, the development of its sculptural rather than of its architectural refinements.

Unlike the Egyptians, the Greeks lived in a country where rain is not uncommon. As soon, therefore, as they conceived the idea of housing or protecting sacred or cult objects, the housing must involve both inclosure and roof, the latter of a character to shed rain. The material could only be that in common use, namely, wood and sun-dried brick, materials which have been used continuously down to our own time for humble structures in that region. A tiny building with thick walls and gable roof was the obvious result. No windows were required or desired, the building being rather of the nature of a safety deposit vault than of a human residence. This fundamental conception never changed, and with rare exceptions, windows were never introduced. The structure was primarily utilitarian. If æsthetic effect was aimed at, it was sought through decoration rather than through construction.

These early builders encountered problems some of which it is important to notice, for they left their impress upon the elegant structures of the classical period, even after construction had quite changed. The walls, we have noted, were made of sun-dried bricks, that is, mere dried mud. Such walls are really very good. If protected, they last indefinitely, and when neatly plastered and whitewashed they are quite presentable. They are very liable to get bruised, however, at the corners and entrances for a yard or so above the base. It became the habit, therefore, to veneer the lower part of the walls and the door openings with wooden planks. Curiously enough, when they ceased using bricks and began to build in stone, they continued for a while to veneer the lower part of the walls, not with wood, but with thin slabs of stone, sometimes even mitering the corners as they had done with wood. This increased rather than diminished the liability of the wall to injury, but the broad slabs of veneer seemed necessary to good form. Veneered door openings are found even in the Propylæa at Athens.

These mud walls, too, were too soft to support heavy weights unless distributed over a broad surface. It must be remembered that all such early structures were heavy and clumsy. To protect these crumbly walls from the heavy crossbeams and rafters, a beam was laid lengthwise on the top. This beam it has pleased the technician to call, in Græco-Latin parlance, the architrave, that is, the master beam. Bearing in mind the great weight of these early timber structures with their heavy roofing materials, it will be clear that if the rafter beams are merely attached to the master beam on either side, the weight of the whole will cause the roof to sag and spread. The roof will eventually fall in and the walls perhaps be crowded out. So the walls must be tied together by crossbeams, perhaps one for each rafter, and the lower ends of the rafters must rest on these crossbeams and be fastened to them. Then no spreading will be possible. This, therefore, was done.

If now we step outside the building, we shall see the ends of these big crossbeams, and between them there will be open spaces, for the wall, of course, goes no higher than the architrave. Doubtless these openings were left really open in some of the early temples, the rain being kept out by the overhanging eaves. Later they were probably stopped by a piece of plank. In these beam ends we easily recognize the triglyphs or 'thrice cloven' of the classic temple, so called because later divided for subtle æsthetic reasons into three parts by perpendicular grooves, an echo of the fluted columns of the elaborated Doric temple. In the intervening spaces which assume the character of sunken panels, we recognize the later metopes, the 'openings between' which offered the Greek sculptor one of his most valuable opportunities.

It is obvious that either end of the building would present above a great triangle made up of crossbeams and rafters, and that somehow this opening in this triangle must be stopped against the weather. This left a gable, or pediment, as usage has unaccountably decided to call it. This place was blank and conspicuous. It could not fail to invite the decorator in the days of more elaborate building, and the problem of the pediment became both the most important and the most difficult in the history of Greek sculpture.

We need not follow farther such details of temple structure as the ingenious fastening of beams with intervening planks and wooden pins and the resulting classic ornaments, the guttæ and mutules. We must now note briefly the development of temple structure in another direction.

The primary function of the temple, to protect the sacred objects, required only the simple structure we have described.

Analogies, however, and secondary functions had their influence. Sunshine as well as rain had to be reckoned with, and priest and worshipers had very human needs. Hence a porch in front becomes a necessity, not the flimsy wooden shelter of this day of sawmills and timber economy, but a structure of clumsy massiveness like the rest. The walls and roof were simply extended forward a few feet and the great crossbeam of the gable was supported by a couple of wooden pillars, merely selected and slightly dressed tree trunks. Priest and devotee could now enjoy air and shade, the two indispensable conditions of comfort in a summer land. This early form, known as *distyle in antis* or 'two columns between the projections,' long secured the requirements of Greek worship (Fig. 13).

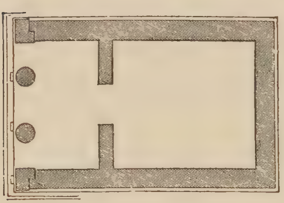


FIG. 13. — Distyle in Antis.

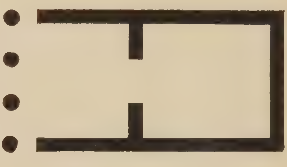


FIG. 14. — Prostyle.

Another form, perhaps originating in another locality, was a trifle more elaborate. In this the porch was formed without prolonging the walls much, if any, the overhanging gable being supported by columns at the corners as well as in the middle. This gave more air if less shade, and may have been preferred on grounds of appearance. Such a temple is a *prostyle*, that is, a temple with a 'colonnade in front' (Fig. 14).

With increase of offerings and elaboration of ritual, these temples became encumbered with votive offerings and paraphernalia. One of the first improvements was, therefore, to make a back room in which these valuables might be stored. This of course required a longer temple, and might even require a back door. In any case, as the temple looked toward the east, a morning as well as an afternoon porch was obviously desirable. Hence the double-ended temple which may be of either sort above described, but is more usually of the colonnaded variety. It thus becomes an *amphiprostyle*, or 'double prostyle' (Fig. 15).

Thus far we have considered only convenience and utility, beyond doubt the determining considerations in the earlier day. But questions of appearance, never quite absent from the builder's thought, became increasingly prominent. It was quite as much appearance as utility which induced some ambitious builder to extend the colonnaded porch along the sides, thus producing the *peristyle*, or temple with a 'colonnade all around' (Fig. 16). This full realization of the temple ideal was attained even before they began to build in stone, for a peristyle temple with wooden columns is known to have existed in Olympia, though its wooden columns were one by one replaced by stone.

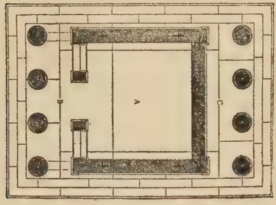


Fig. 15. — Amphiprostyle.

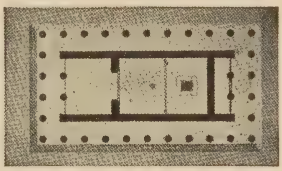


Fig. 16. — Peristyle.

This change of course required a considerable broadening of the roof with a corresponding enlargement of the gables, which now required six columns for their support, a number seldom altered in later structures. The inner structure or *cella* underwent no fundamental change, and in certain cases was actually the same as that employed in an earlier amphiprostyle temple, the walls being merely raised a little to be in proportion with the wider peristyle.

The added side colonnades undoubtedly contributed to the convenience as well as to the beauty of the temple, but other changes served only the latter purpose. The crossbeams, it will be remembered, showed their exposed ends along the sides of the building, alternating with the metopes or intermediate panels. They of course would not show on the ends of the building. As the colonnade was now extended uniformly round the building, it became quite inevitable that the architrave, triglyphs and metopes should also encircle the building (Fig. 17). Now that the temple was built in stone, and the triglyphs were no longer real beam ends, but only blocks of stone, there was no difficulty in doing this, and our consciousness of structure is not so strong as to be troubled by this decorative inconsistency.

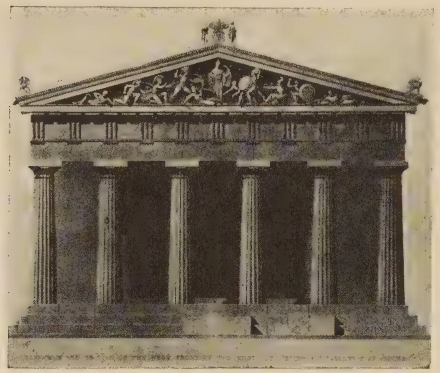


FIG. 17. — Temple at Ægina. Reconstruction.

As thus modified the Greek temple is complete. There are indefinite possibilities of refinement in the proportions, the finish and the decorations; different orders of columns may be evolved and amazing subtleties of proportion and line introduced into columns, capitals, etc., but no new type is evolved. It was the nature of Greek art to refine with infinite patience a simple theme, rather than to seek novelty in constant change.

Having thus noted briefly the origin and development of the Greek temple, we are prepared to consider its relation to our more central theme of sculpture. We have seen that the temple invited decoration as regards the metopes and pediments especially, while the cult statue of course called for the sculptor's effort. To these opportunities may be added the frieze or decorative band running around the upper part of the cella wall, either within or without. The frieze is less obviously required by the structure and, but for a historic accident, might have played little part in Greek temple sculpture. Thanks to that accident, however, it becomes in a single temple a matter of exceptional importance.

Of these various decorative demands, the pediment was obviously the most important. The space was conspicuous and blank. Decoration here is not only exceptionally needed, but if successful, exceptionally effective. The decoration, probably in painting at first, but later in sculpture, might appropriately represent here subjects of the keenest interest (for which, however, the cult sculpture furnished no opportunity), folklore and story, more or less associated with religion, but bound by no very strict rules of relevancy or character.

We are fortunate in possessing in the Acropolis Museum at Athens the fragmentary remains of a number of pediments belonging to structures of the early sixth century or before, which were destroyed by Xerxes in 480 B.C. The earliest and smallest of these (Fig. 18) represents Heracles killing the hydra, a many-headed monster the killing of which taxed the hero's ingenuity. The right half of the triangle is occupied by the hydra, whose reptilian body, rippling off in convenient diminuendo, admirably fills the tapering space. From the central mass of the monster's body branch out the many long-necked heads which dart their serpent tongues at the approaching hero. In the center of the space stands Heracles, making a savage attack upon his ignoble antagonist, while at the left stand his horses and chariot, whose mounting charioteer shows an obvious inclination to move off. Finally, at the extreme left, filling the other tip of the triangle, a large crab comes to the aid of the hydra.

Nothing could well be more rude than this sculpture. The relief is all of uniform elevation and looks as though it might have been sawed out of an inch board and nailed on, with slight rounding of the corners. Where the object represented is too slender to permit this uniform elevation, relief is boldly abandoned, as in the case of the darting serpent tongues which are represented by grooves instead of ridges, the sculptor relying as usual upon the painter for fuller expression. It is needless to say that anatomical knowledge is still rudimentary.

Yet there is something of real power in this helpless thing. The intrepidity of Heracles is unmistakably suggested by his attitude, which is still discernible in the fragmentary remains. The different temper of the charioteer is equally clear. Decoratively, too, the work has its merits. The hydra fits admirably into the space which the artist is called upon to fill, and the coiled body and branching heads are not unplausibly represented. The crab fills his corner acceptably. Only the horses prove embarrassing. The action plainly requires them to be headed that way, but they would fit better if turned round. There have been decorators who would have hitched them nose to the chariot, if necessary to make them fit. Absolute fidelity to the action is a thing to remember in these early works.

Other pediments in this collection, though hardly attaining to beauty, show marked development. Relief seems to have been early abandoned for sculpture in the round, for which the deep sunk triangle of the pediment offered admirable opportunity. One of these larger groups represented two lions killing a bull (Fig. 19). The bull is thrown rather unplausibly to the ground, while approaching on either side, the two lions bury their claws in his body. The group is very imperfectly preserved, but shows elements of real power. The figure of the bull is represented with not a little understanding, and we can almost hear the death bellow as with opened mouth and distended nostrils he writhes in death agony. It is unfortunate that the figures of the lions have all but completely perished. It is plain, however, that the group with the two lions rearing in the center above the prostrate body of the bull, their tails extending to the left and right, was well adapted to the exigencies of the difficult space.

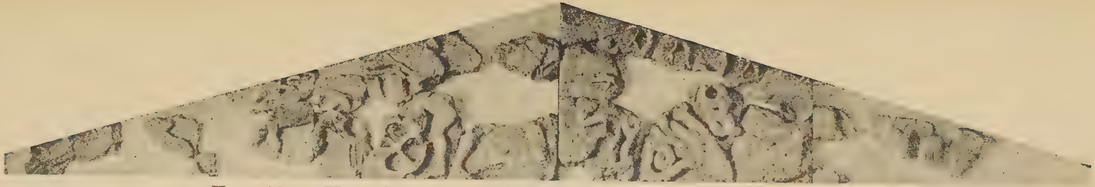


Fig. 18.—Heracles and the Hydra. Acropolis Museum, Athens.

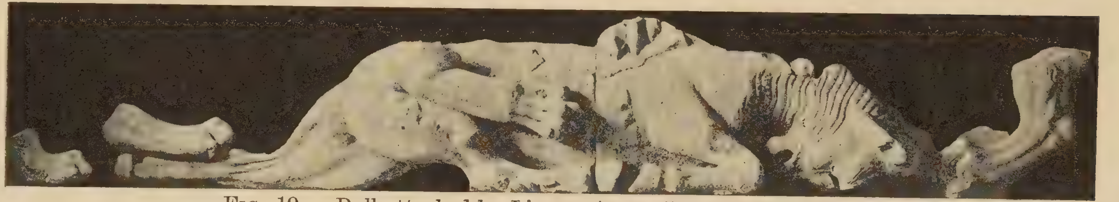


Fig. 19.—Bull attacked by Lions. Acropolis Museum, Athens.

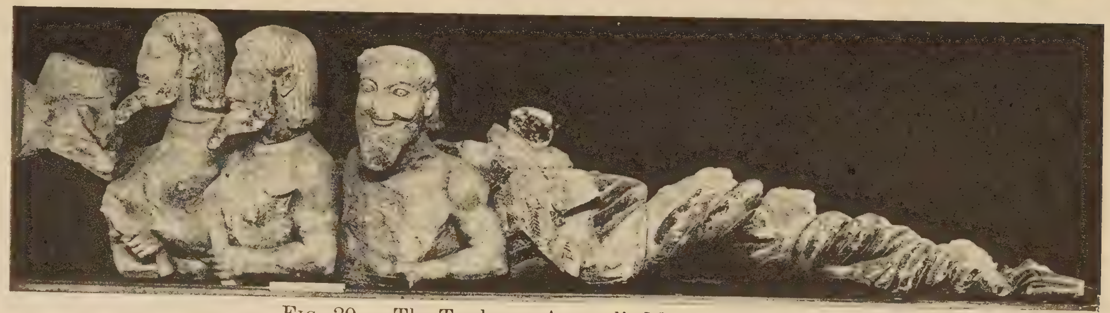


Fig. 20.—The Typhon. Acropolis Museum, Athens.

Still another of the larger pediments represents in its two ends two different subjects of analogous character. On the left Heracles wrestles with Triton, the "Old Man of the Sea," while to the right the space is occupied by the Typhon (Fig. 20), a monster with serpent bodies, wings and three human heads. On both sides the space is admirably filled with the accommodating tails which it would seem the artist regarded as indispensable to his purpose.

Fragmentary as are these sculptures, they retain in an unusual degree one important characteristic with regard to which evidence is all too scanty, namely color. It is well known that the Greeks were accustomed to color their marble in both sculpture and architecture. Perhaps nothing in Greek practice is so alien to our sympathies as this. Other features of Greek art may leave us cold and unresponsive, but the idea of painting finely finished marble like the Hermes of Olympia or the entablature of the Parthenon arouses in any normal modern mind something akin to aversion. Those who stand in awe of Greek art may hesitate to confess this aversion, or, confessing it, may attribute it to their own limitations. The Greeks were such masters in every art which they practiced that we may justly hesitate before assuming that any Greek practice was ill advised. Starting with this strong presumption in favor of Greek insight, it has been naturally assumed that the coloring of Greek marble rested on some permanent and universal æsthetic principle, and that our aversion to the practice is due to the lesser skill of our artists and the lack of appreciation on the part of the modern public. Diligent search has therefore been made for this æsthetic principle which will enable us not only to understand, but perhaps to emulate Greek art.

The commonest explanation is that white marble is too glaring, especially in a very sunny climate like that of Greece, and that color was used to lessen this glare. More subtle is the suggestion that color enhances the modeling of sculpture, a theory which is said to have been confirmed by modern experiments in the coloring of casts of classic statues.[1] But both of these suggestions seem to prove too much. It is now conceded that the great shafts of the Parthenon columns and the walls of the cella were never painted, only the entablature and adjacent parts. In sculpture, too, while draperies, hair and eyes are colored, there is no evidence that the nude was colored in the great days of Greek sculpture. Most of the glare must therefore have remained, and the effect rather increased by the contrast of colored and uncolored parts. It is clear, too, that if color was used to enhance the effect of modeling, it was precisely the nude which needed the color, and not the draperies, which could be given any amount of form relief and shadow contrast. Nor are we any more reconciled to the coloring of Greek statues and temples when we learn that only certain portions were colored. We are more easily reconciled to the primitive temple or statue colored all over, than to the Parthenon or the Hermes with their contrast of colored and uncolored parts.

It should not disturb us to discover that here as in many other connections, Greek art was not based on abstract æsthetic principles unrelated to time and place. The very significance of Greek art is to be found in its fidelity to contemporary life. Just as the Greek people, the Greek state, the Greek religion were all parts of a historic evolution and retained to the last abundant traces of earlier conditions, so with Greek art. We must seek at every point for historic rather than for abstract explanations of Greek procedure, both because such explanations are the true ones and because they furnish the only true principle for our own guidance in art, the true Greek principle, fidelity to contemporary life. And just as life at any time is made up largely of inheritances from the past, of traditions more lovingly than intelligently cherished, so art must be full of these inheritances, of cherished traditions whose origin is dead and forgotten, and which men seek to explain by new reasons and to reconcile to new conditions by subtle and unconscious changes. The bow by which we show courtesy to a lady was once the sign of submission to a conqueror. The jeweled cross which now decorates a lady's throat recalls a terrible martyrdom. The flowers which affection lays upon the coffin are the survival of the funeral banquet once offered to the dead. These forms have slowly changed; their content and meaning have changed still more; they are living forces in the life of our day; but had it not been for these past conditions which are both gone and forgotten, we should not have these forms, but others, we cannot tell what. How absurd it would be to explain the wearing of the cross by a study of its inherent decorative character, or the bow by discussing its physical appropriateness as a sign of courtesy! It is enough that custom and gradual change have adapted them to their present quite unanticipated use, without detriment to other interests. Sometimes even this adaptation is imperfect, and no small part of the task of progress lies in weaning men from traditions which with all their modifications are not wholly reconcilable with vital interests. Witness the common communion cup, the burial of the dead, and numberless practices in folk medicine against which modern science inveighs.

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[1] It is unfortunate that the examples chiefly relied upon for this confirmation, colored for the Boston Museum by the greatest living master of color in this connection, should have been withdrawn from exhibition on the ground that while demonstrating the enhanced effect of modeling due to color, they were "decidedly unpleasant."

Nowhere is this great principle of human development, this retention of the past under modified form, perhaps even in objectionable form, for present but altered uses, more normal than in art. When we inquire, therefore, about any art form or practice among the Greeks or elsewhere, we must usually expect to find a historic rather than a purely functional reason. We may expect to find that the process or form has changed greatly and that new explanations and new functions have been devised for it, but both the functions and the explanations may be unsatisfactory, a compromise of present with past which is purely a matter of transition.

Why did the Greeks color their marbles? Was it for permanent æsthetic reasons of universal validity, or was it for historic reasons which passed with time, leaving a tradition to be adapted or eliminated as the event might justify?

We must seek the primary explanation of this practice in the coloring of these earliest Greek sculptures, which fortunately retain abundant traces of the original painting. What is this color like?

It is clear at a glance that color is not used to help out the sculptor, as in the earlier cult statues. No part is left unsculptured, though color contrast of course often heightens sculptural effect. Nor is there any attempt to imitate nature's colors. In the earliest pediment, the killing of the hydra, Heracles and the charioteer are painted rose pink, with black hair and beard. The horses are green (or blue?) while the hydra and the crab accommodate themselves to the same limited color scheme. The coloring of the later pediments is even more startling. The Typhon has blue hair and beard, green eyes, black eyebrows and red body, while the reptilian tail is painted, barber-pole like, in alternate stripes of red and blue, and the feathers of the wings show a like alternation. In the group of the lions and the bull, the lions are red and the bull blue or green with black muzzle and red nostrils and inside of ears. Save for the red streaks of blood on the bull there is hardly a hint of nature's color, and this exception is probably to be explained by the fact that blood was of so very satisfactory a color that there was no reason for changing it. These colors are rank and barbaric, just such as savages now delight in. There is very little variety and no blending or toning of color. Intensity and stimulating vigor seem to have been sought rather than subtlety or harmony of combination.

The reason for this coloring will be plain if we recall the function of these sculptures. They were temple pediments and as such were parts of temples. These temples, though built of stone, were preceded by simpler ones built of wood and mud brick. What were the decorations upon these early temples? Not sculpture surely, for neither material nor skill at the outset permitted this form of art expression, but color, the decoration in which primitive man first delights. Spencer tells us that it is perfectly good form for a Brazilian Indian to appear on festal occasions entirely naked, but that if he omits his face paint he loses his standing in the community. It is significant that our earliest examples of Egyptian art are palettes for preparing face paint. We may be sure, therefore, that bright pigments played a large part in early Greek decoration. Their temples were doubtless early decorated with gay colors, used with vigor rather than with discrimination, the effect being heightened by bold contrasts. Beams and rafters perhaps were blue, walls red, and pillars green, just as now we paint houses in contrast, the window and door frames one shade, the clapboards another and the shutters still another, though our choice of color is more conservative. With the change from wood to stone there was no thought of dropping color decoration. The stones first used were poor and porous, having no beauty of texture to deter the painter, but had that beauty been ever so great, the love of color would have triumphed.

Finally, sculptural decoration begins, not in the form of a Parthenon pediment, but as a feeble design little more than scratched upon the surface. Are we to imagine our new decorator as at odds with the painter, conscious that his art is one that expresses itself through form, and brooking no interference from color? Not at all. He loved color, like his fellows, and saw no reason why sculptured temples should not be painted like any other. Even had he suspected an incompatibility, his objection must have been overruled by the universal love of color and by long tradition.

So the temple was painted, as temples always had been, sculptured parts and architectural parts from the same paint pots, for there were no others. Part was set off against part by contrasts of color just as before, beard being blue and body red, just as rafters had been blue and walls red before. This is why the Greeks colored their sculpture.

Our primitive coloring being thus accounted for, the further history of color in sculpture may be summarized in two words — *progressive elimination.* Almost from the first there is manifest a certain restiveness under this coloring of sculpture. Not that they object to color as such; far from it. But they are dissatisfied with the results attained and continually change, always with this result, that while form is continually developed, color is as constantly subdued and restricted. The bright hues give place to more subdued colors which might better be described as tints. The color area is restricted. The nude, as we have seen, is not colored in the best classic period, and finally, in works of the Roman period, when Greek sculpture, despite its spiritual debasement, has pursued its evolution to the logical outcome, color has practically disappeared.

Our conclusion is, therefore, that Greek æsthetic instincts were exactly the same as those of the Renaissance and of our own day on this point. Coarse materials and coarser taste impelled the primitive Greek to paint his temples. Sculpture, budding out from architecture, carried with it the inevitable incrustation of color. Growing refinement and taste made gradual headway against the powerful color tradition and ultimately overcame it. It is to the Greek that we owe our instinctive protest against his earlier practice.

In the long process of elimination, however, taste effected many compromises which were at times so felicitous that they seemed almost like a reconciliation. Color harmonies were studied until they became music to the eye, and their absence would have seemed a pity. Tints were subdued until they ceased to be obtrusive, and *accidentally* relieved the eye of the glare which the later adopted marble occasioned, though neither the glare nor the relief were anticipated when the painting began. Above all, the technical process itself was perfected until it seemed a thing too perfect to be sacrificed. It shocks us to think of sculpture, finished with the ineffable touch of Praxiteles, being painted. We picture to ourselves the coarsened surface, the brush marks, the inevitable sacrifice of a superlative charm sought with infinite care. But if we had seen the painting of Nicias, whose coloring Praxiteles seems to have rated hardly less important than his own work as contributions to the finished result, we should have felt none of these misgivings. The art is lost and is little explained by the few fugitive allusions in classical writers. There is reason to believe, however, that the pigments, chosen with infinite care as regards harmony and tint, were applied with some such vehicle as melted wax, which was then burned out, leaving the pigment, as it were, incorporated in the very substance of the marble, which thus regained its exquisite finish. That a process perfected with such consummate art should have long endured against the protest of the deeper æsthetic sense, seeming not only admissible but even indispensable, need not surprise us. It nevertheless gave way before the resistless exactions of Greek mind and taste. The coloring of Greek marbles was adventitious, a historic accident, subdued, refined, utilized during the period of its inevitable presence, but progressively eliminated, never to be resumed.

CHAPTER VI

ART AND THE TYRANTS. PISISTRATUS AND HIS NEW PROGRAM FOR ATHENS. 560–510 B.C.

History is comparatively silent with regard to Athens before the sixth century. The city is scarce known to Homer and it plays no important part in the history of this early period. Yet the community was a very old one, as is proved by the Ægean walls on the Acropolis and by Athenian traditions which, contrary to the rule in Greece, assert that the Athenians sprang from the soil, that is, that they were not immigrants. Yet it is probable that Athens had been influenced like the rest of Greece by the invasion of the northerners. The infusion of new blood was merely effected more peaceably and with less of dramatic incident, and the assimilation of the new element was correspondingly more complete.

There is reason to believe, however, that the uneventful life of this metamorphosed Ægean community was disturbed comparatively late in the period of the migrations by a back eddy in the great current, an invasion from Ionia, or Greek Asia, which consolidated a number of conquered communities into a comparatively powerful kingdom. To these conquerors we owe the early constitution of Athens. The leader of the invaders of course became king and his chief followers nobles, with rights superior to those of the conquered population, precisely as in the Norman conquest of England. This aristocracy monopolized political rights and tended toward a monopoly of land and wealth as well. The wealth of the few must have been considerable, being based primarily on landed monopoly and the essential serfdom of the tillers of the soil. Industry and commerce were not unknown, but they had not become the dominant interest as in a later time.

In the last days of the seventh century we catch our first real glimpse of Athens. Her state is not happy. The power is in the hands of the nobles, as is sure to be the case in an aristocratic state which is small and in which the nobles have a chance to put their heads together. But they have abused their power and there is widespread distress and discontent. Cylon, a young noble, puts himself at the head of the malcontents, endeavoring to become ruler, but is defeated and treacherously slain. Discontent continues, however, and its unrecorded struggles soon extort concessions. Draco, another noble, is appointed to draw up laws for Athens, an important check upon the hitherto arbitrary power of the aristocracy. The severity of his regulations, which punished even idleness with death, sufficiently indicates the disorder of the times and the presence of vagabondage as an intolerable nuisance. Something more than repression is required, however, and soon another noble, this time the wise Solon, is appointed with dictatorial powers as legislator, to cure the ills of the state. Few legislators have so well deserved their reputation for wisdom as Solon. Palliative measures like the heavy scaling of debts and the repression of disorder were included in his legislation, but they were wholly subordinate. Constructive legislation, abolishing or curtailing old-time privileges, aimed at the prevention of the conditions which had been found intolerable. This is not the place to recount the remarkable reforms of Solon, but it is indispensable that the student of art should bear them in mind if he is interested in the conditions which favor the development of art. Suffice it here to recall that Solon enfranchised the serfs, facilitated small holdings of land, admitted all citizens to political rights on a reasonable classified basis, established courts of justice and rules of procedure subject to popular control, infused a popular element into the old aristocratic court of the Areopagus, while counterbalancing its influence by new and more popular bodies. In a word, he created an ordered state, tending strongly toward democracy, but wisely recognizing existing classes as forces to be reckoned with. Modern England, perhaps the most effectively democratic country in the world, is an instance of like practical compromise.

For our purpose, however, the most important features in Solon's legislation were his enactments in favor of industry and commerce. His laws encouraged the settlement of aliens engaged in manufacture and trade, while the adoption of a new standard of weights and measures — the one used by the Ionians — facilitated the development of commerce with Ionia, from intercourse with which he wisely foresaw that Athens was to derive so great benefit. It was to this new policy, which transformed Athens from an agricultural into an industrial state, that Athens owed her large contact with the Greek world, her wealth, her democracy and ultimately her culture and her art.

The triumph of Solon's commercial and industrial policy, however, was accomplished only by the temporary failure of his constitutional legislation. When he had left Athens, lest his leadership should degenerate into a tyranny, the dissatisfied aristocracy promptly made what trouble they could, in which they were doubtless ably seconded by extremists from the newly enfranchised classes. The few glimpses which we get of Athens during the next thirty years indicate clearly that the new arrangements were but partially accepted by the Athenians and that much disorder resulted. Solon had supplied guidance, but not authority.

In the year 560 B.C. authority came in the person of Pisistratus, a wealthy citizen of Athens and a friend and relative of Solon, who by a daring ruse seized the Acropolis and with it the supreme authority in Athens, which remained in his family, save for two brief intervals, for just fifty years. With all his ability and cleverness such an adventure could not have succeeded unless backed up by an influential element in the state.

Like Julius Cæsar, Pisistratus espoused the cause of the poorest classes, and was a popular idol before he seized the power. But he was also of noble, even of royal family, with very powerful alliances through kinship and marriage and thus assured of a certain support in aristocratic quarters, while experience of his humane and exceedingly able rule rapidly won the favor of the sorely harassed business interests of the community. Though twice expelled, the second time for a number of years, he was able to return, was even recalled, for he had become valuable, not to say indispensable, to the little state whose growing industries now craved order above everything.

The reputation of Pisistratus has suffered in later times from the strong prejudice against autocracy and the assumption of power by an individual at the expense of popular liberty. To this crime, whatever its magnitude, he must plead guilty, but to no other. Friend and foe alike describe him as humane, able and farsighted, an unquestioned leader in the great march of civilization. He controlled the revenues of the state but did not appropriate them. He ruled Athens, but through constitutional forms and with an eye single to her well-being. He was the friend of all classes and the promoter of all interests. During his years of exile he had seen much of the larger Greek world, and he returned to Athens with a vision of her possibilities which would have done honor to a Pericles. Solon's policy of Ionian intercourse was ardently espoused and became a policy of Ionian leadership for Athens. Athenian prestige was maintained not only by peaceable expansion, but by successful wars against Megara and Ægina. Colonies were planted at Sigeum and in the Chersonese, thus dominating the Hellespont, the most important waterway in the ancient world. Delos, the great Ionian shrine and natural center of Ionian allegiance, was purified and put under the obligation of powerful patronage. The scattered poems of Homer were collected, edited and made the basis of a national literature. Pisistratus was an imperialist of a very high order. His dream for Athens was a large and noble one, but it was to be accomplished by the use of the higher weapons. In a larger measure than history elsewhere records, his effort was successful.

It must not be supposed, however, that his rule was without its unfortunate incidents. There are those who refuse to be made prosperous through overlordship of a master mind, and Athens had not a few who preferred exile to fortune thus conferred. Such a one was Miltiades, uncle of the victor of Marathon, who accepted the chieftaincy of a barbarian tribe rather than subjection to a fellow citizen. These withdrawals of strong personality probably visibly modified the temper of Athenian citizenship. Furthermore, those who remained did so with a distinct loss of independence. It is much to the honor of Pisistratus that he minimized this loss, but however tolerant he might be of individual initiative in other lines, political independence was necessarily sacrificed. In a state where government action directly affected business and social relations of every kind, inability to influence or even to criticize that action laid a heavy hand on individuality and on liberty of action and thought. The situation tended strongly to develop the courtier and the toady and to lay emphasis upon the externals of life rather than upon its fundamentals. These tendencies are strikingly manifest in the art of the period.

In a sense, however, the conditions were exceedingly favorable to art development. Like all wise rulers, Pisistratus realized that pent-up energy must find a vent or become dangerous. To give the Athenian energy a vent in other than political activities was therefore his settled policy, a policy pursued with consummate wisdom. He fostered agriculture and industries in remote localities and by establishing country courts and other administrative agencies kept people from crowding into the city and so lessened its turbulence. Among the wealthy families of the city who were his natural rivals, he fostered the love of letters, of art, of anything except politics. The more completely their energies could be absorbed in these interests, the less likely they were to prove politically dangerous. The situation and the policy closely resembled that in Florence under the Medici. There is no reason to assume, however, that this patronage of art and letters was insincere. All that we know of Pisistratus warrants a contrary conclusion. Indeed, it may be doubted whether such a policy can ever succeed unless sincere and intelligent. If begun as policy, it is sure to be continued as a passion if the patron is born to the part.

Such a patron was Pisistratus. The generosity which had won him the hearts of the people now found larger scope in works of public beneficence. The village spring from whose scanty flow the women of Athens filled their jars was now replenished by an aqueduct, a part of which is still in service. This aqueduct terminated in an ornamental reservoir or basin, the famous 'nine-spouter' of classic record. The massive Ægean wall of the Acropolis was embellished with a new gateway of unheard-of elegance. Above all, the great temple of Athena, the so-called Hekatompedon or 'hundred footer,' which had hitherto been of the simplest double porch variety and built in coarse limestone, was surrounded by a new colonnade, thus greatly enlarging it, and the enlarged pediments were now embellished with sculptures in marble. In enlarging this temple it became necessary to raise the walls by about a yard to maintain a normal proportion between the height and width of the new building. This, too, was carried out in marble, rather incongruously, perhaps, the rest of the wall being in limestone, and to this is perhaps due the introduction of a decorated frieze, which had found no place in earlier Doric temples (Fig. 21). Thus was established the precedent which was to have such splendid results in the great temple of the century following.

This is but a partial list of Pisistratus' benefactions, many of which are doubtless unrecorded. How far he personally defrayed the expense of these improvements we cannot tell, but the probability is that he did so in large part. Nor is it a small service that he incited and directed public action in the same

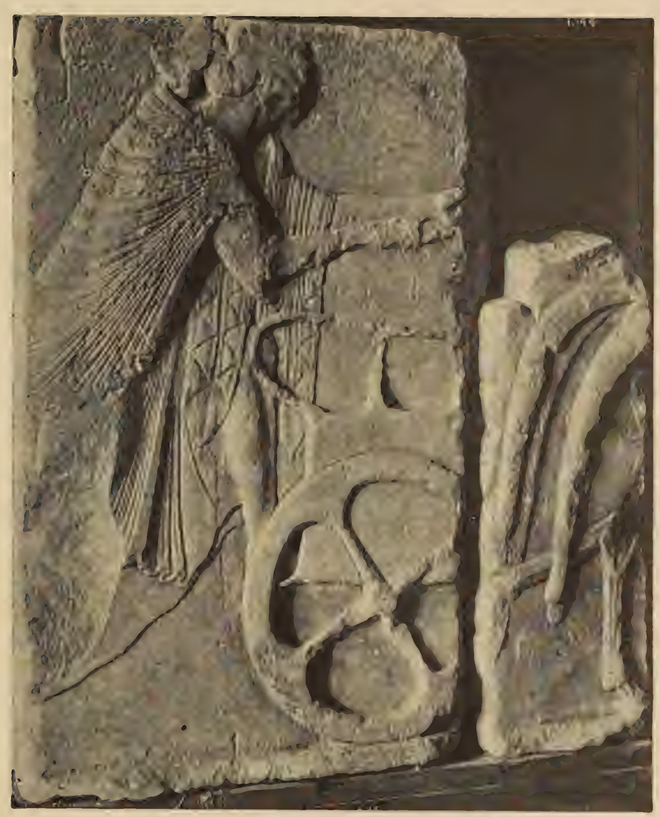

Fig. 21. — Figure mounting a Chariot.
Acropolis Museum, Athens.

direction. In all that he undertook his policy was distinctly broadminded and suited to the needs of a future which none but he foresaw. His example was no doubt followed by others. Certain it is that Athens enjoyed a period of unexampled prosperity and growth, and acquired a habit of mind which was to stand her in good stead in the days that were to come. Art and letters flourished as never before and hardly since in history. Pisistratus might indeed say of Athens as Augustus said of Rome, that he "found a city of brick and left it a city of marble."

We are fortunate in possessing an unusually complete record of the art of this period. The Acropolis, which had been slowly cleared of its crowded dwellings and converted into a sanctuary, embellished with statues and shrines, was destroyed in 480 B.C. by the Persians and refortified, cleared and leveled by the Athenians on their return in the autumn of the same year. In the extensive filling and leveling then undertaken the statues which had been overthrown and broken were buried and thus preserved to us, as in the normal course of events they would never have been. It is a curious fact that we are much better supplied with data for the study of Attic art of the sixth century than for that of the fifth or the fourth. These early works are now the chief treasure of the remarkable little Acropolis Museum.

We may perhaps profitably distinguish between the more important temple sculptures and the private statues which disclose a somewhat different ideal and serve a humbler purpose. Chief among the former is the marble pediment group which decorated the old temple whose enlargement and embellishment has been referred to (Fig. 22). It represents the battle between the gods and giants, a theme of which Greek art never tired, which embodied the struggle between civilization and barbarism or the struggle between Cosmos and Chaos, as Carlyle so aptly calls it. Our group represents Athena in victorious combat with two giants, both of whom have fallen before her and

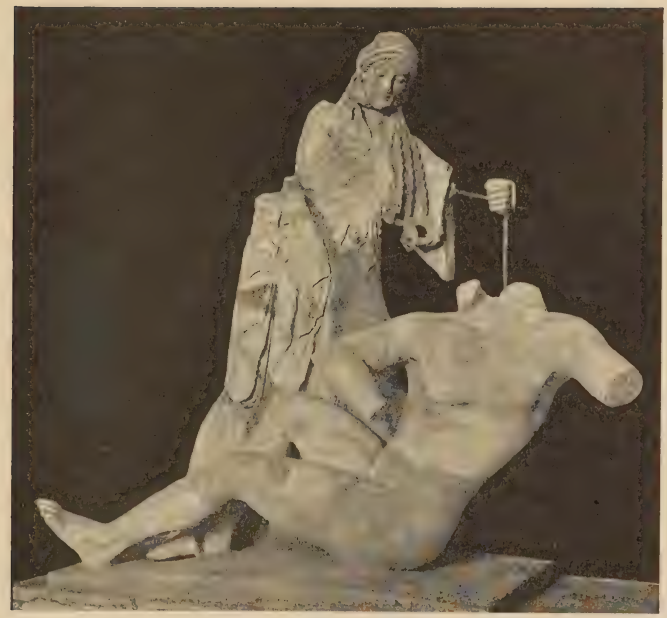

FIG. 22. — Athena and a Giant. Acropolis Museum, Athens.

support themselves on one elbow. There is nothing very subtle in this motive, though it is clear that such a group is tolerably well suited to the exigencies of the pediment space. The sculptor is conscientious and sincere, but not very skillful. The figures are heavy and stiff and the action far from expressive. The fallen giants manifest the almost universal primitive tendency to represent feet, legs and face in profile and shoulders in front view, quite an impossible combination, but the natural result of early and one-sided observation. Facial expression is still far off, while metal diadems and painted draperies, of which there are plain traces, show a dependence on other than sculptural features.

But while recognizing the limitations of this early sculpture we must not fail to note one great advance, an advance so remarkable that it has scarcely a precedent or equal in the history of art. It will be remembered that in most of the early pediments the artist has made use of hybrid forms or monsters to fill the tips of his pediment triangles. From the time of the hydra down, a tail of some sort, usually reptilian, had been requisitioned for this difficult service, until it might well seem a necessity of these pediment compositions. Primitive myth supplied these monsters in plenty, as it had done for the Egyptians, and as it does perhaps for all peoples at a certain stage of their development. To this necessity of early thought common to all peoples was here added an exigency of art which was felt by the Greeks alone. Yet other peoples kept these monstrous forms which their art did not require, while the Greeks banished them when art had found them all but indispensable. The very theme here represented, the battle of the gods and giants, had formerly been replete with monstrous forms, for the earliest conception of the giants, embodiments of chaos and barbarism, had assigned to them serpentine limbs, animal heads, etc., forms to recur later in the decadence of Greek art. But here, at the threshold of Greek art, these convenient forms are banished. They are repugnant to the sanity of Greek thought, however handy for the artist. Contrast this decision with the development in Egypt which steadily multiplied monstrous forms, not for artistic but for intellectual reasons. What a tribute to the wholesomeness of the Greek mind! Yet out of this uncouth repertory of early myth, Greek art rescued three hybrids which were worthy of preservation, the winged horse Pegasus, the centaur and the winged female figure. We have but to recall the history of these forms and especially of the last to marvel at the discrimination thus early manifested.

This wholesome limitation of art to dignified and worthy themes made serious trouble for the pediment sculptor. The triangle was low and the long angles at the tips very acute. Men, on the other hand, are high and narrow under ordinary conditions and fit in such a space very badly. The device of having them lie down and lean on one elbow to secure the proper angle, however varied the pretext, was sure to become monotonous, and intermediate attitudes were difficult. Our new pediment group is in many ways not so good as that of the Typhon (Fig. 20), but it is the awkward beginning of a far nobler ideal in art.

It is when we turn to the private statues that we discover the more characteristic traits of the art of this period.

Male statues, strange to say, are rare, and our few examples show extreme contrasts. The so-called Sabouroff head (Fig. 23), which critics assign to this period, is strangely suggestive. Its austere simplicity and crude technique reveal but imperfectly the virility and character which prolonged acquaintance is sure to disclose. We do not know who is here represented, but we cannot resist the temptation to see in it one of those uncompromising personalities who at this time preferred exile to subjection. Certainly nothing could be less consonant with the art of this period.

The Rampin head (Fig. 24) is an extreme opposite in ideal and type. It would be unfair to call it representative of the period, for it exaggerates the defects of the age, but it suggests

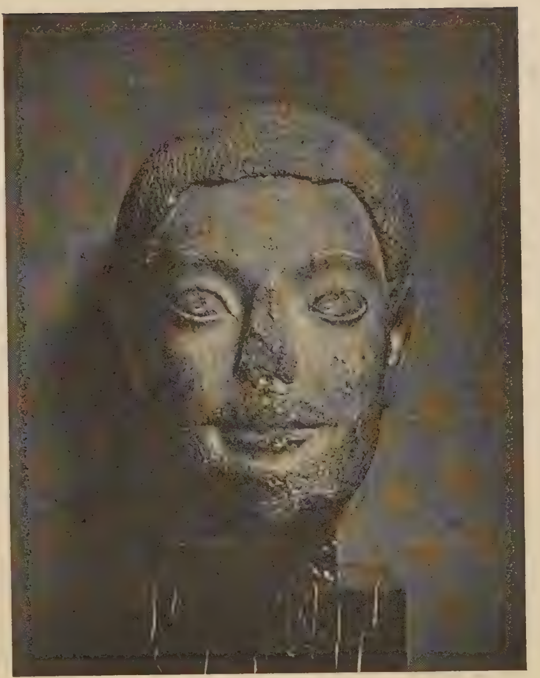

FIG. 23.—Head of a Man ("Sabouroff").
Old Museum, Berlin.

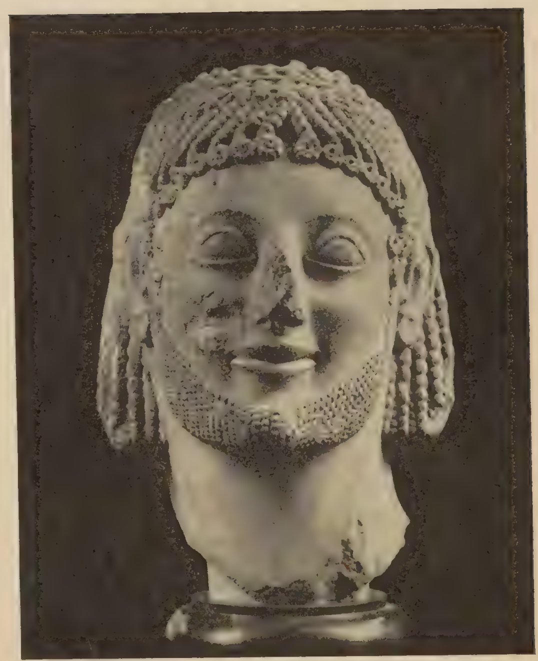

FIG. 24.—Rampin Head.
Louvre, Paris.

with no intention of caricature the court dandy of the time, the complacent pettiness that basks in the sunlight of royal favor.

One full-length figure, the Calf Bearer (Fig. 25), which belongs to the early days of this régime, is of interest as being perhaps the first Athenian statue ever executed in marble. It shows throughout the characteristic forms of the earlier soft-stone sculpture, the timid little biscuit-shaped masses of hair, the smooth 'jug-handle' beard (now broken off), the draperies, wholly without folds unless painted, smoothly adhering to the body. These forms, so suggestive of concession to a soft and friable material, indicate that the sculptor is used to soft stone and has no idea of the very different forms which his new marble will permit. On the other hand, the marble is from Hymettus, extremely hard and ill suited to sculpture, the only example we have of its use. It is probable that the use of marble by other communities impelled the Athenians to look for similar material in their nearest mountain, a single experiment with which probably sufficed to send them to Paros for future material. The work is of truly Pisistratic elegance, especially in details such as the tiny tassels which tip the adhering garments.

By far the greater number of the statues of the period are draped female figures. For the most part the draperies are of great elegance, with elaborate folds and painted decorations. With few exceptions the left hand holds up the drapery, merely to allow the sculptor to work in long curving folds, elegant and decorative, but to the last degree unplausible. Minute distinction is made between over- and undergarments, and texture, weave and stitch are laboriously indicated in surface detail. The right hand holds an object or symbol, the right forearm (now usually missing) being made of a separate piece and mortised in. Hair is elaborated with unprecedented detail. Features, on the other hand, though wrought with great care, are seldom expressive of personality or sentiment. Few periods of art present greater uniformity of type, in spite of carefully sought variety (Figs. 26 to 29).

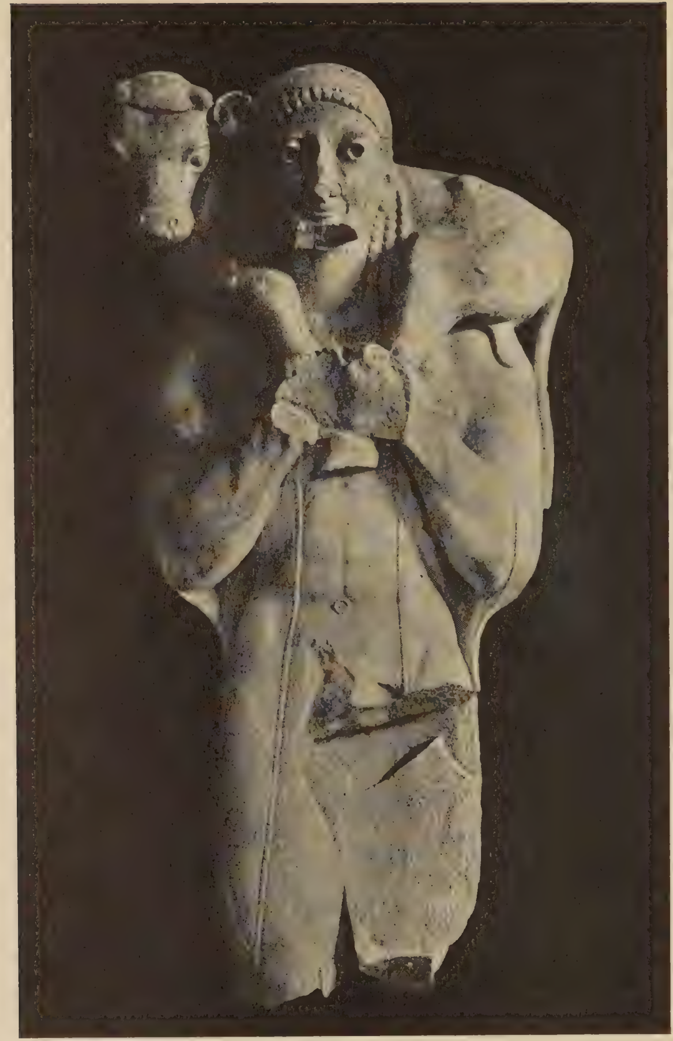

Fig. 25.—Calf Bearer. Acropolis Museum, Athens.

Two characteristics of these statues deserve careful attention. The first is the systematic variation in costume and coiffure. One figure wears an elaborate garment resembling a sweater; another, a tight-fitting short upper garment of the Eton jacket variety. Most frequent is the many-folded overgarment which goes over one shoulder and under the other, apparently hung from a shoulder strap over which falls the upper edge in ruffle fashion, offering a superb opportunity for the fussy detail in which the sculptors of the time delighted. Sometimes this garment hangs from both shoulders like a fine scarf.

The coiffures show like variety. One has her hair done with a large roll in front, evidently over a 'rat.' Another has the front hair cut short and done in a series of 'bandolines.' The hair of another is carefully parted and 'waved' over the forehead, while long strands or tiny braids are wound up to form curious rosettes over each ear. Nearly all have the long side and back hair done in curls which hang, part behind and part in front, over each shoulder.

It is clear that an altogether unusual attention is here devoted to costume and coiffure, and that the forms represented are those dictated by contemporary fashion. *Art is subject to fashion.* It is of the utmost importance that we appreciate what that means.

The essence of fashion is perpetual change, enforced by social pressure. It has been aptly characterized as "conspicuous waste," its purpose being to demonstrate economic ability. Your hat of last season may be most becoming, but you must have a different one this season whether becoming or not, lest people suspect that you cannot afford a new one. Beauty, no matter how important in itself, is a secondary consideration. The new hat *may* be beautiful, but it *must* be different.

On the whole the odds are against its being beautiful. Beauty is largely a matter of adaptation to function, and as function changes but little from year to year, the search for beauty tends to bring us to a comparatively uniform or constant type. To

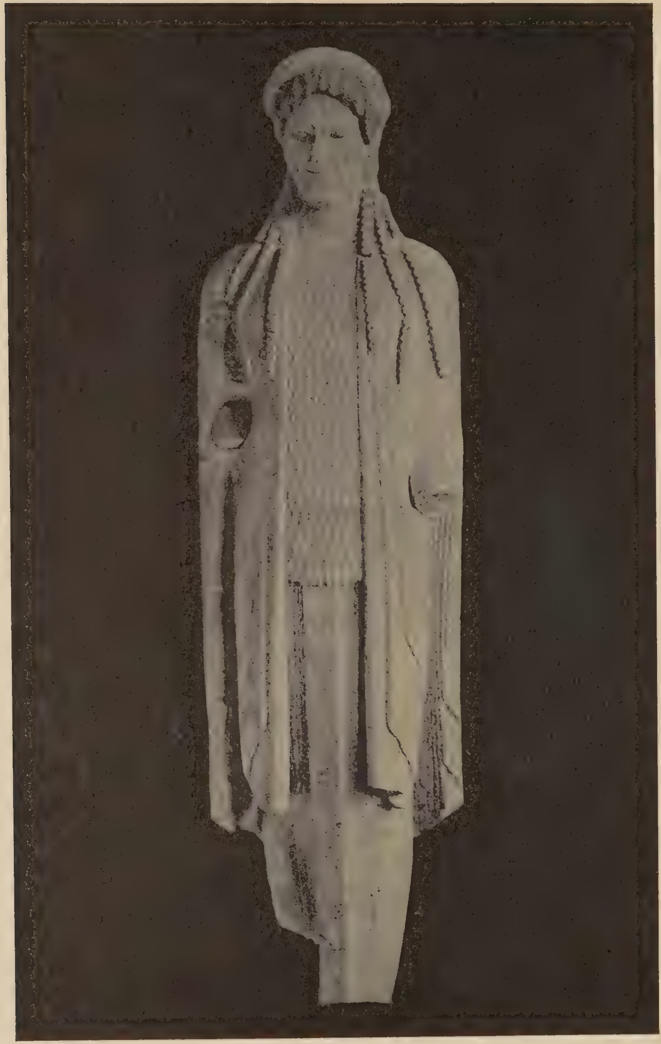

Fig. 26. — Female Figure. Acropolis Museum, Athens.

get sudden and marked contrasts such as fashion requires we must usually depart from the normal, now on one side, now on the other. We are usually so anxious to be in style that a form which is recognized as 'the thing' may seem for the moment to be beautiful, but alas for these forms when they are once out of style. Then their true character is apparent. A study of old family photographs is instructive.

There are thus two obvious reasons why painting and sculpture should take no account of fashion. First, because art aims at beauty and fashion aims at something very different; and second, because fashion demands constant change and pictures and statues cannot change. Art must emancipate itself from fashion if it is to accomplish its purpose. Only twice in the history of art has this emancipation been fully effected, once by Athens and once by Florence. A Venetian painter could represent the meeting of Alexander and the family of Darius with all the characters dressed in the height of Venetian fashion. A Roman sculptor would even represent a lady with an exaggerated coiffure, the latter made detachable like a hood, so that it could be replaced when the fashion changed and the grandmother thus kept up to date. Greek art was never guilty of such atrocities, but in the sixth century it had not yet learned that it must shun the transient caprices of fashion. The simple 'Psyche knot' for the hair and the simple draperies, which we unwarrantably infer from later art that Greek women really wore, had yet to be devised by the great artists of Athens.

Another striking characteristic of these statues is their coloring of which abundant traces remain. Great changes have taken place since the days of the blue-bearded Typhon, to say nothing of that earlier time when the painter painted in eyes and other details which the sculptor felt unable to carve. The sculptor has quite graduated from this early helplessness, and is not a little fond of displaying his skill in carving the most minute and difficult forms. Nor is color any longer a mere application of house painting to sculpture. Delicate tints have

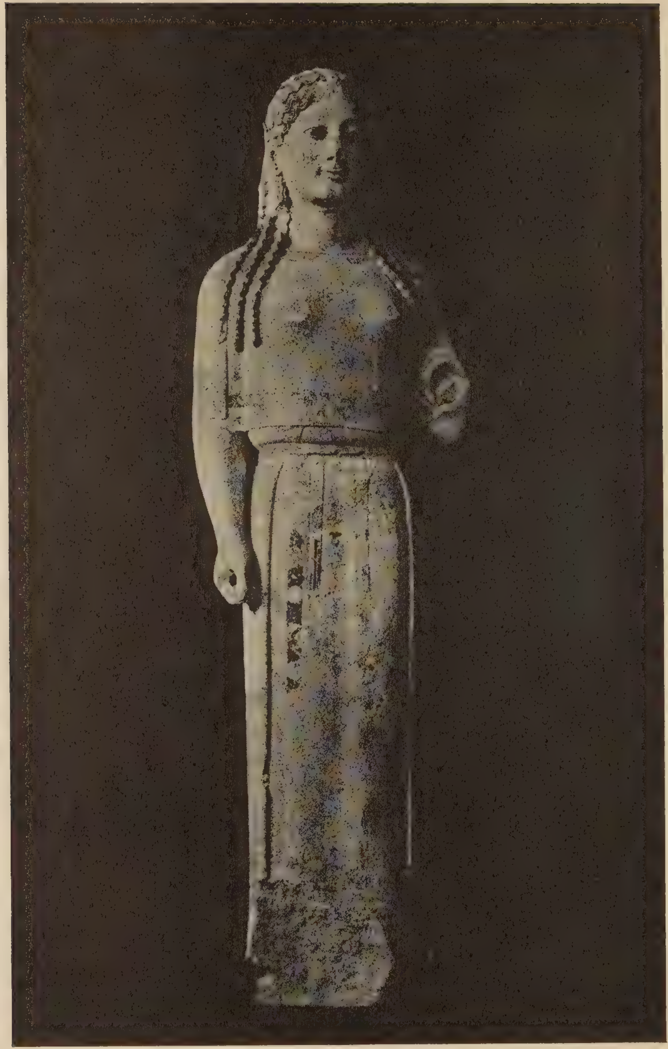

Fig. 27.—Female Figure. Acropolis Museum, Athens.

taken the place of coarse colors, and antagonistic elements seem almost reconciled. Each part, face, hair, eyes, garments, is distinguished by its particular tint, but — be it carefully noted — not by a realistic or natural tint. Greek sculpture at its worst never degenerated into Mme. Tussaud's Waxworks.

But color has developed along a new line at first quite undreamed of, namely, the representation of pattern embroidery. The elaboration arrived at is astonishing. Figure 29 shows us a woman whose elaborate draperies are decorated with at least three styles of embroidered border varying from three eighths of an inch to an inch and a quarter in width. The pattern is intricate and executed in several colors, even the stitch being clearly indicated. In other cases the body of the garment is decorated with embroidered patterns in color like brocade.

It is impossible to deny to these elaborate and elegant creations of sculptor and painter a certain beauty. The uncouthness of the early days is gone. Artisanship is of unsurpassed elegance and skill. But it is equally impossible to see in them art of a high type. Draperies are elegant but artificial. Coiffures are elaborate but absurdly conspicuous. Meanwhile, attitudes are formal and mechanical and facial expression meaningless, when not simpering and inappropriate. Doubtless we must not expect too much at so early a period in the way of personality and character delineation, but when all allowance is made for the artist's imperfect skill and the difficulties of this higher theme, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that art is not really facing these difficulties or aiming at these highest results. Its emphasis is wrongly placed and its ideals are as yet unworthy. Art is too much concerned with "fuss and feathers" and too little with fundamentals. It is not that art is crude but that it is superficial, not that it tells us so little about personality but that it tells us so much about clothes, distracting attention from the great things by the extravagant perfection with which it renders little things. Nothing could well be more mischievous than this pattern painting, with its minute atten-

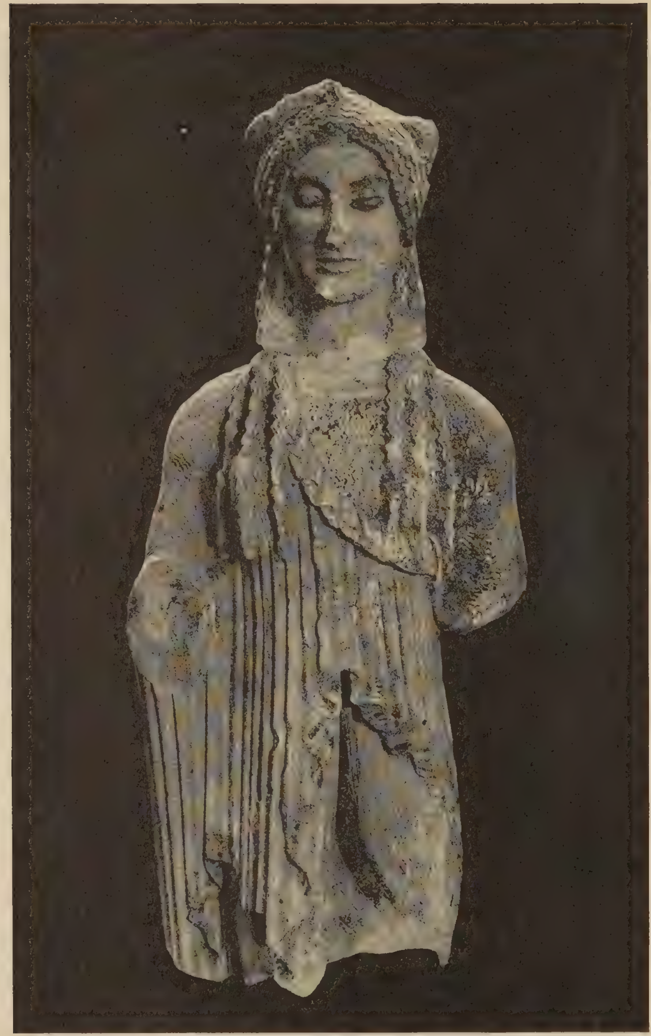

Fig. 28. — Female Figure. Acropolis Museum, Athens.

tion to design, and even to embroiderer's stitch. Lost in the mazes of admiration over this preposterous cleverness, all thought as to the great meaning of things human is swamped, and the noblest of the arts degenerates into pretty bric-a-brac, in which elegance takes the place both of beauty and truth.

Why this superficial elegance at this time?

Because life was so at this time. Pisistratus had not willed it so, but it followed inevitably from what he had done. True liberty had disappeared and personality had been shackled and repressed. Athens was making great progress in wealth, in luxury, in refinement, in everything except manhood, and art records, as always, her true status.

Let us go to a court reception to-day at the palace of the great Athenian. Our way takes us through the crooked and narrow streets of the earlier city where its unprepossessing houses lie huddled against the western slope of the Acropolis, looking toward the blue bay of Phalerum along whose sandy beach are drawn up countless ships from Ionia and Italy and Egypt. Traffic is busy along the highway which connects the harbor and the city, passing the clay pits and the famous pottery works already crowded by the growing city. We pass the new fountain where girls are filling their jars at the convenient nine spouts as we wind our way up to the Acropolis, approaching by a zigzag route quite different from the stately entrance of a later day. The venerable Ægean wall frowns high above us, but a modern cut-stone entrance with pillars before and behind has displaced the massive gateway of earlier times, and for a distance on either side slabs of polished marble conceal the rough boulders of the Cyclopean wall beneath their thin veneer.

Within the grim citadel change is busy and transformation well advanced. Narrow and crooked streets have been cleared away and unsightly houses are in process of demolition. Primitive shrines, not so easily disposed of, stand in awkward isolation, awaiting the transforming synthesis of a later age. The great temple of Athena, however, now showing for the

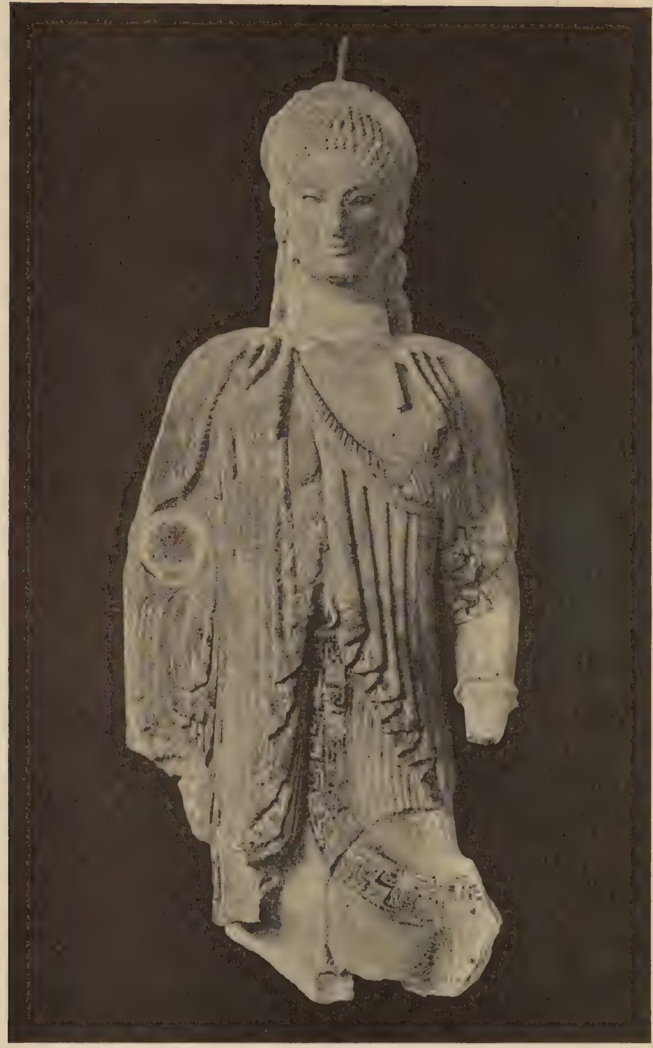

FIG. 29.—Female Figure. Acropolis Museum, Athens.

first time to the Athenians the beauty of the great encircling colonnade, engages all attention by its majestic lines, its softened colors and the ambitious figures of its great pediment.

For the most part, gods have displaced mortals as dwellers on the Acropolis, but Pisistratus remains. His palace, doubtless not offensively magnificent, is the goal of the many who, like us, are bidden as his guests. The guests who stream through the new gateway, past the motionless sentinels whose all-seeing impassivity is the ominous symbol of gracious tyranny, are brilliantly clad in Oriental stuffs and laden with jewels. Men vie with women in the splendor of their attire and the elaborateness with which their long hair, of hue surpassing nature, reflects the coiffeur's art. Emulating and imitating these are the statues that we pass, reminding the divinities in the several shrines of their important votaries, or decorating the palace where the great man welcomes with unaffected graciousness Athenian and alien alike. All speaks of refinement and culture, nay more, of freedom and good will. There is good breeding with its inevitable schooling in orderly procedure, but there is no oppressive restraint. Conversation is free and affable. There is discussion of the new Homer, the new temple, the latest poem and the newest statue, the chorus of approval being broken only by ripples of playful dissent. The host meets his guests on equal terms and accepts in good part the sallies of wit which are aimed at him. Little knots of guests form here and there, ourselves in one of them. As strangers we are interesting as well as interested. Our inquiries about the new buildings, the public improvements, the statues, the poems and so forth, elicit lively and willing response. But alas, we are strangers, and curiosity passes the limits of discretion. What about Miltiades? Why have changes been made in the laws of Solon? There is a sudden chill in the atmosphere, an embarrassed silence, a precipitate attempt to change the subject, a furtive glance to see if the statuelike servant was listening. A few more words, and our group accidentally dissolves, leaving

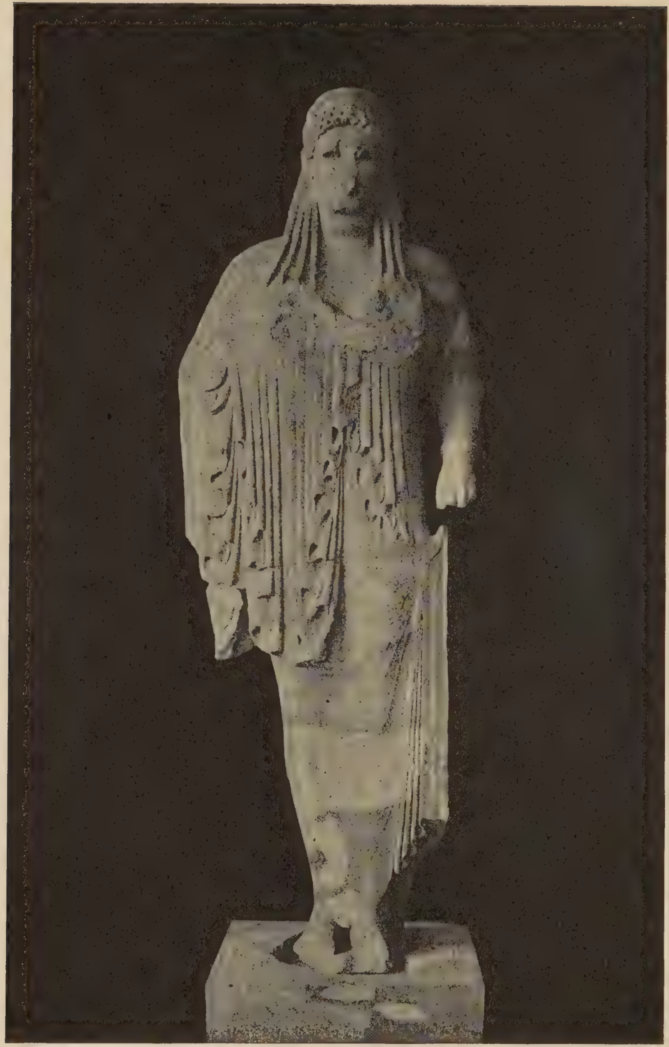

Fig. 30.—Female Figure, probably by Antenor.
Acropolis Museum, Athens.

us but one and he the most taciturn of our Athenian acquaintances. He is a sculptor, this Antenor, he tells us, and as he strangely stays by us, we leave with him. We ask him about the statues that have interested us. The gay company that we have met has already made them seem more natural. To our inquiry why there is not more interest in the athlete, as at Argos, or in the statesman, the hero, Antenor replies with a shrug of the shoulders. We understand. There is no narrow bigotry in the palace, but hero statues and hero worship are not favored, or at the best only Homeric heroes. Such subjects are regarded as dangerous, and apt to raise controverted questions foreign to the true nature of art. Antenor seems not over enthusiastic about the elegant sculptures of the time, even about his own. For the large statue which we noticed as we came, he tells us is his work (Fig. 30). We had already noticed that it was larger than the rest, more dignified and austere. While it has the same draperies, the same hair and curls, the same general type in short, the face is not simpering and a spirit difficult to define distinguishes it from the rest, something a trifle tonic after this surfeit of elegance, which leaves us with a faint expectant interest in Antenor. Altogether our visit to the Acropolis has been illuminating, and has revealed in the art which puzzled us at first an appropriateness which reconciles us if it does not wholly command our admiration.

CHAPTER VII

ART AND DEMOCRACY. THE DEMOCRATIC REACTION AND VICTORY OVER PERSIA. 510–450 B.C.

THE brilliant rule of Pisistratus came to an abrupt end. He died in 527 B.C., thirty-three years after he had first seized the government in Athens. He was doubtless sincerely mourned by the majority of the Athenians. He left two sons, Hippias and Hipparchus, who seem to have tried sincerely and with fair success to continue his mild and beneficent rule. All went well for a space of some thirteen years, when one of the brothers was murdered and the life of the other attempted as the result of a private feud. Up to this time there seems to have been little disposition on the part of the Athenians to recover their liberties. A government that really maintains order and protects life and property is apt to claim the support of the majority of serious citizens, even if its burdens are heavier than those imposed by Pisistratus. Decidedly, Pisistratus was a success in the task which he had undertaken, and his sons received the support of all but the irreconcilable idealists.

The murder of Hipparchus, however, in 514 B.C. completely changed all this. It is but charitable to assume that Hippias' narrow escape shattered his nerve and left him a prey to terrors which he could not banish. In any case he changed from a mild ruler to a bloodthirsty tyrant, the prey of suspicions from which his truest friends were not safe. This change rapidly alienated the Athenians and revived, as nothing else could have done, the memory of their lost liberties. In 510 B.C., after four years of misrule, Hippias was expelled and the rule of the Pisistratidæ ended. He fled to the court of Persia, where his efforts to reinstate himself in power at Athens resulted in the two great

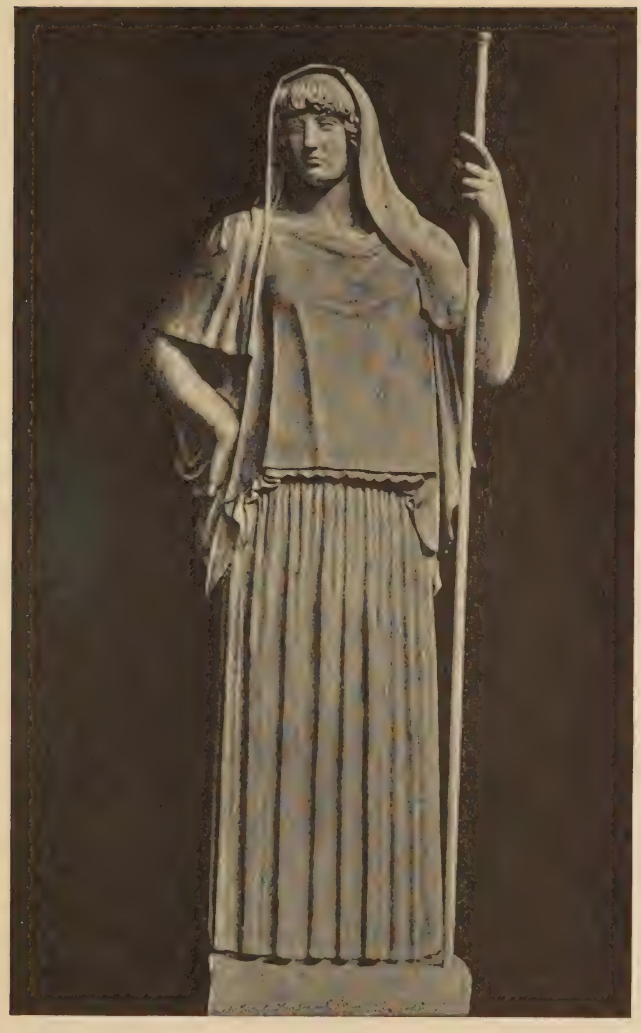

Fig. 31. — Hestia Giustiniani. Torlonia Museum, Rome.

Persian invasions and gave occasion for the two glorious victories of Marathon and Salamis, and incidentally to the marvelous development which was the result of their stimulus.

It is important to recall the changed character of Pisistratic rule during these last four years, as explaining the far-reaching reaction which now took place in Athens. The reaction affected not merely the government, but the entire fabric of Athenian life. Just as everything had felt the impress of Pisistratus and his all-embracing policy, so now everything felt the influence of the reaction. Athenian ideals for a generation may almost be defined in terms the opposite of those just used. The elegance and luxury of Athenian life now gave way to a more than Jeffersonian simplicity. The voluptuous ideals of Asia are displaced by the simpler habits of the more Hellenic states. Democracy returns with a vengeance and is entrenched by the constitution of Clisthenes. Athens owed much to the bloody rule of Hippias, for failing that she might have been much less certain of her own mind.

Art, true to its great function of the interpretation of life, at once feels the change. The draped female figures which have engaged our attention are much less frequent in this period of democratic reaction, and those that we possess are of a very different character. The reader will do well to pause at this point and glance at a series of draped figures of this period, the Hestia (Fig. 31) and the draped figures from the Olympia pediment (Fig. 52) and metope (Fig. 32), comparing them with those with which the last chapter has made us familiar. The draperies are no longer caught up in the left hand, but fall straight downward in few and simple folds. There are no ruffles or traces of embroidered patterns. The arrangement of the hair is the simplest imaginable, free alike from carelessness and elaboration. The attitudes are simple, but expressive and sincere. Above all, the face has acquired new character, not subtle and sentimental, but grave and dignified. The fundamental and human things are represented only in sketchy out-

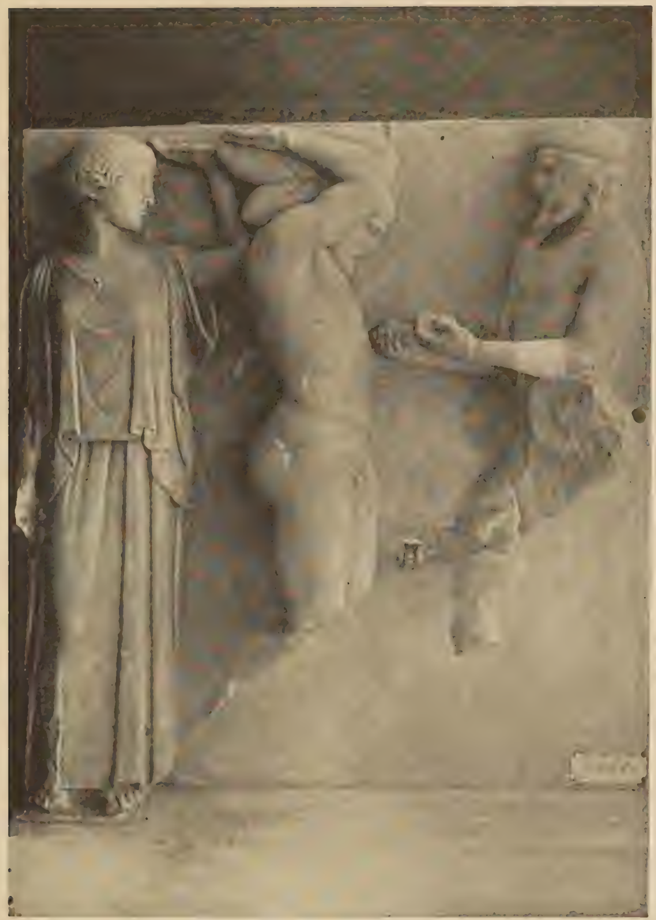

FIG. 32. — Heracles and Atlas. Metope from Temple of Zeus. Museum, Olympia.

line, as it were, but they are undisguised by accidents and elegant irrelevancies. The difference between these two periods is the widest possible. The one period is elegant, fussy, mannered and superficial. The other is simple, unsophisticated, lacking in subtlety, vivacity and manifold adaptation, but honest and significant. In some ways art seems to have lost ground, as when we have taken the wrong road and are obliged to go back on our tracks to get in the right path again. But in the main issue there is great advance. Art is headed right and has adopted dignified and worthy ideals. Is it possibly some inkling of this higher spirit which redeems for us the statue by Antenor?

It is the development of the male figure, however, which chiefly characterizes the art of this time. With few exceptions the male figure is represented in the nude from the earliest period to the end of Greek art. So far-reaching has been the influence of Greek tradition that this extraordinary practice has been less challenged by later ages than its importance deserves. Its acceptance under the overawing sanction of Greek art and in oversight of differences of condition has resulted in a perfect tissue of sophistry, which we must clear away if we are to understand this important characteristic of Greek art.

It is noteworthy that nude art is practically unknown before the time of the Greeks. Nude figures, to be sure, are not uncommon in the art of the Egyptians, but they are of a very subordinate character, mere symbols of human beings designed for menial service. Major figures of gods and men are invariably draped, however scantily according to our northern standards. Yet there is abundant evidence that the Egyptians were naïvely unconscious in these relations, and that the obstacles to the free use and enjoyment of the nude in the interest of art could have been more easily overcome here than by most ancient peoples. Nor will those who are familiar with Egyptian art claim that it was lack of æsthetic appreciation which prevented the Egyptains from availing themselves of this supposed æsthetic resource. The artist of Abydos who could represent a goddess giving the breast to Pharaoh in reliefs which have been pronounced the most beautiful that ever came from the hand of man, was neither too sensitive nor too unappreciative to have used the nude had he found advantage in so doing. Assyrian and other pre-Greek art is similarly if less significantly limited to the draped figure.

From the earliest times the Greek artist represented the male figure in the nude, but only the male figure. The female nude seems to have been unknown until the fourth century, and its introduction at that time seems to have evoked much protest. Only in the period of distinct decadence, artistic and social, did it acquire vogue, and it never became the rule. Under the Romans the nude became confessedly depraved, to be prohibited by Christianity and only slowly revived during the Renaissance under the influence of classic tradition. Since that time it has remained as an exotic in modern art. Artist and connoisseur are alike conscious of a protest in the minds of the unsophisticated, though the protest is often cowed into silence. To live down this sensitiveness is tacitly accepted as one of the ordeals of initiation into the inner circle of art's elect.

This use of the nude, like the coloring of Greek marbles and other Greek practices, is usually explained on grounds of abstract æsthetic principle. The human body is the central theme in sculpture, as it is intrinsically the most beautiful object in nature. To perfectly represent the human body is the greatest achievement in art. The appreciation of these fundamental principles attests the æsthetic character of the Greeks and accounts for the supremacy of their art. Even the very unconventional Mr. Ruskin lends his support to this conventional dictum of the modern studio.

It is not a challenge of the supremacy of the Greek to say that all such explanations are fallacious and that conclusions drawn from such reasoning, if correct, are so only by virtue of accidental coincidence. Neither the human body nor any other object is intrinsically the most beautiful object in nature, nor is the cor-

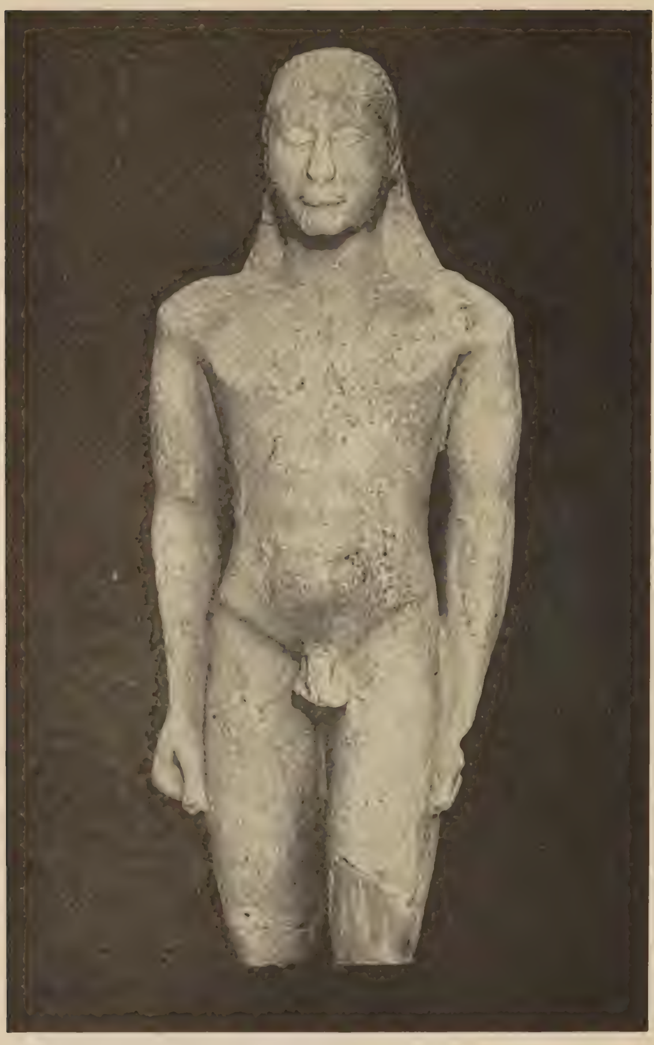

Fig. 33. — Apollo of Orchomenos. National Museum, Athens.

rect representation of any such object a high achievement in art. All such arguments prove too much. If the human body is so intrinsically beautiful, why did the Greeks admire a nude Apollo and shudder at a nude Aphrodite? Is only the male body beautiful? All human opinion is to the contrary. Why, too, did Phidias, the greatest of Greek artists, abjure almost entirely the nude figure?

And why is the contemplation of this alleged supreme beauty so painful a pleasure to minds which are apparently normal in our own day? Why should art require for its enjoyment an artificial environment of tastes and ideas so largely at variance with those which experience dictates for life?

The studio reply is prompt and emphatic, that a knowledge of the nude is indispensable to a knowledge of the draped figure. The modern sculptor, in modeling a draped figure, models it first in the nude, then paints it red and adds the drapery. In the numberless trimmings and scrapings involved in this process, if he strikes red paint, he knows that he is doing violence to the fundamentals and corrects his work accordingly. Evidently this process requires careful training in the life class and a study of the nude model which is perfectly innocuous to the sane-minded student.

But the necessity of a knowledge of the nude proves nothing at all as to its importance *per se* as a theme in art. Michelangelo declared that a knowledge of the skeleton was indispensable to a knowledge of the human figure and himself studied in the dissecting room to secure that knowledge. But he did not draw the conclusion that the skeleton was therefore the supreme theme in art.

It would be most unfortunate if art were subject to narrow considerations of prudery and moral censorship. It may and must claim a broad liberty in the interpretation of its great themes, relying upon the whiteness of its marble, the remoteness of its suggestions and the otherworldliness of its environment to secure for its creations the immunity which art's purposes

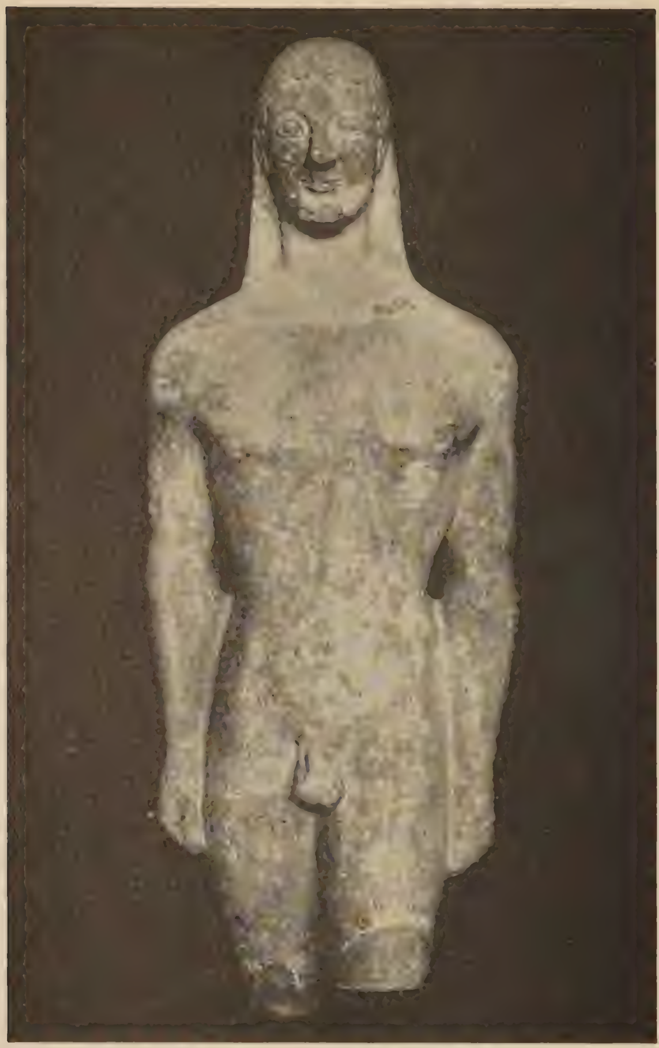

FIG. 34.—Apollo of Thera. National Museum, Athens.

require. But it is an even greater mistake to assume that art has no connection with life, that protective instincts have no standing in her court, and that her supreme opportunity is to be found in the exploitation of studio privilege. Certainly the Greeks made no such mistake.

It is a truism of history that Greek nude art was a development from Greek athletics. From a very early date athletic sports had a prominent place in Greek life, serving not merely as an entertainment but as a discipline for war and the great functions of life. The games of Olympia, whose origin is lost in antiquity, certainly far antedated our earliest extant examples of Greek art. Their influence may therefore be assumed in these earliest examples, and that increasingly throughout the period of Greek independence. In our search for the historical origin of this peculiar phase of Greek art, it behooves us to recall the important characteristics of these games. The two facts with which we are confronted are first, that the athletes were naked, and second, that the spectators were exclusively males. At Olympia a seat is said to have been reserved for the priestess of Demeter, but it is safe to assume that the representative of this austere ethical cult usually left her seat untenanted. We are confronted, therefore, first of all by the important fact that sex consciousness was eliminated. Such a spectacle was as harmless as a horse race in its appeal to the spectator. On the other hand, nakedness was an immense advantage in the appreciation of the finer points of the game. Every motion, every pose, every hardening of muscle was perfectly visible, and the trained eye became conscious even of the subtlest psychic currents that complicated this wonderful struggle. Slowly every feature of the body became meaningful, eloquent alike in action and repose. Finally, it must be remembered that the refinement of these games tended to produce not only perfect observation but the perfect human figure. Never before or since has the world known any such combination of selection and training to produce the perfect man.

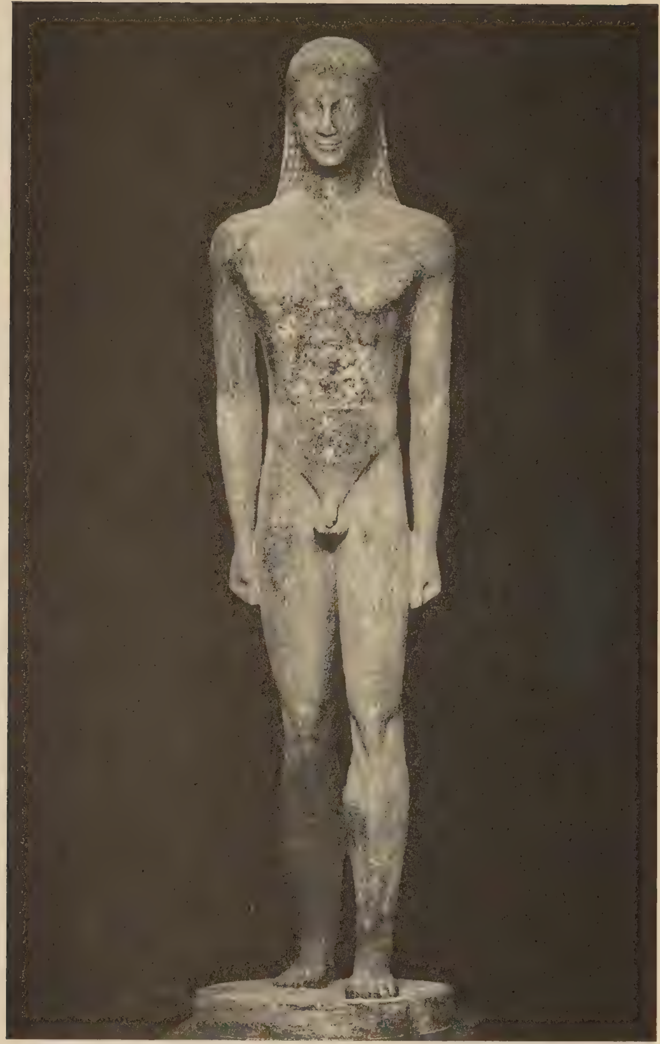

FIG. 35. — Apollo of Melos. National Museum, Athens.

Picture to yourself one of these ancient 'fans' who, from boyhood to old age, has watched these contests from his seat in the stadium, himself enlightened by many an experience and not unworthy achievement. As the athletes troop in before the vast throng his quick eye grasps every detail, every subtlety of line, every motion, every sign of alertness and intelligence. Each athlete one picked from a thousand, his eye revels in their perfect form and estimates at a glance their possibilities. The vial of oil is handed to each, and with slow obeisance to the cheering throng, each lifts high the vial with studied grace and with the other hand catches its golden stream and rubs his comely form, slow turning, till it glistens in the sun. Every motion is a studied revelation and is watched with breathless interest. There are the stately preliminaries, then the mighty cast of the discus, the agile hurling of the javelin, the lightning dash of the foot race and the final grapple of the wrestlers. The dullest imagination catches the enthusiasm of this scene which the best trained eye of to-day would gaze upon with but unintelligent curiosity. With what sentiments must our old-time enthusiast, thus trained through all the years, have gazed at last upon the perfect form — not a hair too much or too little, a mind perfectly controlling the mechanism of a body perfect in all its parts. Methinks the lump would have been in our observer's throat just then and utterance would have been choked in emotion.

It would be contrary to all experience, to all reason, if such an enthusiasm, such an appreciation, did not reflect itself in art. Nude art was the natural and necessary expression of a national passion. The intensity of this passion, in itself pure and wholesome, was such as to burn all noxious elements away. So far from being a panderer to baseness, it was the most effective bulwark against it. The spectator might be licentious and debauched, but the athlete never. Nude art, therefore, symbolized perfect manhood triumphant over weakness and vice.

During all this glorious period, as has been said, the female

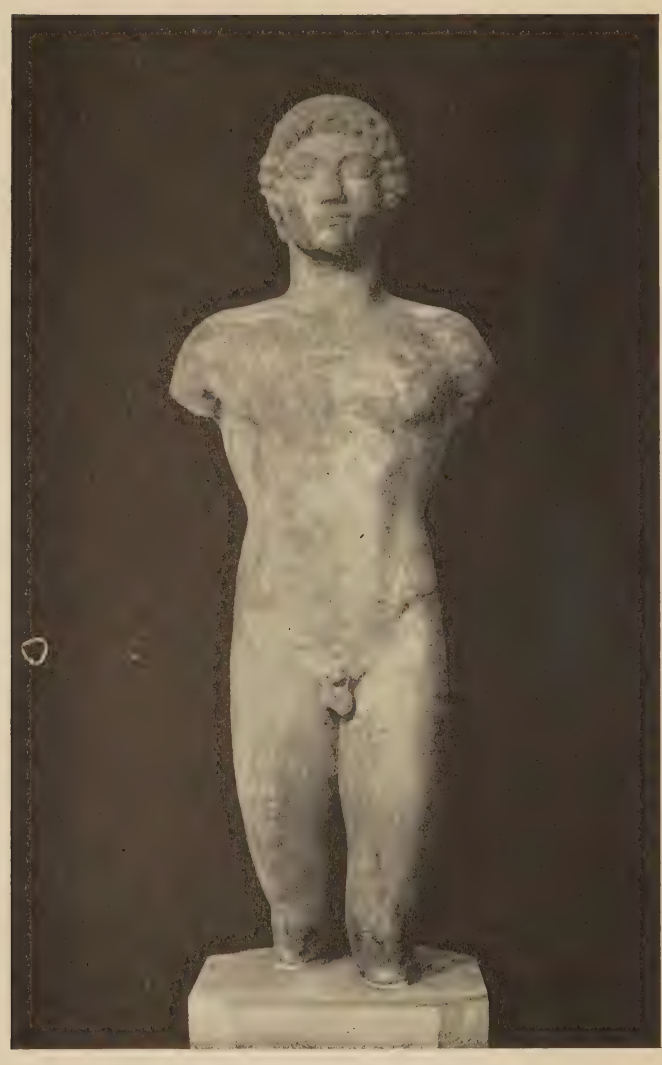

Fig. 36. — Apollo Strangford. British Museum, London.

nude was unknown. The reason was precisely that which makes the modern mind hesitant. When in the fourth century venturesome art takes up the forbidden theme, the universal protective instinct asserts itself in quick protest. But Greek instincts are already perturbed, and art slides rapidly down the incline of Asiatic and Roman patronage. The spectator of gladiatorial sports saw little in the finesse of Greek athletics or in their counterpart in Greek art. On the other hand, it was quite incomprehensible to him that the charms of the nude female figure should have been so little appreciated. The Roman, therefore, sought this art for precisely the reason which led the Greek to reject it. Let us draw the curtain before the orgies of Roman nude art.

It is hardly necessary to point out that theories as to the intrinsic and eternal beauty of the nude and its permanent supremacy as an artistic theme find no warrant in Greek art. The human body is doubtless a very fundamental and permanent interest of human life, but as an object of æsthetic contemplation its importance depends entirely on circumstances. Greek life made the male body a legitimate center of intelligent observation and emotional appreciation, and as such endowed it with very great interest for art. Modern life does nothing of the sort. The most beautiful body to-day evokes but the feeblest admiration outside of studio circles. Even a studio training gives but a caricature of the old Greek appreciation. The modern model is not the embodiment of human perfection which greeted the spectator in the stadium, but an indifferent human accident used to develop copying skill. The admiration which such a training evokes is not an appreciation of ideal beauty, but an admiration for technical skill. This skill must be developed, and the nude model must be employed to that end, but the sooner the artist learns that the copying of human commonplaces, no matter how cleverly done, is not art, the better. The partisan of these misplaced studies, discovering that they evoke little enthusiasm, too often falls into the abysmal error that art is only for the studio initiate, and that "this people which knoweth not the law is accursed." This circle of the self-ostracized elect cannot be too emphatically reminded that their nude is not the Greek nude, that their enthusiasm is not a Greek enthusiasm, and their ideal not a Greek ideal. It is hardly too much to say that the nude in contemporary art is an obsolete theme feebly enlivened by furtive appeals to doubtful passion.

We have noted the significant fact that the male nude rarely occurs in the art of Athens during the Pisistratic period. It was, however, common in other parts of Greece from the earliest period. A long series of such statues collected from various localities now fill one of the larger rooms in the National Museum at Athens, while other museums in Europe furnish additional examples. These figures are traditionally known as Apollos, and such may have been their intention. If, as others believe, the intent was to represent athletes, the result must in any case have been much the same. The earliest examples are exceedingly crude (Figs. 33-36). The feet are placed side by side or one a little in advance of the other, parallel and flat upon the ground. The arms hang straight at the sides; the face looks straight forward. Limbs and figure give an indescribable impression of rigidity and tension. Anatomy, though sometimes ostentatiously displayed, is crude and inaccurate. There is neither action nor well-considered expression. At the worst the face is utterly lifeless, scarce human even. At the best this lifenessness has been relieved by an insipid grin, the uniform though often painfully inappropriate symbol of animation.

Slowly, however, improvement is noted. There is better finish, better expression, more relaxation in the figure. The rear foot is lifted and poised more lightly on the toes, the knee and elbows lose their rigidity and are bent. The head is poised more naturally, tipped a little, turned to one side. These improvements are not startling. Some of them, too, are only matters of inference, intermediate forms having been lost.

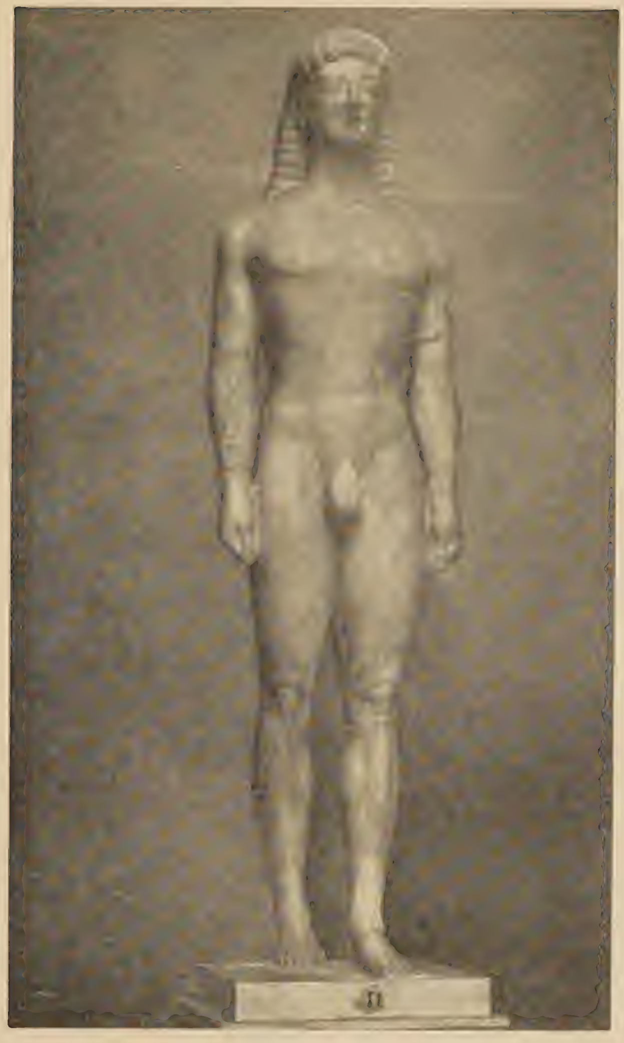

Fig. 37. — Apollo of Tenea. Glyptothek, Munich.

Perhaps the Apollo of Tenea (Fig. 37) may mark the level of attainment at the advent of Pisistratus.

Athens seems to have contributed but little during the next half century to the development of this important theme, though we are perhaps in danger of inferring too much from negative evidence. Some exquisite examples of nude sculpture usually assigned to the later period may possibly be of earlier, that is, of Pisistratic origin, notably the fine head of a youth and the nude figure in Figures 38 and 39. It seems likely, however, that the peculiar taste of the time found the draped figures which we considered in the preceding chapter much more congenial, and that in the development of nude art Athens did little more than keep in touch with the progress of other communities, notably Argos, where there is reason to believe that quite other ideals were cherished. Certain it is that with the advent of the new order the neglected theme found favor, and developed skill stood ready at its bidding.

The keynote of the new period was struck by the Athenian Assembly in its decision to erect a monument to commemorate its great deliverance. It is significant that Athens felt moved to express its enthusiasm at this time through the medium of sculpture. It had plainly become the national art. The project, however, had its difficulties. The monument must represent somebody and there was a dearth of obvious claimants. The easy impersonation of abstractions so familiar in later art was something for which our materialistic mercantile Athens was not yet ready. The deliverance not having been wrought by a real hero, the Athenians had recourse to the two most conspicuous actors in the great drama, Harmodius and Aristogiton, wholly unworthy characters whose act had been prompted by a base private grudge rather than by patriotic impulses. To these "Tyrannicides" the Assembly decreed an honor statue to be executed in bronze and erected in the market place. The sculptor chosen was Antenor.

The statue, erected no doubt almost immediately after the

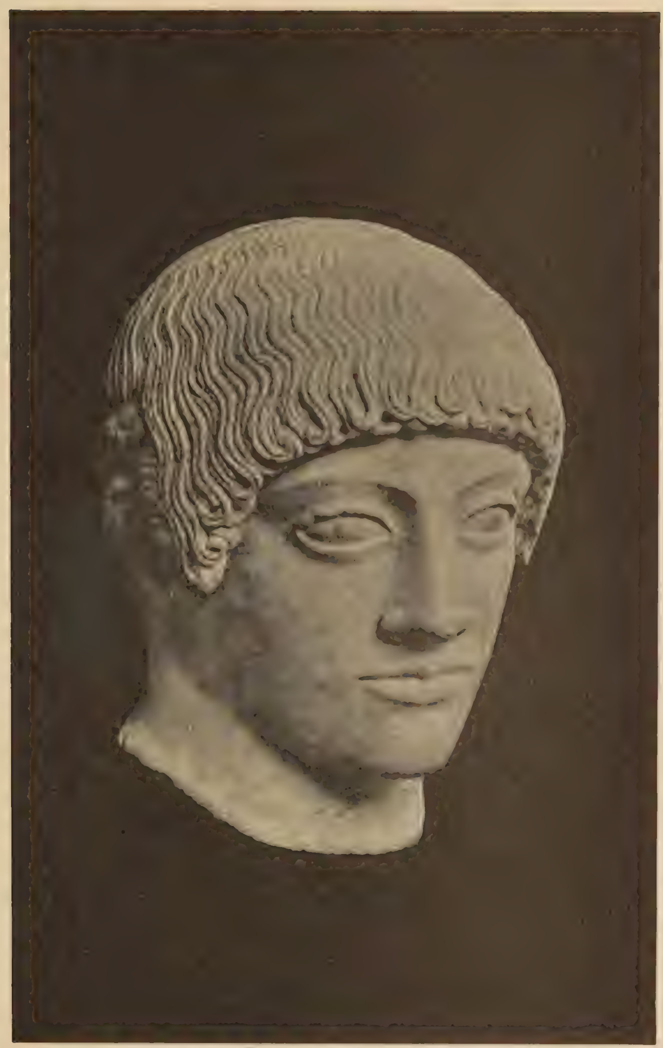

FIG. 38. — Head of a Youth. Acropolis Museum, Athens.

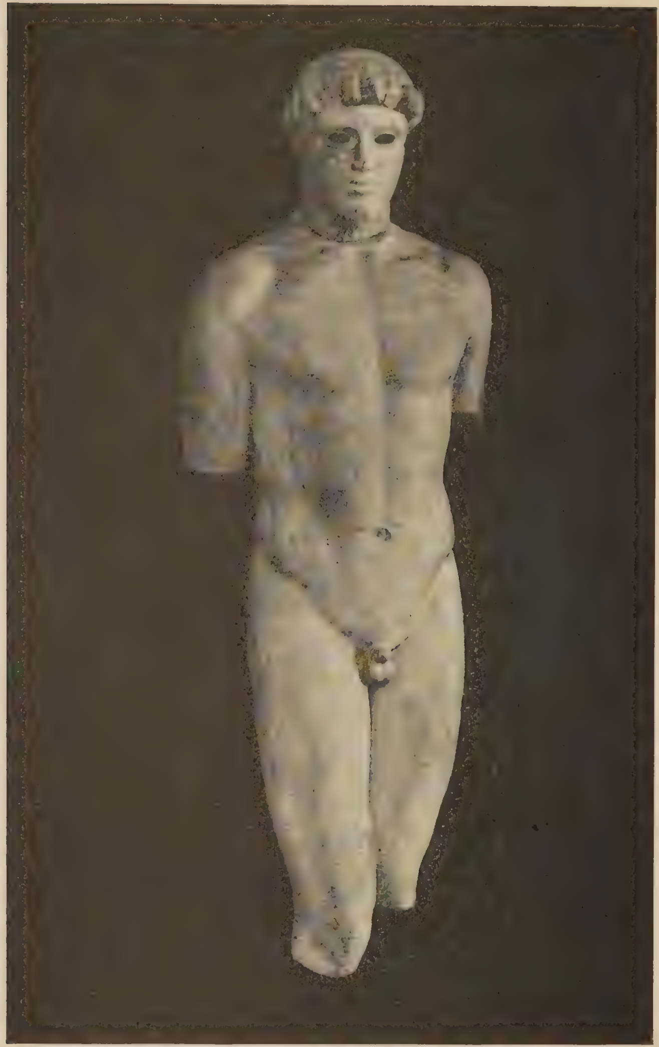

Fig. 39.—Figure of a Youth. Acropolis Museum, Athens.

expulsion of Hippias in 510 B.C., stood in the market place for about thirty years, until Athens was captured in 480 B.C. by Xerxes under the guidance of the aged but implacable Hippias. It was then carried off by Xerxes as a trophy to his capital. Upon the return of the Athenians after the victory of Salamis, one of their first concerns was to restore this monument of their dearly bought liberties. Antenor being presumably dead at this time, two other sculptors, Critias and Nesiotes, were entrusted with the work and again the Tyrannicides occupied their place of honor in the market place. Matters remained thus for about a century and a half, when Alexander conquered Persia and returned the earlier statue to Athens. From this time forth the two groups stood side by side until they met their unrecorded fate at the hand of the barbarians.

The Museum of Naples contains a well-executed Roman copy of one of these groups (Fig. 40). Opinions differ as to which one is represented, and it is perhaps safe to say that neither is very accurately reproduced in this suspiciously modern work. The original intent of the sculptor is further obscured by the fact that one of the original heads is lost and has been replaced by another of some two centuries later date which had lost its body. The archaic style of the other head, however, which is an admirable physiological rather than psychological study, is true to the spirit of the period, and argues for the fidelity of the whole. If this work even approximately represents the art of Antenor or his successors, it certainly speaks volumes for their progress. Not only is the nude figure splendidly fashioned, but the tremendous reality of the action is worthy of all praise.

Midway between the expulsion of Hippias and the building of the Parthenon, our epoch is divided by the most memorable event in the military history of Greece, the battle of Salamis, incident to which was the destruction of Athens, an important event in the history of her art. On either side of this great event stretches a generation of significant progress but of interrupted and troubled activity. Each of these periods has bequeathed

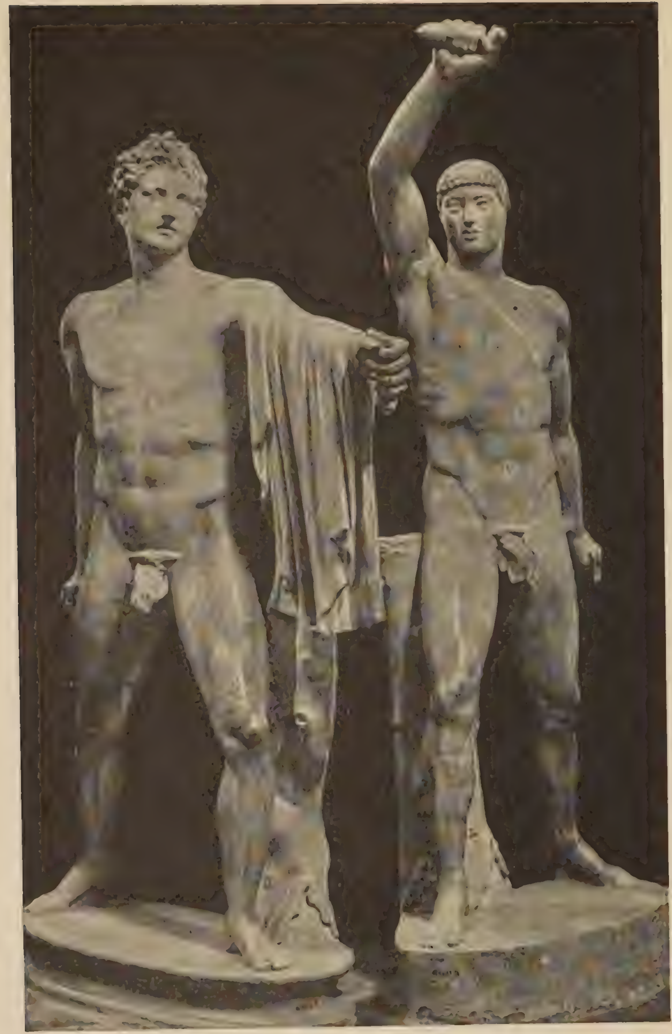

FIG. 40.—Harmodius and Aristogiton.
National Museum, Naples.

us one great monument which admirably illustrated the status of art in its age. These are the Temple of Aphæa at Ægina, and the Temple of Zeus at Olympia.

The Temple of Ægina is a small but beautiful Doric peripteros commanding an incomparable view from the summit of the rocky island which was the forerunner of Athens in commerce and culture. Its date is uncertain, but must have been some years before the Persian wars. The pediment sculptures, early collected for the Museum in Munich and restored by Thorwaldsen (Fig. 51), mark a conspicuous advance over the Athena pediment of Pisistratus, in rivalry with which they were perhaps executed. The arrangement of this and other pediments, a problem of the greatest importance, is reserved for later consideration. We are concerned here to note the character of the individual figures. It is a battle, and with the exception of Athena in the center, the group consists of fighting, wounded and dying soldiers. These figures show surprising excellence in anatomy and great vigor of action, but there is no adaptation of facial expression to the exigencies of the theme, and no feeling for the higher poetical requirements of art. All the faces have the insipid grin already referred to, which, from its prominence in this example, is often called the "Æginetan smile." Athena stands in the midst of the fray and grins; two heroes fight over the body of Patroclus, and Patroclus and heroes grin. Bowman and spearman kneel behind, and all grin. Mortally wounded soldiers breathe their last in the corners of the pediment, and they too grin. The artist is merely using the conventional symbol for animation, unmindful of its inappropriateness, quite unable, apparently, to meet the subtle requirements of psychic adaptation. The theme, too, is utterly prosaic. The artist has no appreciation as yet of the value of those rare motives that stir unusual emotions, or of the subtle suggestion which redeems incident from commonplaceness.

Again of uncertain date, but certainly after the Persian wars, stands the great Zeus Temple of Olympia. Its colossal mass, fine form and imposing sculptural decorations must have gone far to stimulate the nearly contemporary builders of the Parthenon to their supreme effort.

Here again we reserve for later study the great sculptural pediment groups, the last word in large scale, decorative composition before Phidias. We are concerned here with the character of the sculpture as such. This is perhaps best illustrated by the fragments of the metopes which are so important a possession of the Museum of Olympia. One of the best (Fig. 32) represents Heracles getting the apples of the Hesperides from Atlas, who assents to Heracles' request to bring them on condition that the latter will perform his task of holding up the sky while he is away. This the hero, nothing daunted, undertakes and successfully performs with the aid of Athena. The admirable figures of Heracles and Atlas show a still further advance in the mastery of the nude, but the advance is much more than this. The calm dignity of heroes and goddess alike, the realistic suggestion of burden in the attitude of Heracles, above all the admirable faces full of dignity, repose and power, lift these figures to a plane which it is difficult to surpass. It is true that the artist is still conservative in his themes. Intricacy, vivacity, dramatic intensity are lacking, perhaps because beyond his power. There is also a childlike naïveté in interpretation. Nothing could well be more naïve than the way in which the goddess assists Heracles, merely lifting the heavy burden from behind as would a child in play. Of subtlety and suggestion there is none, none also of the higher poetical faculty. Phidias and Plato have not yet laid their spell upon Hellas. When their message is ready, however, the language of utterance will not be lacking

In one of the rooms of the National Museum at Athens stands a mutilated figure misnamed Apollo of the Omphalos (Fig. 41). Whether Apollo or athlete we do not and need not know. Forearms and feet are missing and the face has suffered sad mutilation, but its beauty triumphs over all disfigurements.

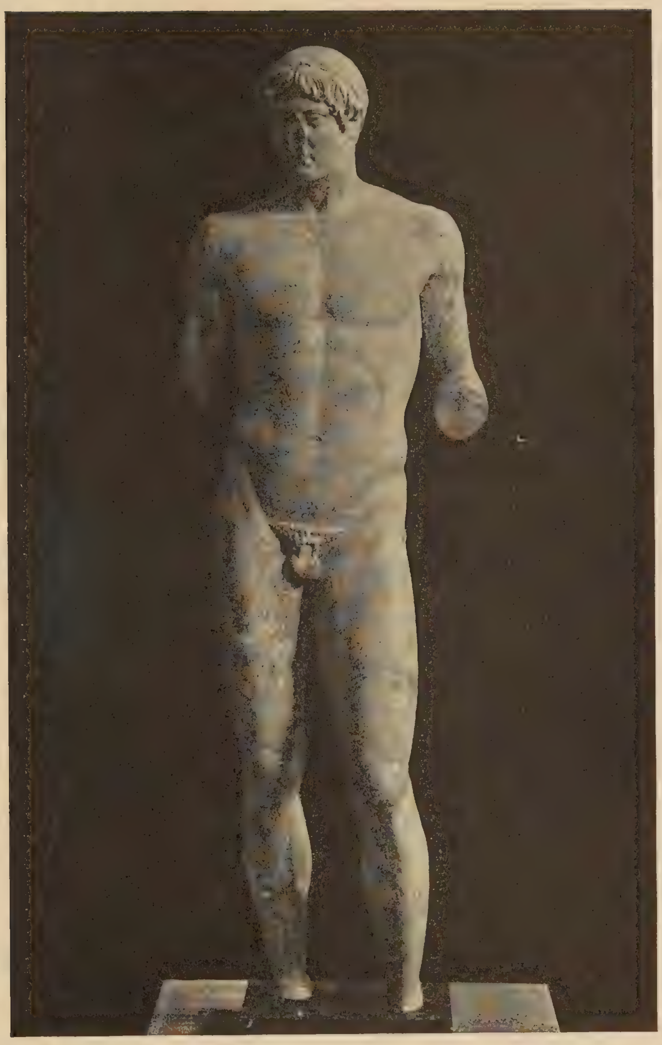

Fig. 41. — Apollo of the Omphalos. National Museum, Athens.

The limbs are relaxed, the head is posed easily, and the hair gracefully arranged in the older fashion. The face is calm, earnest and dignified, the body beautiful in its reposeful power. It stands isolated as the high-water mark of art before the great days. It is no illegitimate flight of fancy to picture the youthful Phidias in those eventful years after Salamis wandering about among the monuments and sculptured memorials of that new Athens which was so soon to claim his powers, and gazing long and earnestly upon such works as this, the last word in that long lesson which art had been learning in preparation for his supreme message. For in this Phidias saw the best that he was to know of art until he knew his own.

The achievements of this age are not dramatic or showy. They are none the less supremely important. Art was shorn of its adventitious elements and pruned of its seductive mannerisms. There was a return to simplicity, sincerity and earnestness. The immediate suggestion is one of austerity, a loss of prettiness, even of beauty. Longer acquaintance with the Apollo or the Olympian metopes reveals in them great soul-satisfying qualities which are the promise of greater things. If art lacks grace, charm and soaring vision, it has at least ceased to be a plaything and has taken its place among the great serious interests of life. That place and that spirit it never lost so long as Greeks controlled its destiny.

CHAPTER VIII

ATHENS BECOMES AN EMPIRE. THE DELIAN LEAGUE. PERICLES AND PHIDIAS 450–400 B.C.

THE battles of Marathon and Salamis decided the fate of the great Persian expeditions and assured the redemption of Greece, but they did not complete the work of redemption. Twelve years of arduous warfare followed, war less dramatic than these two great battles, but hardly less important. In this war the Greek cities along the north and east sides of the Ægean were wrested, one by one, from Persian dominion and organized into a federation for mutual protection. The task of organization was even more arduous than that of liberation, and a human generation passed before the logical outcome of Salamis was fully realized.

In this great task all the allies who had fought against Persia seem at first to have participated, but Sparta, easily first in military organization, soon ruled herself out by the incompetence of her general. Thereupon the Ionian allies voluntarily ranged themselves under the leadership of Athens, fortunately represented at the moment by Aristides and Cimon, two of her wisest and best. As Spartan military organization was little adapted to oversea campaigns and Spartan wit hardly anticipated the results of Athenian leadership, Sparta relinquished not unwillingly her share in the difficult task, the more so as Aristides and Cimon, who were all-powerful in Athenian councils, were declared friends of Sparta and devoted to the policy of an all-Greek federation. For a time this policy seemed to prosper. A League was organized with its treasury and council headquarters at Delos, the tiny island-shrine of the Ionians in mid-

Ægean, into which the allies entered voluntarily, pledging each a certain quota of men and ships for the war against Persia and against the pirates who infested the Ægean. This contribution, nominally determined by the council, was in fact dictated by the fair-minded Aristides, whose decisions gave universal satisfaction. The quota of Athens was very much the largest, as befitted her wealth and power, yet she had at the outset only a single vote in the council, and Aristides probably never expected her to have more. The presidency was hers, quite inevitably, both because of her power and because she was represented by Aristides.

All this changed because of the action of the allies themselves. The war dragged on, and the little states found it irksome. The Ionian cities were never much given to making common cause. They joined the League willingly enough when it was a question of their individual liberation, but when it came to paying their good money to liberate their commercial rivals their enthusiasm was finite. Moreover the maintenance of a naval plant to keep a few ships in commission was relatively very expensive. Unable wholly to throw off the burden, they hit upon a means of lightening it which was finally adopted by nearly all. Athens had a splendid naval establishment and could build and equip ships far cheaper than they could. So they bargained with her to supply their quota for an annual money payment, and thus found themselves free to devote their energies to the splendid commercial opportunities which the efficient work of the League and its Athenian-manned navy had opened up. It seems strange, in the light of subsequent events, that the allies did not fear thus to put themselves in the power of Athens, but may we not see in their action an evidence rather of confidence than of dullness? What a magnificent tribute to the character of Aristides as an imperial asset to his people.

All went on smoothly for a time, but certain problems had not been foreseen, or if foreseen, had been deliberately postponed.

They had formed the League, as we Americans formed ours, for a specific purpose, and they postponed, as we did, the knotty question of what should be done when that purpose was accomplished. Doubtless the larger minds hoped that the League would be permanent and that it would accomplish a larger purpose than that of local liberty, but most men do not think much about these larger and remoter possibilities. So, as the work of the League seemed nearing completion, the sea cleared of pirates, the cities liberated and Persia cowed, the question inevitably arose whether it paid to remain in the League. Why not withdraw and save further outlay? One or two tried it, and were promptly coerced by Athens with the very fleet which the allies had contributed to maintain. Whether Aristides would have done this we cannot say, but Aristides was dead. Athens saw her interest too plainly in the existing situation to be willing to sacrifice it. Moreover, it was easy to see that the seceders were narrow and selfish. What they wanted was not the dissolution of the League, but merely to get its advantages without paying for them. They thought that Athens and the cities on the mainland would be compelled in their own interest to keep down the pirates and hold Persia at bay, and they would get the benefit without contributing; not a very magnanimous attitude, but peoples are seldom magnanimous. Athens quickly showed them where they stood. The League was now an empire and Athens was its capital. It was a very wonderful empire, the first that had ever been formed voluntarily, of liberated rather than of conquered provinces, and with tribute voluntarily agreed upon and justly assessed, instead of extorted by force. How long was the world to wait for another such empire? And if later Athens used coercion, it was not to extort more tribute or to suppress local liberties, but to maintain these liberties for all. The position of Athens was morally a very strong one, and considering the universal tradition of imperial oppression, it is a marvel that she preserved so nearly the mind of "Aristides the Just."

Meanwhile things had come very much her way. The war conducted under her leadership had not only destroyed all hostile naval power, but had developed a new and far more efficient naval science. As naval science and other conditions changed, her contracts with the allies must be constantly revised or broadly interpreted. The essential thing was to protect the League and its commerce. This Athens did beyond question. The great trouble was that she did it so easily and at a fraction of the original cost, now that her navy was developed to the point of easy supremacy. Tribute accumulated in the treasury at Delos, and then — master stroke of favoring fortune — there was a war scare, and the Samians proposed that the tiny island be relieved of the custody of a treasure which she could not protect. This suggestion that the treasure be removed to Athens, where it could not be seized by pirates or enemies of the League, was perfectly reasonable, but it was so obviously to the advantage of Athens that we may fairly suspect that Athenian diplomacy was back of it. Here, piled high in the treasure room of Athena, the glittering yellow ingots brought to imperial Athens their possibilities and their temptations.

The treasure of course belonged to the League and Athens was only its custodian. Nominally, its expenditure should be determined by the council, but this council had either ceased to exist or had come completely under the control of Athens. The conservatives, or 'strict constructionists,' argued that the League had been formed for defense, and its tribute paid for that purpose. If not needed for that purpose, the tribute should be reduced or remitted and the surplus distributed. To use it for other purposes was a breach of trust. The conservatives were of course in the majority among the allies. The liberals, or 'loose constructionists,' maintained that the League had been formed for the general welfare, and that any use of the tribute consonant with this larger view was legitimate. Among such purposes was obviously the strengthening and embellishment of Athens, the defender and representative of the League. The liberals were of course in the majority in Athens. It was the old antithesis between men of precedent and men of vision, an antithesis sharpened as usual by opposition of interests. As in all such cases argument on each side was conclusive but unconvincing. But Athens had the fleet and the treasure, and was not afraid to use either. The dispute was settled, therefore, in the usual way. The justice of the decision is quite as much in dispute now as then, for these two opposing temperaments are still with us. There are still those who see wisdom in precedent and who seek to be guided by the intentions of the fathers; and there are those to whom "new occasions teach new duties" and who chafe under this spiritual mortmain. We need them both. The world's stability is due mainly to the one and its progress to the other.

The important thing for us to note as we turn again to that phase of Athenian achievement with which we are chiefly concerned, is that Athens is no longer an isolated city dependent upon local resources of commerce and manufacture, but the capital of an empire, in receipt of magnificent revenues, and fully committed to the policy of splendid development. The art of the next century is the record of the way in which she played her great part.

The change above noted was perfectly expressed in the change of leadership which took place at this time. By the middle of the century Aristides and Cimon were no longer at the helm. Aristides had died years before and Cimon had just been gathered to his fathers. Probably neither would have had much sympathy for the new order. They had lived in the days of storm and stress and had fought at Marathon and Salamis and Platæa. They embodied the early virtues and loved the simple life and the early ideals. They did not foresee the splendid leadership of Athens in art and culture, and might not have welcomed it if they had foreseen it. It is interesting to speculate as to what might have been the fate of Athens and of the League if they had continued to shape its destinies, but such a continuance would have been impossible even had they lived. In the last years of Cimon's life he saw himself defeated and ostracized by the opposition under the leadership of Ephialtes and Pericles, men of the new order, the latter of whom was soon to find himself alone at the helm of the now imperial ship of state.

Among the many stars of first magnitude which crowd the brilliant constellation of this period, there are two which easily outshine all others. The first of these is Pericles (Fig. 42). The most elementary acquaintance with this great age must begin with a knowledge of his personality. He was utterly a liberal, a man whose enthusiasm was for the future rather than for the past. In politics he was a democrat, in foreign policy an imperialist, in religion a freethinker, in all matters of personal and social relation an untrammeled spirit. Yet he was not a *révolté* or a libertine in religion, politics or morals. In existing religious, political and social systems he saw, not institutions to be reverenced with fetishistic awe, nor yet irksome restraints to be cast off in the interest of personal indulgence, but devices of transient utility to be displaced by others in due course. A man of vision, he was yet no visionary. Democracy to him meant not equality of selfish privilege, but the rounded development of every citizen. His ideal of personal development was equally removed from the sodden materialism which is the pitfall of mankind and the ascetic otherworldliness which is the pitfall of its would-be reformers. This development of all faculties in even balance was alike the just goal of the individual life and the necessary condition of permanent greatness on the part of the state. That his efforts to attain this ideal should have involved endless compromise and seeming inconsistency, even some serious mistakes, should not surprise us. The master potter was fashioning his vessel out of very imperfect clay. The vessel was none the less fashioned unto honor. Let us not wonder at his failure — that is the universal lot of all who make his attempt. Let us marvel rather at his success, for that was unique. Those who in their young manhood looked

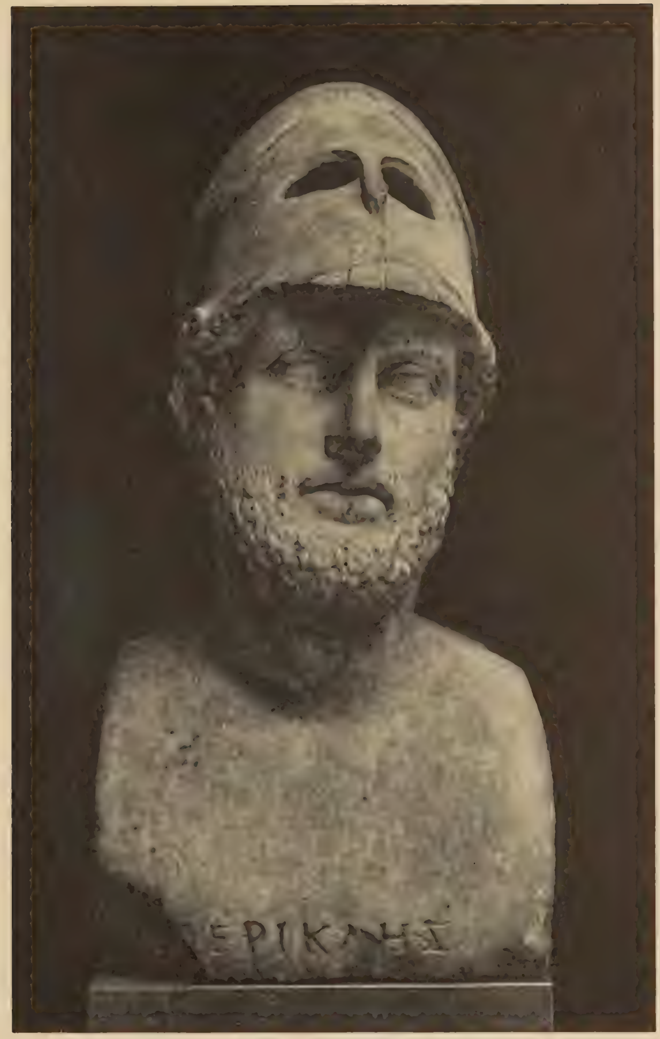

Fig. 42.—Pericles. British Museum, London.

upon the majestic Parthenon rising as the glorious shrine of imperial Hellas, saw, beneath gray hairs, a prostrate Athens, her long walls dismantled, her triremes sunk and her empire dismembered, never to be reunited. Speedy and complete was the failure of Pericles' great undertaking. But in her fall Athens was more exalted than her foes. Macedon and Pergamon and Rome did her honor. Alexander conquered a world only to lay it at her feet. The Cæsars carried her tokens from Parthia to Britain. Christianity voiced its message in her tongue. And when an exhausted world renewed itself by a thousand years of slumber, the first cry of the Renaissance was for Phidias and Plato. To-day her name is a shibboleth of culture, and inspired devotee and jeering Philistine alike pay homage at her shrine.

Count the tale of the world citizens, men like Cæsar and Charlemagne, Mohammed and Confucius, whose names have become naturalized in every tongue. In this goodly company of the world's elect England has won a single place in a thousand years, France one or two, Germany none, America none; so on with the rest. But of all those whose spiritual citizenship is recognized from the Golden Gate to the Euphrates, one half own the prior claim of Athens.

Let us stand for a moment on the Acropolis and gaze from the little Nike temple upon the prospect before us. There the blue waters of Salamis sparkle in the sun, with memories of Themistocles and Aristides and Cimon. A stone's throw before us is the Pnyx with the famous Bema from which Pericles ruled the Assembly and Demosthenes denounced the Macedonian. To the left is the Prison of Socrates before which grows the hemlock. To the right is the place of the Stoa where Zeno taught his disciple, and farther on the grove of Academus sacred to the memory of Socrates and Plato, while looking to the other side we are reminded of the Lyceum and the sway of Aristotle. Emerging from the olive groves to the north is Colonnus, home of Sophocles, while the great theater at our feet recalls his rivals, Æschylus and Euripides and Aristophanes. Is there one among my readers to whom these names are not familiar? How few are they who do not involuntarily lengthen the list! And of these there is not one whose work was not either supplemented or made possible by the work and the genius of Pericles.

Glorious as was the vision of Pericles, it was more than equaled by his extraordinary power to inspire other men and enlist them in its realization. The moment, it must be confessed, was propitious. His appeal was to a properous people refined by the schooling of Pisistratus and intoxicated with the glory of Salamis and the vision of empire. Ready to his hand was the golden hoard bequeathed by the thrift of Aristides and Cimon. A clumsier hand than his could have opened the floodgate of Athenian prodigality. But this alone is no service to art. The unguided flood leaves but wreckage in its train. To control the chaotic vehemence of the impulses which his democratic policy so unreservedly released, and to utilize their energy for the achievements which are associated with his name, required almost superhuman powers. With a character that seems to have combined penetrating insight with prompt decision, he was gifted with an eloquence which made him unique, even among the orators of Athens. Disdaining flattery and the familiar seductive arts, he stood upon the Bema calm and unapproachable as a god. In his imperturbability, which was alike unruffled by the passions of the Assembly and the disasters of the state, as in the calm mastery of his logic and the beauty of his phrase, there was a majesty which seemed more than human. The opposition which he constantly met was enormous, for his freedom from the prejudices of every faction roused all prejudices into fierce opposition. To the aristocrats he was an anarchist, to the orthodox an infidel, to the frugal a spendthrift, to the traditional moralist a corrupter of the youth. Yet opposition was fruitless and degenerated into unworthy guerrilla tactics. Alone among Athenian statesmen his probity was never challenged, and alike when infinite possibilities beckoned and when measureless disaster impended, Pericles was supreme over the Athenians.

By the side of Pericles and entitled to equal honor stands Phidias. The world remembers him as a sculptor, but despite the honor accorded to his art by the ancient and modern world, it is not in this that we are to recognize his chief service or the measure of his personality. He was the companion and adviser of Pericles, joint fashioner with him of the destiny of imperial Athens. Of this personal intimacy we have the most conclusive evidence. How far the great sculptor concerned himself with questions of war and commerce we do not know. It is enough to credit him, as we assuredly may, with initiative and direction in that wonderful art development which alone has made Athens immortal. It is all but certain that not a particle of his handiwork remains, yet in the all-pervading elevation and poetic grandeur of the work of this period, we may with certainty trace the influence of his personality. It is a favorite pastime of the myopic critic to seek his elusive chisel marks and to question the validity of traditional conclusions regarding his art. The chisel marks cannot be traced, but the work of no Greek artist stands more clearly revealed to us than that of Phidias. Statues were but his pastime. His true achievement was the transformation of Athenian ideals. His inspired gaze saw in the old myths an ineffable poetry which is not so much his discovery as his creation. Called by his magic, the vanishing tribal gods of a waning faith return clothed with a new divinity. They no longer appear in shapeless wooden fetish shrouded in the pious peplos and wreathed in myrtle, but in forms of infinite majesty which no Greek is esteemed to die happy until he has seen. "That he rode on the crest of a splendid wave is beyond question," but in a sense that can be said of no other he was the very substance of that wave. In no other age or place has art been so dominated by a single unifying spirit. The Age of Pericles gives us less an assemblage of works than a single organic work of which each statue and each temple forms a necessary and perfectly coördinated part. The synthesis is one of inspiration rather than of repression or constraint. Such a unity never results from accident, nor yet from the pressure of mere outside impersonal conditions. It can be accounted for only by the ascendency of one master spirit. We are left in no doubt as to who that master was, in hardly more doubt as to the nature of his mastery.

Of the many distinguished contemporaries of Phidias we know much less. Much of their handiwork remains in the decorations of the temples of the Acropolis, but in the absence of personal attribution we are less impressed by the obvious differences of style than by the all-embracing unity of spirit; less impressed by the contribution of the several sculptors than by that of Phidias. Whatever may be the manual authorship of these works, their spiritual genesis must be attributed to Phidias. Or if, by any chance, their unity be otherwise explained, it is still their unity which challenges our attention, rather than the diversity due to their several authors. It will, therefore, serve the purpose both of convenience and of probable truth if we contemplate in the Parthenon sculptures and other nearly allied works the art of Phidias. It is probably true that not one of them ever felt the touch of his chisel, that some of them were even executed after his death, but neither fact excludes his influence or even his controlling guidance.

Under the guidance of two supreme personalities, therefore, Athens entered upon her great career. The program involved the transformation both of the city and of its citizens. It was sure to be opposed by conservatism at home, by self-interest among the allies, by jealousy in other Greek states, and by the stolidity of that vast barbarian world whose transformation was beyond the range of practical policy. With statesmanlike sagacity, Pericles chose his ground and set the limits of his undertaking. Aristides and Cimon had striven for a united Greece, but theirs was a simpler program. In a war against Persia, Sparta might well participate, but what could Pericles and Phidias have done with the Spartans? Pericles has been thoughtlessly criticized for abandoning the broad program of Hellenic unity which had been steadfastly maintained by Cimon and Aristides, and adopting the seemingly narrower policy of Athenian supremacy which involved Athens and Sparta with their several allies in a war which was to bring his great experiment to nought. But it is perfectly clear that such a narrowing of his constituency was the natural concomitant of the broadening of his program. It was only where his ascendency was maintained that he could hope to see his program adopted. He controlled Athens through the Assembly, and Athens controlled the League. This, then, was the natural limit of his policy. He could accept no alien partnership, no outside veto. Even more criticized has been his famous law restricting citizenship to those who could prove descent from parents born in Athens. The purpose was still further to limit and select his constituency. The swarming immigration of the time brought aliens who were strangers to the new ideals, and allies who were disaffected and unsympathetic. To have admitted these men to citizenship would have meant a constant accession to the ranks of the ignorant, the unimaginative, the selfish and the unsympathetic who disputed his progress inch by inch. His policy, whether well or ill considered, was perfectly consistent. He chose for his experiment the one place where success was possible, and jealously guarded the field thus chosen from those who could not contribute to his success. It was a daring and hazardous policy, and the hothouse flower which it produced flourished for but a brief season. But with any other policy there would have been no flower.

CHAPTER IX

ART AND EMPIRE. THE BUILDING OF THE PARTHENON, THE PROPYLÆA AND THE ERECHTHEUM

THE vast scheme of reconstruction and embellishment adopted for Athens at this time is known to us only in small part. The city grew enormously and not only in the new quarters, but doubtless in the older quarters as well, many new buildings, private and public, marked the era of imperial development. But all this was swept away in the long period of calamity which continued almost without respite from the fifth century to the nineteenth, while the rapid growth of modern Athens in the last seventy-five years has effectually buried from sight the remains of the ancient city. Little is now open to our investigation except the Acropolis which Athens, now as of old, holds sacred "to the good, the beautiful and the true." Here at least the transformation, whether fully planned from the outset or not, was systematic and far-reaching.

The Acropolis at present presents the appearance of a flat table mountain with comparatively regular outline, perpendicular sides, and level top. It was originally a most irregular hill of extremely uneven surface, around which the old Æegean wall meandered in tortuous windings. Themistocles and Cimon had straightened this wall in the hurried rebuilding after Salamis, boldly crossing deep ravines which were filled in behind the wall with broken statues and the rubbish of temples. This straightening and leveling removed many of the easier irregularities, but the top was still far from level. Unfortunately the crest of the hill lay, not in the center, but on the southern edge, from which there was a gentle hollow slope to the northern edge which lay considerably lower.

In the center of the hill and therefore somewhat in a hollow, lay the old temple of Athena. It could not be seen at all from the south side, the principal site of the earlier city, which straggled from the front of the Acropolis along its southern side. From the other points of compass it could be seen but imperfectly, while to the front entrance it presented a direct end view, always the least impressive view in Greek architecture, and one which the Greeks seem carefully to have avoided. The site had plainly been chosen at a time when the Acropolis was crowded with houses, and with regard to local impressiveness and convenience. As the hill was cleared of houses, and the temple became an object of contemplation to the expanding city below, the defects of the site became apparent. Even before the Persian wars a new temple had been begun on the high southern edge of the hill, the only point where it could be seen from all sides. Inasmuch as the temple could hardly stand on the edge of a sheer cliff, a considerable terrace was constructed on the precipitous southern side by means of a huge retaining wall and extensive filling, thus still further leveling and squaring up the irregular hill.

The great temple begun upon this site stood incomplete, its still unfluted columns already in place and surrounded by the massive timber scaffolding required by such construction, when the Persians captured and sacked the Acropolis. The burning of this scaffolding destroyed the unfinished structure and reduced the great marble blocks of the walls and columns to the condition of shapeless ruin in which we find them in the wall which Themistocles hastily built on the return from Salamis.

The site thus cleared was unoccupied for more than a generation. Themistocles, indeed, favored the permanent abandonment of the site and the removal not only of the temple but of the city itself to the Piræus, the new port chosen by his foresight, whose advantages, commercial and military, had been so signally demonstrated. But to remove the shrines of the gods from sites long consecrated by their presence was more than even the persuasion of Themistocles could accomplish; and from the first, the rebuilding of the great temple seems to have been contemplated. The early years of warfare and of empire building seem, however, to have absorbed Athenian energies, and the new temple, though decreed in the last years of Cimon's supremacy, was not begun until 447, when Pericles was supreme and the power and wealth of the League were at their zenith. The building thus begun was pushed through to completion in the short space of nine years, save for a part of the sculptural decorations which were apparently completed soon after. When we recall how few Gothic cathedrals were completed in a century, we cannot but marvel at the creative energy of Athens in bringing to completion one of the most expensive and distinctly the most perfect of the world's monumental buildings in this incredibly short period.

The Parthenon (Fig. 43) is a Doric peripteros having seventeen columns on each side and eight (instead of the usual six) on each end. It is thus somewhat broader in proportion to its length than other Greek temples, notably the ones which it displaced and whose foundations it utilized. Inside the great colonnade is a cella with a colonnaded porch at each end, which gives each end of the temple essentially a double colonnade. The cella itself was divided into two parts, a large eastern room, which was the sanctuary proper and contained the cult statue, and a smaller western room, which was used as a treasure room. Around three sides of the larger room or sanctuary was a smaller Doric colonnade supporting a gallery, and above this colonnade was another which in turn gave support to the great cedar beams of the coffered ceiling. In all this the builders followed a well-established tradition, save only in the widening of the temple.

The sculptural adjuncts of the temple were four. First, and most immediately emanating from Phidias was the cult statue. Next in importance come the two great pediment groups, then the metopes, and finally the frieze which encircles the cella wall without. All these were traditional except the last, and that

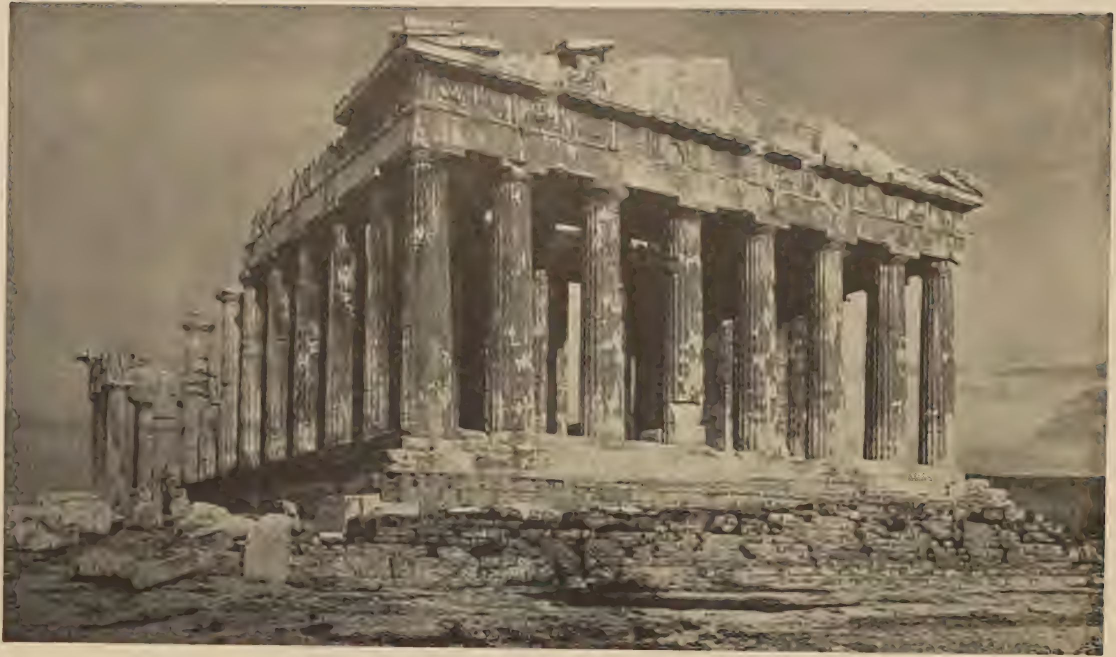

FIG. 43.—The Parthenon. Athens.

had its precedent in the old temple as enlarged by Pisistratus. These sculptures of the Parthenon are reserved for consideration in the following chapter. They constitute distinctly the most important single group of sculptures in the world, and the east pediment must probably be accounted the most brilliant conception known to us in the history of human art. It is important for our present purpose, however, to note that the Parthenon does not owe its beauty to these sculptures. With the possible exception of the pediments they could be removed, or inferior sculptures substituted, without appreciable loss. The frieze in particular, despite its intrinsic beauty, would not be missed at all. So prevalent is the notion in our day that the beauty of architecture depends upon ornament, that the searcher for the secret of Greek perfection is apt to be misled at the outset by the seductive beauty of these incomparable but adventitious elements. Ornament was never so perfect nor so unnecessary as here.

Seductive as are the attractions of ornament, we have but to withdraw to a moderate distance to obliterate them completely. It is then that we become conscious of the larger elements of architectural power, mass, proportion and repose, the great fundamentals which all feel in the absence of surface ornament, and which all should strive to feel even in its presence. The student of art in any form may well remember the words of the great painter: "As the light fades and the shadows deepen, all petty and exacting details vanish, everything trivial disappears and I see things as they are, in great strong masses; the buttons are lost, but the garment remains; the garment is lost, but the sitter remains; the sitter is lost, but the shadow remains; the shadow is lost, but the picture remains. And *that* night cannot efface from the painter's imagination."[1]

He who, by the aid of deepening shadow or mellowing distance, has escaped the din of "petty and exacting detail," and has seen things in great strong masses, "as they are," has gotten a far truer measure of architectural values than any detailed inspection can ever give. As thus viewed, Greek architecture is easily supreme. Let the visitor to Athens wander towards sunset over to the stadium and from its topmost seats gaze upon the Parthenon outlined against the golden afterglow above the hills of Salamis. Gone are the reminders of decorator and destroyer alike. The great shafts bear with splendid sufficiency the burden which rests so reconciled upon their broad summits. Here is no dizzy bravado or soaring line of grace, no "arch that never sleeps," but that perfect repose which is so far superior to filigreed grace. All is shapely and comely in its proportion. Nothing is confused or intricate or uncertain in intention. Few are the buildings which thus outline themselves easily, clearly and impressively to the vision. Rare is this demonstration of unity of mass and perfect distribution of parts, this deep repose resulting from the perfect reconciliation of opposing forces. Seen thus in great masses "as they are," the Greek temples far surpass all other buildings.

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[1] Whistler's reply to a sitter who asked how it was possible to paint when it was so dark. From "Eddy's Recollections and Impressions of Whistler." (*Lippincott.*)

But not even here are we to seek the unique perfection of the Parthenon. For this we must turn to a third and still more subtle element of beauty, an element in which the Greek architecture is not only supreme but in which it stands alone. Even in Greek buildings this subtle element is very unequally present, and in full application it is found only in the Parthenon. So rare is this peculiar quality that it scarcely has a name. It is often spoken of as 'proportion,' but that word certainly misstates its character. For lack of a better name it is more often described by the vague term 'Greek refinements.'

As we stand at the corner of the Parthenon and glance down the line of the long steplike base, the outline of the temple is seen to be perfectly straight, but as the eye ranges along the upper step the horizontal is seen not to be straight but convex, the center being four inches higher than either corner (Fig. 44). Sighting along the end of the platform, the same convexity is

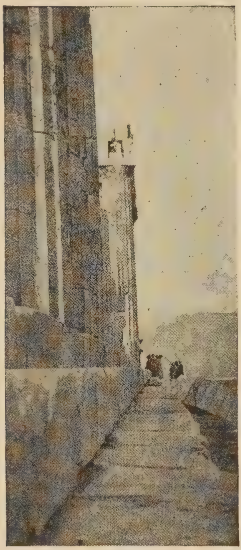

Fig. 44.—Stylobate of Parthenon, showing Curve.

seen, the center elevation being half as much, the distance being proportionately shorter. This convexity is carried perfectly over the whole temple platform. Cut a very thin slice from the outside of an apple or orange. It will be shaped like a single lens. Now lay it down, convex side up, and trim it to a rectangle. This thin slice with its convex upper surface and the slight upward curving line of the trimmed edges will approximate the shape of the Parthenon platform, only it must of course be remembered that this convexity is too slight to be noticed unless special attention is called to it. It is convex but it looks flat. Every other horizontal line in the building has this convex character.

The columns all lean inward, but this leaning is not noticed as a leaning. It is revealed only by plumb-line measurements, but it is *felt* by the most casual observer as a peculiarly impressive repose in the structure.

The columns seem to be absolutely straight-tapered shafts, but if we sight along one of the fluted edges, we find that this line too is convex. There is an *entasis*, or swelling, of about half an inch in the length of the column, and the curve of the column's outline is not a uniform but an accelerating curve nearly straight at the bottom and curving more rapidly as it nears the top. At a few yards distance the most practiced eye cannot detect this curve, but the least sensitive will feel it.

The capitals (Fig. 45) flare rapidly from the neck of the shaft outward, spreading to the width of the abacus or square block above. The profile of this flaring capital seems to be a straight line. But take a rule and lay it on this profile, holding it tightly at the lower end. For a brief space it fits closely. Then a faint line of light comes through, then more and more, until at the upper end it is nearly an inch from the marble. The profile is again seen to be a curve, and an accelerating curve, invisible as such, yet a part of the visible perfection of the whole.

The flutings of the columns consist of shallow hollowing channels meeting at a knife-edge. Their purpose is purely

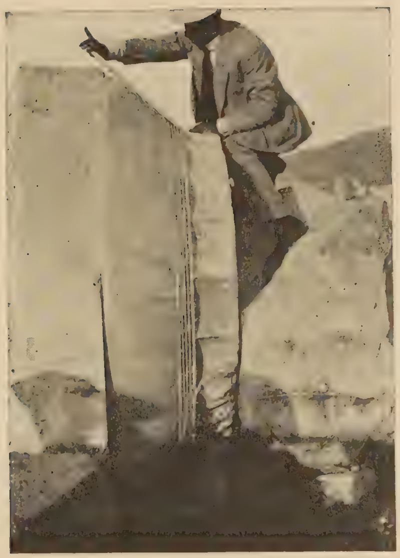

Fig. 45.—Capital of Parthenon, showing Curve.

æsthetic, to interpret or emphasize the perpendicular lines of the building by means of the sharp-edged lights and shadows thus cast. As the columns are six feet in diameter at the base and less than four feet at the top, the channels necessarily narrow in like proportion as we rise. The concave surfaces would naturally become correspondingly shallower if based on a uniform curve. But this would have lessened the density of the interpreting shadows toward the top, and so the concaves are of uniform depth throughout. This of course implies a changing curve at every point of the ascent, a feat of extreme difficulty which seems to have been accomplished without a shade of irregularity.

The above are but a part of the subtleties of line and surface which characterize this wonderful building. The accelerating curve is everywhere, in the cross sections of the tiny annulæ, or grooves around the neck of the column, in the hollow top of the grooves in the triglyphs, in the cross section of moldings and eave troughs and cornice surfaces, in places seen and unseen. It seems to have displaced the straight line and circle curve in the instincts of the workman of the period. The execution of a building with these refinements, with present-day instincts and training, would be superhumanly difficult. A distinguished architect is credited with this statement: first, that it would cost ten thousand dollars to-day to carve one of the capitals of the Parthenon; second, that no man living could carve one; and third, that there is no person living who could learn to carve one in his lifetime. Conceding much to the exaggeration of an enthusiast, there is profound truth in these words. The higher forms of skill in any craft can be developed only in a community which is permeated with this same skill and with the appreciative sympathy and the critical faculty which it engenders. The human hand to-day has lost nothing of its potential cunning, the human mind nothing of its capacity to appreciate, but other ideals have long dominated the imagination.

It is easy to see in these subtleties an element which is foreign to our later architecture. It is scarcely to be discerned in Roman or Gothic architecture or any of their modern derivatives. Even the conscious imitations of the Parthenon and related buildings have either ignored these peculiarities, or despaired of their reproduction. But the impatient modern will be tempted to say: "What of it? To what purpose such finesse which is as invisible as it is difficult. Why these curves which are so infinitely more costly than straight lines, and yet which leave the lines seemingly straight?" So the Roman seems to have reasoned. Discovering the entasis or swelling of the column, he seems to have said, "If the curve is good, why not put in enough so you can see it?" and he forthwith made columns the shape of a barrel. Subtleties which the mind could not take note of and estimate seemed to him inappreciable as art. Only the Greek seems to have realized that this borderland which lies just beyond the line of active mental consciousness is the very domain of art. Go to a concert, and your mind is actively critical and perhaps not well pleased; but continue your usual tasks in an atmosphere rhythmical with far-away and scarce audible music, and all unconsciously your tasks will set to singing. In like manner, outline your gravity-governed masses with curves that challenge the eye, and you have sacrificed their burden-bearing power. Your barrel-shaped pillars look squashed, and your building hangs flabby with fat where it should stand stalwart with sinew. In an art which must forever reckon with gravity as its controlling condition, the straight line suggestive of strength and support must forever be the normal. Every departure from this line, so suggestive of stability and power, be it in Gothic groin or flying buttress, in mullioned window or pendant fret, is a hazardous adventure, an economy of material or a purchase of grace at the expense of majesty and power.

Yet the straight-lined building has about it a certain austerity that we accept with difficulty. It awes us, but it refuses to smile. Of this the Greek seems to have been conscious. To preserve the essential elements of architecture, his building must be a straight-lined building. No conscious curves must contradict this fundamental principle. Yet if this architecture is to woo our sympathy, its austerity must be relaxed, and its harsh and uncompromising lines must become genial. Hence the invisible curve, the transfigured straight line. The visible curve would have been a sacrifice of principle; the invisible curve was a change of spirit.

If we have clearly distinguished this last and subtlest element in Greek architecture, we have a clew to the peculiarities of Greek art in general. That art in all its branches excelled less in the use of elements which made conscious appeal to the mind, provoking to analysis and intellectual estimate, than in the manipulation of subtle elements which elude mental notice and are felt rather than seen. The conscious and intellectual elements are primarily the subject matter of science. The builder who knows but these is an engineer rather than architect. Nor does his character greatly change when he adds extraneous ornament to his reasoned structure as a concession to art's demands. But he who can manipulate the X-rays of art, penetrating to secrets of feeling which the mind cannot perceive, is the true artist. Remove all ornament from the Parthenon, and you cannot materially harm it; eliminate its subtleties of line and proportion, and no ornament can redeem it.

The Parthenon, once completed on the summit of the hill, was not only visible from all quarters, but it completely dominated the whole Acropolis. No other building of importance remained upon the hill. The wall had no æsthetic character and the gateway of Pisistratus, even if restored after the Persian occupation, was utterly inadequate as an approach to so magnificent a structure. Moreover it did not line with the Parthenon, but stood cornering, thus adding a peculiar unsightliness to the irregular front of the hill. This was little noticed so long as small and irregularly distributed buildings occupied the space, but when the majestic symmetry of the Parthenon crowned the sacred enclosure, it was clear that the whole hill must conform to this masterful symmetry.

A new gateway was projected and begun in the year following the dedication of the Parthenon. The magnificence of this gateway, as originally planned, transcends in daring imagination the Parthenon itself. Unlike the great temple, it was not the perfected expression of a long recognized ideal, but a new creation of startling originality and beauty. That the plan was not destined to be fully realized is part of that tragedy which has widowed humanity.

The plan (Fig. 46), including a monumental gateway with wide-extended wings on either side, amounted to a magnificent architectural façade for the entire Acropolis. No heed was paid to the irregularities of the rock which had determined the placing and direction of the earlier gateways. In the center of the squared end of the hill was located the Propylæa itself, that is, the gateway with a colonnaded porch on either side. The old Ægean wall was of course removed sufficiently to make room for the magnificent structure, and in the gap thus created rose first of all a beautiful wall of marble of architectural rather than of fortress character. This wall was pierced with five openings, a monumental doorway in the center with a smaller and then a still smaller one on either side. Inside this wall and facing the Parthenon was a beautiful templelike porch, quite similar to the end porch of the Parthenon opposite, except that there were no sculptures in the pediment, though we cannot tell what may have been intended. Outside the partition wall and facing toward Salamis was another porch with just such a temple façade, only this porch was very much deeper, affording an extensive roofed space whose exquisite marble coffered ceiling was supported by two rows of Ionic columns whose slender shafts were hidden away behind the great Doric colonnade in front. In the warm and sunny climate of Greece this sheltering porch, offering its refreshing shade after the fatiguing ascent

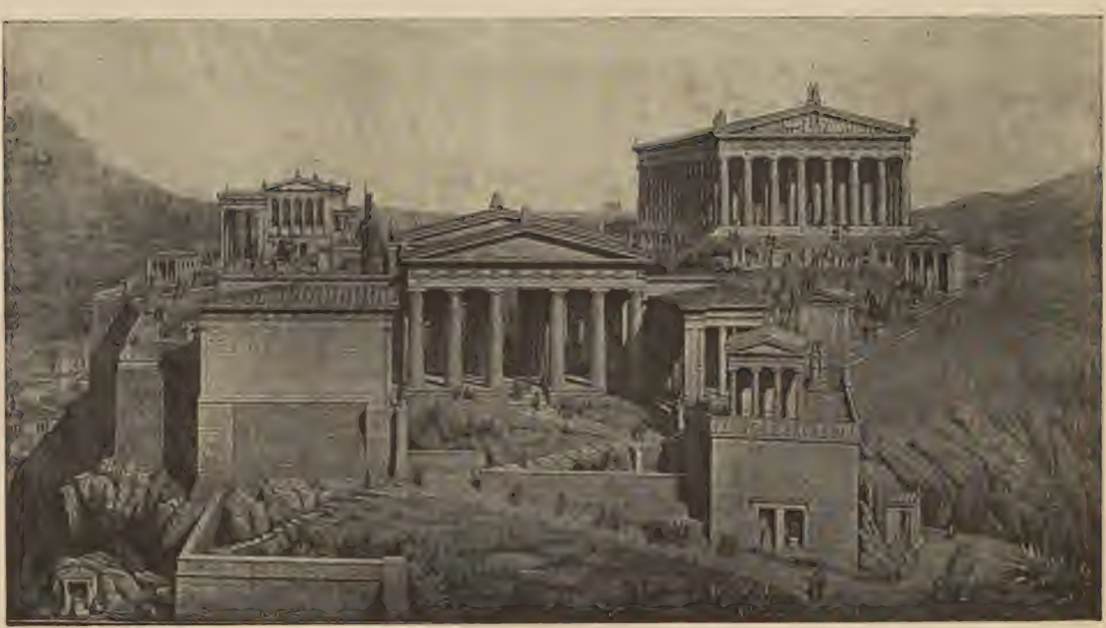

FIG. 46.—Restoration of the Acropolis. Athens.

of the hill, had more than æsthetic justification. It was an appropriate recognition of the outdoor or porch life of the Athenians, a tendency manifest in every department of life, in the home, the market, the temple, the school, and commemorated in the name of one great school of philosophers, the Stoics or 'porchers.'

On either side of this great temple gateway, but set somewhat forward of its front line, a wing was planned extending out to the corner of the hill, making the structure altogether about one hundred sixty-five feet in width. These wings thus enclosed a sort of forecourt of which the great templed porch was the commanding center, and the wings, fronted by lesser Doric colonnades, formed the two sides. These wings were designed for galleries of art or other similar purpose, a splendid accessory, stamping with its unmistakable character this sanctuary of "the things that are more excellent."

But this was not all that was planned, though it was more than was destined to be realized. Back of these wings which, it will be remembered, were set forward so that they little more than cornered on the great Propylæa, were two great rectangular spaces, each about fifty by eighty feet. In these were to be built two great stoas or colonnaded porches, with Doric columns in front and slender Ionic columns within, to support the coffered ceiling. In each of these, some hundreds of Athenians might have found shelter from rain or heat, with opportunity to pursue, undisturbed by the movement in the central porches, those occupations of high leisure to which the culture worship of the Athenians dedicated this sanctuary of Athena.

The great gateway and its porches, front and rear, were carried out as planned and, save for the final trimming of walls and steps, were completed, unless the absence of sculpture in the pediments be a further sign of incompleteness. The northern wing was likewise completed and devoted to its intended use. The opposite wing was built about half its intended size and with other significant changes. The great stoas behind were never begun. Abundant signs of interruption of plans are observable where these parts are missing, unfinished surfacing of walls, stones projecting to receive connections which never came, and above all a certain awkward deference and conspicuous temporizing where the shrunken wing collides with the old Ægean wall on the south. That this unsightly remnant was to be removed cannot be doubted, but it was not removed, and marble blocks were even hewn and disfigured to make way for its uncouth and stubborn surfaces.

The meaning of it all is painfully clear. Hidden in this corner of the old fortress was the sacred precinct of the Brauronian Artemis. Pisistratus had brought hither the unsightly wooden statue from the Brauronian promontory, as a part of his policy of securing for Athens the headship and prestige of Attica. The protests of priests and votaries had been stilled by grants to the new precinct and augmented prestige. The plan for the new Propylæa called for the vacating of this precinct. To such a move the priests of Artemis must have been unalterably opposed. The splendid changes on the Acropolis had made this coign of vantage priceless. A change would mean a loss in both perquisites and prestige for which there could be no compensation. But more serious is the all but certainty that the priests and votaries of this archaic shrine belonged to the conservative religious party who regarded Pericles and all his great lieutenants as foes of the ancient faith. With sanctified selfishness and the certitude born of ignorance, they formed part of the motley opposition which it is a marvel that Pericles withstood so long. But as war brought its distractions and ultimately its disasters the power of the great leader waned. Concessions now to one element, now to another, became inevitable. It must have been in some such strait, when perhaps the control of the Assembly and the life of Athens seemed to hang in the balance, that Pericles asked the crestfallen architect to curtail his plans temporarily until the bigoted champion of the wooden Brauronia should die out of the way. Do not the great projects of earth all halt and hesitate, waiting for some one to die out of the way? So the wing was shortened and the great porches waited for a more convenient season. Alas, it was Pericles who died. It was enlightenment and not superstition that perished.

The completion, even in mutilated form, of the Propylæa, gave to the Acropolis that splendid symmetry which could now tolerate no conspicuous exception. Within the walls still stood a number of minor shrines which remained from earlier times and owed no allegiance to the new scheme of symmetry. In accordance with a universal conviction, these shrines could not be moved. The sanctuaries might be rebuilt, but the spot, usually commemorating a supposed event of religious significance, must remain sacred. It was this universal belief, as we have seen, which prevented Themistocles from persuading the Athenians to rebuild their destroyed city at the Piræus.

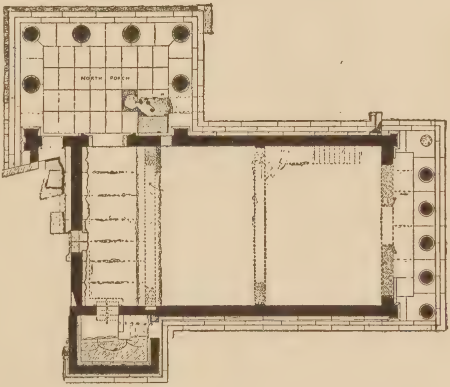

FIG. 47. — Plan of Erechtheum. Athens.

Three of these detached shrines it was now planned to bring under a single roof by the erection of a remarkable temple. As originally planned it was to be over a hundred feet in length and less than a third as wide (Fig. 47). Its longer axis was approximately parallel to that of the Parthenon, but on the opposite or lower side of the hill. The building, whose height was proportioned to its moderate width, thus dropped completely below the base line of the more loftily situated Parthenon, and as seen from a distance, did not in the least lessen its magnificent supremacy. The interior was to be divided into three sanctuaries, the end ones approached through the end porches, and the middle one necessitating porches and entrances in the middle of each of the long sides. In strongest contrast with the majestic Parthenon, this slight building was planned in the light and graceful Ionic order. Nowhere is there a vain attempt at massiveness and sublimity. Elegance is the appropriate substitute, and in the study of refined and graceful forms and the perfect rendering of decorative detail the Erechtheum is as unchallenged among Greek buildings as is the Parthenon in its other field. That elegance and grace are inferior ideals which no possible mastery can lift to the rank of sublimity and repose is no disparagement of the Erechtheum or of the good judgment which chose for the lesser shrine a lesser and non-competing ideal. There are many ways of being perfect, and the Erechtheum has found one of these ways.

The temple stood on very uneven ground. On the side facing the Parthenon the building abutted on the high terrace of the old Athena temple, while on the opposite side the ground was many feet lower. The difficult problem thus presented and the masterly skill with which it is handled hardly concern us. It is important to note, however, that the side entrance facing the Parthenon was from so high a level that the porch must needs be a very low one. The architect therefore planned here the famous Maiden Porch[1] (Fig. 48), in which maidens do duty instead of pillars as supports for the entablature and roof. This rare procedure, so unfortunate in principle and so satisfactory in this application, has been the subject of endless controversy and conjecture. It deserves our careful consideration.

First, as to the principle. It is not good to represent in sculp-

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[1] Commonly known as the Caryatid Porch. The term Caryatid (or Caryatide) originally means a woman of Caryæ, a city in Laconia, and was probably applied to the priestesses of the famous temple of Artemis in that place. Explanations of how the term came to be used in this connection are rather fanciful.

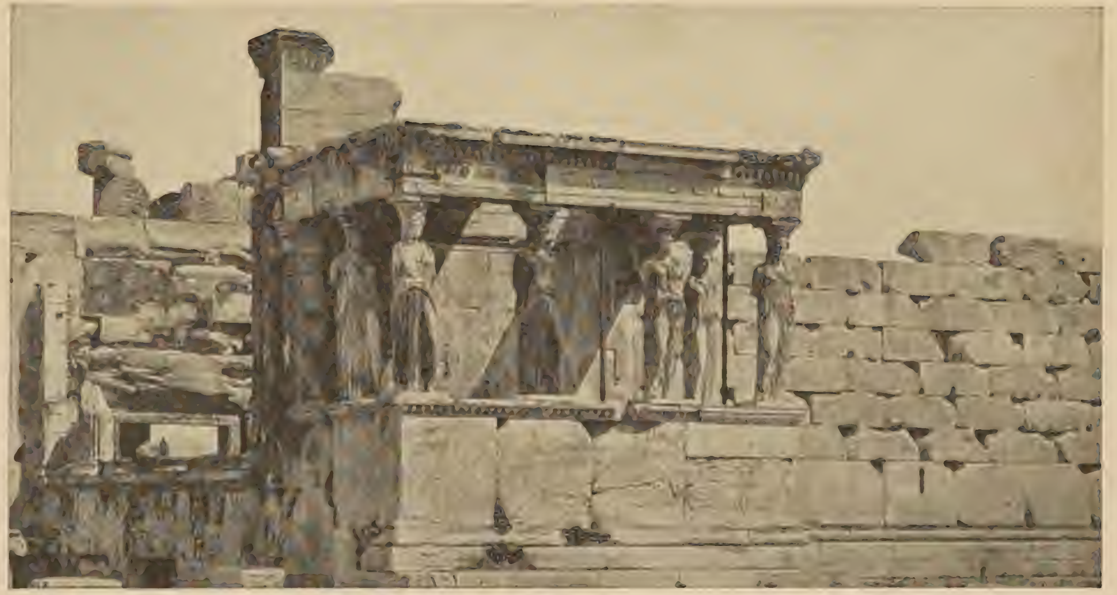

FIG. 48. — Maiden Porch. Erechtheum, Athens.

ture that which is painful to translate into life. A maiden carrying a large basket upon her head excites no compassion. Sculpture may therefore so represent her. But if the burden, though no larger than the basket, represent something which we cannot translate in thought into something of bearable weight, we cannot think of the girl thus represented as bearing the burden without discomfort. This is plainly the case with our porch. The weight carried is not a basket or other light object, but a stone architrave and roof which no trick of the imagination will turn into something light and easy to carry. An actual girl would be crushed by the burden which these girls are represented as bearing. This is bad in principle, and no reverence for Greek authority should obscure that fact.

Nevertheless, none but the incorrigible doctrinaire really suffers from this suggestion. The Maiden Porch is beautiful, even reposeful. Two questions therefore require answer: Why did the Greek do the wrong thing? How did he manage so to do it that it does not seem to be wrong?

Among many suggestions, it is often urged that this was a device to avoid confronting the Doric Parthenon with an Ionic porch, the Ionic order being unable to bear this direct comparison. The last assumption has a certain basis of truth, but unfortunately the argument proves too much. If the architect wished to avoid this direct comparison, he has not succeeded. From any point where the two temples can be seen at once, that is, from either end of the Acropolis, the Erechtheum presents an Ionic colonnade in full contrast with the Parthenon, while for a full view of the Maiden Porch one must take a position opposite the Parthenon and virtually turn one's back upon it. Of all the porches of the Erechtheum this can least easily be compared at a glance with the great Doric temple, and it is the only one that does not present the dangerous comparison.

Here, as usual, the explanation is to be sought in historic rather than in theoretic considerations. The Erechtheum was not like the Parthenon built as a great pan-Hellenic shrine, but rather as a local temple to house purely Athenian cults. It was appropriately built in the Ionic style, a style of Asiatic origin and associated with that branch of the Greek race to which the Athenians belonged. From time immemorial it had been characteristic of this style, as of all Asiatic architecture, to use human and animal forms in decorative and even in structural relations. The Hittites had planted pillars on the backs of lions, as did Niccolò Pisano thousands of years later, possibly with the Crusaders as a connecting link. The columns of the palace of Persepolis bore crouching bulls as capitals upon whose backs rested the architrave, a device copied by the Ionians in Delos. In the Ionic style itself this tendency is constant. The treasury of Cnidus (an Asiatic city) at Delphi has a maiden porch, and animal forms incongruously decorate the capitals, or stalk unrestrained through palmetto borders and other ornaments. Even in the period of unquestioned Athenian ascendency, a great Ionic shrine like that of Ephesus mounted its beautiful columns upon huge double bases which were decorated with figures in high relief. All honor to these incomparable reliefs, but think of a Parthenon decorated in such a manner.

The Maiden Porch was therefore a traditional if not a necessary feature of the Ionic style. In a building so extensive as the Erechtheum, with its three or possibly four intended porches, this feature would naturally have a strong claim to recognition, for which the low-eaved porch offered excellent opportunity. Any one familiar with modern architecture realizes how impossible it is to shake off classical tradition. Features, structural and decorative, which have the sanction of Greek authority, are repeated with an unthinking willingness as though they were a part of the constitution of nature. It does not always occur to us that the Greeks also had a past, with traditions and sanctions from which they were never free. Loyalty to tradition was as natural to them as to us, and was then as now the indispensable condition of orderly and consistent evolution.

That the inherent objections to this use of the human figure have here been so completely overcome is a marvelous illustration of the resource of Greek art at this period. These maidens (Fig. 49) perform the impossible easily and without exertion. They neither excite compassion for their human weakness nor riot in excess of power. Strength of figure and perfect pose have much to do with this result, as have also the straight folds of the drapery, the straight, heavy braids of hair, and the arms which hang straight on the outer line. But it is the face more than the figure which extends over our protesting minds its reassuring sway. These soaring spirits are not tethered to earth, but seem imbued with an inscrutable energy over which the earthward tug of mere human burdens has no power.

Like the Propylæa, the Erechtheum records the disasters of Athens. We do not know when it was begun, but it is recorded that in 409 it was unfinished. Alas for the dreams that that fatal year found unrealized. Pericles was dead and moderation had given way to riot in all the counsels of the state. The statesmanship of Pericles made way for the demagogy of Cleon, his liberalism for the libertinage of Alcibiades and his moderation for the conservatism of Nicias. Radicalism and sacrilege, then as always, strengthened the forces of reaction, and hand in hand, Alcibiades the blackguard and Nicias the ass led Athens to the shambles of Syracuse. Already Alcibiades had guided Sparta to her prey, and Nicias had reminded his despairing soldiers on the eve of that last fatal battle that if they failed on the morrow there were no more soldiers on the long walls of Athens and no more triremes to guard her harbor — and they had fought and failed. There were to be yet other death grapples before the Spartan hoplite should stand guard in the Propylæa, but upon these last desperate efforts rather than upon the completion of her temples the energies of Athens were now concentrated. It is amazing that under such circumstances any steps should have been taken to complete the unfinished building. It is self-evident that plans had to be curtailed where possible.

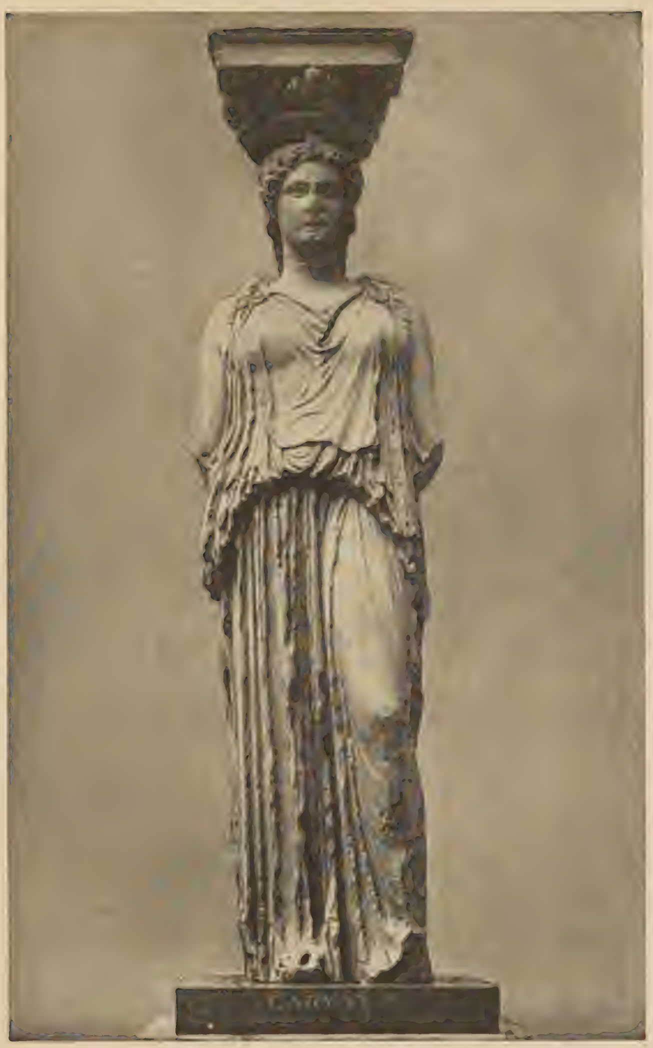

Fig. 49.—Caryatid from Maiden Porch.
British Museum, London.

The eastern end and the north and south porches seem to have been well advanced toward completion; the west end not even begun. Quite inevitably the building was cut short and walled up as it stood. This left the Maiden Porch at the corner, and the larger north porch projecting incongruously beyond the corner. What this makeshift western wall was like we do not know. It may have been obviously temporary, a mere boarding up, as it were, until the time should come when the whole should be completed as planned. It seems clear that centuries later this temporary wall was replaced by a permanent one in the Roman style, with windows and engaged pillars and other things not unbeautiful but all un-Greek.

The fate of these incomparable monuments in later times can claim here but a brief allusion. The Parthenon remained scarce modified for about nine hundred years, when the great statue of Athena was removed, the inside pillars and galleries destroyed, and other minor features changed to convert it into a church. With these regrettable but minor modifications the great temple continued a thousand years without further serious change. It was then converted into a Turkish mosque by the addition of a minaret with which it appears in old pictures of the "Castle of Athens." Another two centuries passed, and Venice and Turkey were in desperate struggle. With that retrogression which has everywhere characterized Turkish rule, the Acropolis had returned to the condition in which Pisistratus found it more than two thousand years before, a fortress crowded with mean houses and armed for defense. The Parthenon was made a powder magazine, and as such became the target of Venetian artillery, to be finally ruined by the explosion of a well-aimed Venetian shell. It is significant of the growing barbarism of the time that the countrymen of Titian should have this achievement to their charge.

The Propylæa and the Erechtheum passed through similar vicissitudes at the hands of Christian and Moslem. Both were converted with much mutilation into residences for the Turkish governor and his harem, and perished by bombardment or by injudicious efforts for their defense. Both have been reverently restored of late, so far as the original materials permit, thus more clearly revealing their plan and more deeply emphasizing the tragedy of their destruction.

Alas that so little has remained to us of man's best creations. What a pity that the one perfect thing that man has done should not have been safely delivered to our reverent care. But are we then more sure of our custodianship? Will the visitor after two thousand years find our Parthenons intact, or will he, as Macaulay prophesied, find a New Zealander sitting on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of Saint Paul's?

CHAPTER X

NEW IDEALS IN ART. PHIDIAS AND THE PARTHENON SCULPTURES

THE energies of Phidias were largely devoted, during his maturer years, to the two great cult statues which are especially associated with his name. These, taken in connection with his duties as supervisor of the Parthenon sculptures and his general participation in the great plans of Pericles, exclude the possibility of miscellaneous work during these later years. The fame which won him these commissions, however, was necessarily based upon earlier works of a less ambitious character, some of which are recorded. The most prominent of these was a colossal statue of Athena in bronze, cast from the bronze spoils of Marathon, we are told, and undoubtedly commemorating that victory. The gilded spear and crest are said to have been visible to the sailors as they came from distant Sunium. This Athena later acquired the epithet of Promachos, foremost in battle, apparently as a popular designation. People seem to have named works of art then much as they later named Madonnas, from some accident or characteristic which struck their fancy. Perhaps this early work of Phidias was a very warlike Athena. It did duty as originally intended for nearly a thousand years and was then carried to Constantinople, where it perished in a riot. Several coins are in existence which give us many but contradictory hints of its appearance.

Another statue, also in bronze, was peculiar in that it represented Athena without her helmet, a very unusual thing in Greek art, though the Parthenon frieze furnishes at least one more example. The copy of such a statue should be easy to identify. It has been recognized with much probability in a

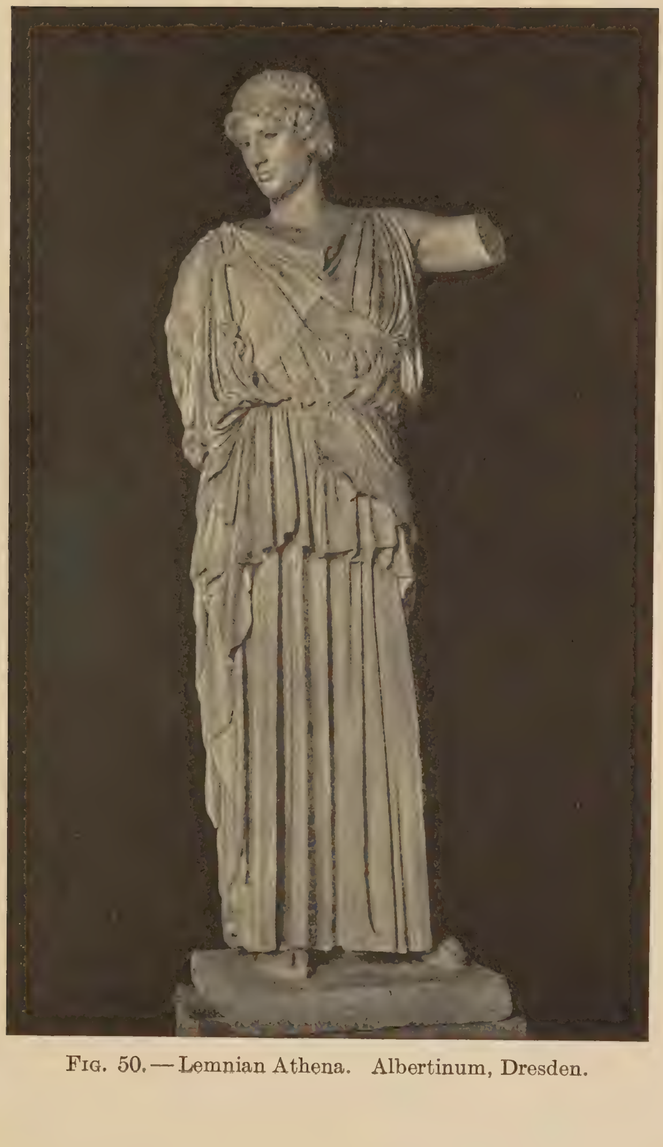

Fig. 50. — Lemnian Athena. Albertinum, Dresden.

beautiful marble copy, part of which is now in Dresden and part in Bologna. Figure 50 represents the two reunited in cast. There are few more beautiful heads in existence than this beautiful marble in Bologna, which we might almost accept as an original did we not know that the original was in bronze. The figure is erect and the draperies fall straight and in comparatively simple folds in the manner with which the copies of Phidias' cult statues make us familiar. Yet the easy attitude of the head removes every suggestion of stiffness, and rigidity is transmuted into dignity. It is difficult to say with certainty that we have here a work of Phidias, but no obstacle presents itself to this conclusion, to which the beauty of the work, so easily first among Greek works up to the time of the Parthenon, strongly inclines us. Certainly if this had been the work of Phidias it should have secured him the confidence of his great patron and the commissions which he later received from the Athenians.

The relation of the Parthenon sculptures to the work of Phidias has been already mentioned. Of those now preserved it is all but certain that no portion came from his hand. The pediments seem to have been executed after his death and in a style more modern than that which characterized his cult statues. But there are other than chronological reasons for this difference of style, and work executed in marble after his death may have been planned and even modeled before. There is a quality about the pediment sculptures which it is difficult to account for without the assumption of one controlling mind, and as the sculptures themselves are demonstrably from several hands, that unity can hardly be found in the execution itself. These facts, taken in connection with the well-established tradition of Phidian supervision, give us plausible, if not conclusive grounds for assigning the higher authorship of these works to Phidias. The authorship, however, was probably confined to the broad outlines or concept of the works in question. In the frieze, for instance, we may attribute to him the choice of subject and the general working out of the idea, but we need not assume that he dictated the number of horsemen and chariots, much less the posing and detail of the individual figure. The splendid poem of the East Pediment must have been his, and the exacting conditions of its representation must have been carefully considered, but it is not probable that he determined the position or even the identity of each figure, as he certainly did not the treatment of detail. The relation of these several functions to the completed whole will be more apparent as we proceed, as also the reason for assuming this spiritual overlordship of a single mind.

THE PEDIMENTS

The Parthenon pediments are the culmination of a long evolution, with the first steps of which we are already familiar. In addition to the usual problems of sculpture, the low triangle which the artist was called upon to fill presented an exceptionally difficult problem in composition or arrangement. If we are decorating spaces with purely conventional designs like those of the Moors, such a space presents no especial difficulties, but if we decorate with pictorial designs, representing living beings whose laws of being are more or less familiar to the beholder, the problem becomes far more difficult. We must now have regard, not merely to the character of our space, but also to the character of our decorative material. It will no more do to distort our living beings than it will to distort our building. If we do, the knowledge and sympathy of the beholder will voice itself in protest, and our appeal to him will be vain.

The requirements for a decorative group of this sort may perhaps be simply stated as follows: *The group must fit, but it must not seem to be fitted.* It must fit, for otherwise the space will not seem decorated; and it must not seem fitted, for if it does, it will seem to do violence to life and to destroy its liberty and its true character.

Judged by this standard, some of the early decorators had a decided advantage. The hydra (Fig. 18), for instance, was wonderfully accommodating. Its undulating tail, its rather arbitrary body mass and its many long-stalked heads could be satisfactorily arranged with the utmost plausibility, the more so as any deviation from true hydra anatomy was not likely to encounter critical knowledge. Heracles, the charioteer and the crab also get along very well, only the horses coming into collision with the cornice. Other early examples like the Typhon (Fig. 20) are also convenient, thanks to the accommodating tails. The bull and the lions (Fig. 19) certainly seem more forced, and even so the group probably fitted less well.

But when the momentous decision was reached to limit the repertory of art to dignified subjects and essentially to the human figure, the pediment decorator had to begin all over again. The human figure in its normal attitudes is excessively ill-adapted to fill the sharp angles of the low pediment triangle. From the first the solution seemed to require that some of the figures lie down, and as the only interesting themes which presented the figure in this attitude were combats, these forthwith became the stock theme of the pediment. We have already noticed the first crude attempt in the new pediment of the old Athena temple (Fig. 22). The Temple of Ægina presents a much more satisfactory arrangement by the introduction of more figures, more varied motives and a better gradation (Fig. 51). Athena stands in the center, warriors in combat on either side, then kneeling spearmen and bowmen, and finally in the tips the inevitable wounded soldiers leaning on one elbow. This group fits, nor are individual attitudes constrained or unplausible. It is only when we come to the arrangement of the figures that our group seems fitted. Possibly we might expect to find the wounded in the rear of the combatants, but we cannot avoid the suspicion that they are there because there is room for no one else. The archers, too, may plausibly fight at long range, but not at the moment when the swordsmen have joined issue. Plainly the artist is still thinking about the limits of his space

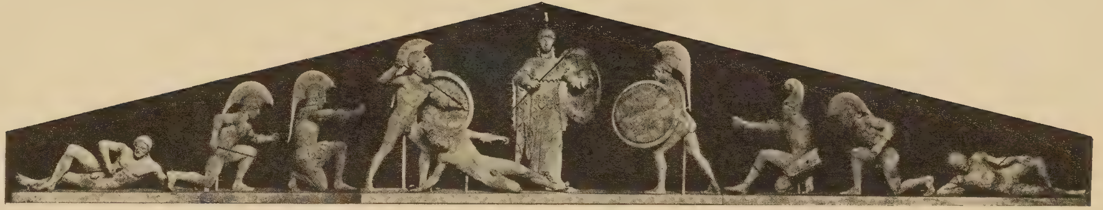

FIG. 51.—West Pediment, Temple of Ægina. Glyptothek, Munich.

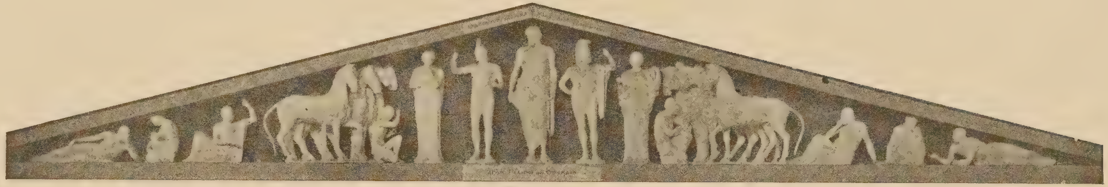

FIG. 52.—East Pediment, Temple of Zeus (restoration). Museum, Olympia.

and in so far his group is conceding something of its natural freedom to rafter exigencies.

The great Temple of Zeus at Olympia, erected during Phidias' lifetime, marks a great advance. It not only seeks and secures a freer arrangement, but it adopts a notably higher and more poetic theme. The east pediment (Fig. 52), which will suffice for our purpose, represents the chariot race of Pelops and Œnomaüs, which was the mythical beginning of the Olympic games. A god is the umpire, a king and a prince are the champions and a princess and a kingdom the stakes. In the center stands Zeus, plausibly conceived as above mortal stature. On either side stand Œnomaüs and Pelops, and then, with plausible lessening of stature, the queen and the princess. Next come the horses of the two chariots, four on each side, and as the moment chosen is one of readiness rather than of action, they adjust themselves much better than the horses of Heracles to the exigencies of the triangle. The horse is a very convenient subject for pediment composition, being higher at one end than at the other, but of course only on condition that he will obligingly turn in the right direction.

So far all has gone very well, but now the artist is forced to unplausible devices. Under the horses' heads is a space which he desires to fill, and a figure crouches there somewhat arbitrarily. Behind the horses should come the chariots with the charioteers in them, but there is no room for these, and so the charioteer crouches in the rear. Behind each charioteer comes another and lower crouching figure not very obviously related to the story, and finally in the tips the inevitable reclining figures, this time river gods, who may not unplausibly be represented as reclining. This is so much better than the Ægina pediment both in the arrangement of the group and in the more poetical character of the story, that it must have seemed a triumph of art in its day. In an important sense it is so, but it is still far from satisfactory. Not only are the sitting and crouching figures near the ends very arbitrary and under conscious restraint of the cramped space, but the whole group is dominated by a picture consciousness. How plain it is that this whole central group have been summoned to line up for the camera before the race begins, and that the moment the picture is taken and they are free to devote themselves to the race, they will group themselves in a very different way. With what relief will the central group break ranks and the kneeling characters stretch their limbs and mount their chariots when the photographer has pressed the button.

But to such criticisms the artist might well object that we are demanding the impossible. We are asking for figure and action, the freedom of all outdoors in a space which does not remotely approximate to nature's conditions. We shall best appreciate the unreasonableness of our demands if we take up the problem in a more homely and familiar connection.

Probably most of us have played as children in an old-fashioned attic. Let us imagine ourselves trying to hold a reception in such an attic, low-browed and none too large for our purpose. Our guests must be distributed judiciously. The tallest men must go in the center line, the tall women and shorter men must come next, then shorter women, then settees for figures not privileged to stand, couches even, perhaps, for those overcome by the festivities. Plainly the thing can be done. But how about the reception, the movement, the freedom of spirit which such an occasion demands. Try all possible arrangements, and will not the result be the same? Now that we think of it, is not the difficulty inherent in the space itself, an obstacle not to be overcome by any arrangement, and has not the artist effected as satisfactory a compromise between space and life as we are entitled to expect?

If we can turn, in this attitude of humbler expectation, to the east pediment of the Parthenon, we shall be better prepared to appreciate the wonder of its achievement. It is but very imperfectly preserved to us, the middle portion being entirely destroyed and only suggested by drawings and ancient fragmentary copies. The preserved portions have suffered terrible mutilation. Yet the essential character of the work is perfectly clear, only details, important, to be sure, but not vital to the general scheme, having been lost.

The theme, the birth of Athena, was virtually dictated to the artist by the character of the temple. The event, represented as taking place in Olympus and as already complete, filled the middle of the pediment space. Zeus sat enthroned in the midst of the assembled gods; his head, cloven by the axe of Hephæstus, has resumed its normal condition, and the glorious goddess who but now issued from it stands full-panoplied in the midst of her companion divinities. So much we know, though just how these figures were arranged we may not hope to discover. It is plain that the arrangement of such a group in the middle of the pediment space presented no insuperable difficulties and that the figures involved could hardly have permitted of the formal arrangement of the group at Olympia. Judging by the adjacent remains, there must have been exquisite details of figure and drapery, but here we are reduced to conjecture.

Turning to the extreme corners of the triangle (Figs. 53 and 54), we catch our first glimpse of the genius of the supreme poet. The device of the reclining figure is abandoned, as that of the reptilian tail had been before. In a familiar nature myth the artist finds the perfect theme for his difficult purpose. In a country that was more sea than land there was scarcely a Greek who had not seen the sun rise or set in the sea. To the poetic imagination of the Greeks, the sun was a god who drove his chariot through the sky, illuminating the earth with the blaze of the chariot wheels, and descended beneath the sea to rest until another dawn. Similarly, the moon was a goddess who drove her paler chariot through the sky by night and rested beneath the waves by day.

All previous pediment attempts had assumed the base of the pediment to represent land, on which the necessary figures must crouch or recline. It is here assumed to be land in the center

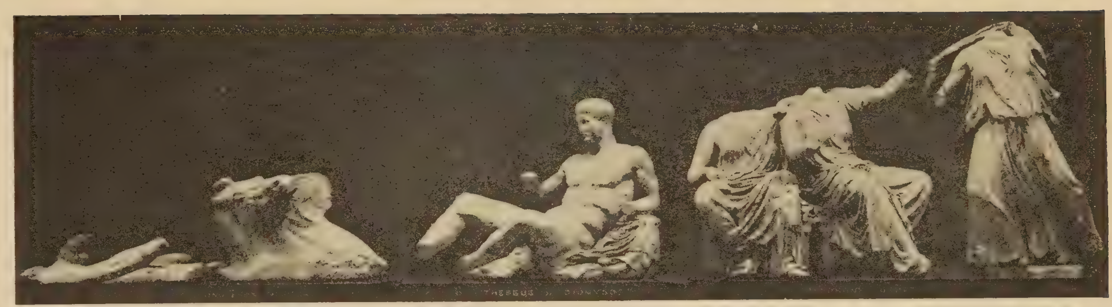
THESEUS
DIONYSOS

FIG. 53. — East Pediment of Parthenon, left half. British Museum, London.

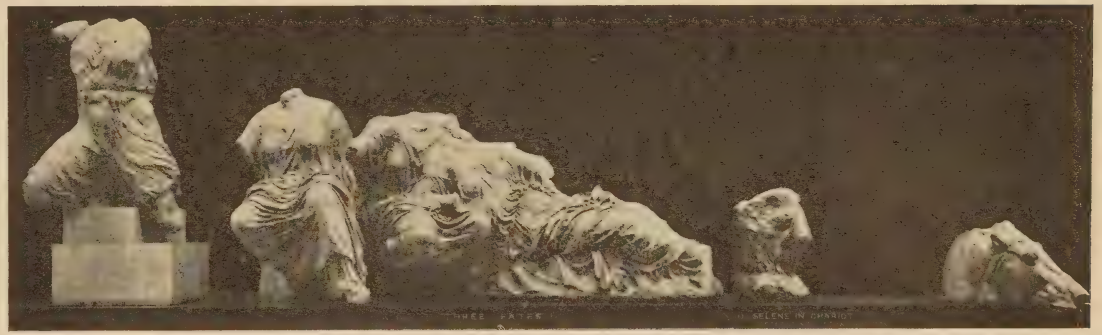
THREE FATES
SELENE IN CHARIOT

FIG. 54. — East Pediment of Parthenon, right half. British Museum, London.

bounded by the sea on either side. Out of the sea at the left (Fig. 53), forward and upward, dash the horses of Helius, in the fullness of their heavenly beauty and strength, their powerful forms scarce controlled by the arms of the god whose head just emerges from the waves. The fire of these splendid creatures is worthy of earth's great luminary. Their forward and upward movement fits alike the sun god's course and the angle of the pediment. Their location is dictated as much by nature as by art, for it is at the horizon, not overhead, that the sun announces the day.

At the other end (Fig. 54), Selene, the pale-faced goddess, descends beneath the waves. The heads of the horses, just about to disappear beneath the surface, are as magnificent as those of the sun god, but with an infinite subtlety they are appropriately contrasted in temper. The splendid fire of the latter gives place to soberness, the difference between the thoroughbred at the beginning and at the end of the race marks these magnificent creatures who are sobered by their course through the skies.

It is impossible to exaggerate the value of such a concept. Gone are the childishness of hydra tails and the prosaic commonplace of wounded men, and the dayspring rolls back the mists that shroud the gods from mortal sight. No paltry convenience of shape or place measures the fitness of this splendid thought. It is not the happy coincidence that the sun rises at the horizon which determined our poet's choice. We must depend on no trudging truths of science if we are to catch the winged messages of the soul. Let us for a moment become Greek and mark out the bounds of the sunrise with the measuring rod of poetic fancy. Is it not plain that the birth of Athena is a sunrise theme? Can we imagine it as happening at noon or at eve or at midnight? Nay, more. Is it not clear that day dawned for Athens at the moment when her goddess was born? Along some such pathway as this we must follow the artist to his goal.

The middle and the extreme corners of the pediment are now filled, and there remain the intermediate or connecting spaces, the part least satisfactorily filled in the Olympia pediment. We are fortunate in possessing in fair preservation this masterly portion of our great composition.

The stirring event in the center takes place at sunrise, and messengers are sent forth to carry the news of the glad event to the slumbering world. Winged goddesses, we fain would think, Nike and Iris perhaps, were chosen for the task. One such figure is preserved on the left (Fig. 53), and the rush of her splendid figure is eloquent of her glad message. The draperies are alive with emotion, in strong contrast with the figures next, where drapery and posture alike bespeak repose. The first figure sits erect and turns toward the messenger, welcoming with outstretched arms, whose splendid lines are a triumph of composition, the bringer of glad tidings. The second figure sits in complete repose, the arms rest passive upon her lap and upon her companion's shoulder. She is not yet aroused. The third figure reclines and turns, not outward, but almost directly away from the messenger, wholly unconscious as yet of the great happening in Olympus.

Turning to the right (Fig. 54), we have a similar and possibly an even finer transition. Again the messenger, this time preserved but as a fragment, but even more instinct with movement; then the alert sitting figure, one foot drawn back as though she were about to spring from her seat; then the more passive sitting figure, already disturbed, though dazed and unconscious from what source comes her awakening; and finally a reclining figure leaning upon the bosom of the last, and wrapt in a slumber which is the most perfect embodiment of languorous repose known in all art. Just as movement sometimes assumes a grace that suggests a silent music which only one may hear, so repose, in this wonderful group, ceases to be a neutral thing and becomes a positive bliss. She rests as one who dreams of heaven. Even the messenger of the gods may well forbear to disturb such a repose. The saying of the great sculptor, Canova, that all other statues are stone, but these are flesh and blood, only feebly expresses his enthusiasm for this incomparable group which must beyond doubt be accorded first place among the sculptures of the world.

Our pediment as thus completed gives us, first of all, the desired gradation in height to fit our space. The transition from standing through sitting and reclining figures to the groups in the angles is a perfect gradation. The group fits. But it gives us much more than this, not a physical gradation only, but a psychic gradation which causes and explains the former. There is the stirring event in the center, the hurrying messenger, the aroused figure, the dazed figure, the figure reclining in undisturbed repose. Just as a pebble cast into a still pool creates ripples which widen outward and outward, lessening as they go, until they lose themselves on the remotest shores, so the psychic impulse emanating from this center of Olympus propagates itself in lessening waves until at last it dies out against inviolate repose. Do these figures crouch uneasily in their cramped space? If the roof were removed would they elect otherwise to sit or stand than as they do? Are they constrained by the roof or grouped at the photographer's call? To suggest such questions is to attest the artist's immeasurable triumph.

At last we have the perfect group, a group that fits and is not fitted. But this is not all nor chief. The theme that thus naturally expresses itself in this perfect group is no commonplace accident of nature, but an ineffable poem, such as no other people has ever enshrined in art. Think of it. On Olympus, where sits enthroned the Thunderer, appears this queen of the gods, more beautiful than fair Aphrodite, more royal than the god of the silver bow, and angel goddesses speed to carry this message of heaven's own joy, at the moment when Helios emerging from the waves floods earth and sea with light and dispels the twilight of the world. What poetry is here! Not the idylls of the hearthstone or the lyrics of simple hearts; not the epic of the hero, or the pathos of the prophet. This is a reveille from Olympus, a message direct from the gods.

Beyond shadow of doubt this must be accounted earth's greatest achievement in art. The figures in the Sistine ceiling may be comparable in individual beauty, but the ceiling as a whole is but the sum of their beauty. This pediment is infinitely more than the sum of its individual statues. It is with positive pain that we read the estimates of their individual merits of drapery, modeling and pose. These merits are above praise, but as well judge the chess game by the carving of the pawns as judge this superlative creation by the quality of its parts. These statues are but as letters whose comeliness is as nothing to the message which together they spell.

In the terrible mutilation which this work has suffered, all the heads of these statues have been lost except one, and this has been so disfigured that we can discern little of its character. Accident has however preserved a single head (Fig. 55), now in private ownership, which certainly belonged to one of these figures. In the seventeenth century a Venetian ship unloaded in Venice some stones taken as ballast, and this was one of the stones. Accident has preserved it and the bad taste for restoration has disfigured it with a nose and mouth unworthy of the original. But through all these disfigurements we can still see the austerely noble type of the great age. The head is an admirable early example of the famous classical type in which the profile becomes almost a straight line. There has been much discussion as to whether this type was founded on nature. Its occurrence here in pronounced form suggests the query whether it is not one of those subtle decorative adaptations of which the pediment contains so many. In a setting so dominated by straight lines as was this, is it not clear that a goddess with a curved nose would be a discord? It is a trifle, but the exacting mind is careful of trifles. There is no example in art of a more complete assimilation of all elements to a single spirit or purpose than this great group. It is consonant with

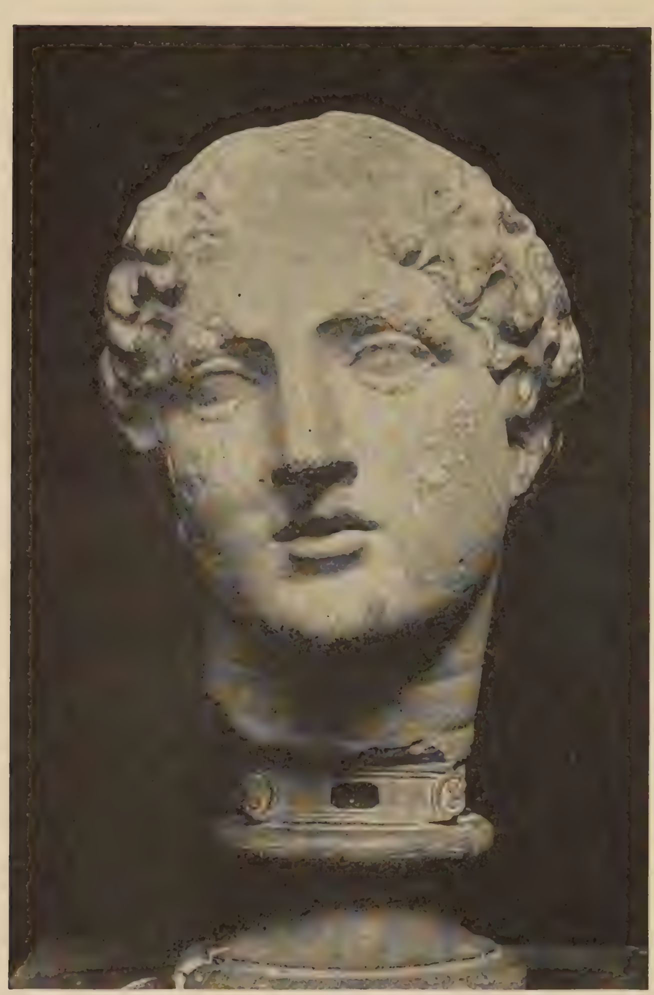

FIG. 55.—Weber Head. Laborde Collection, Paris.

all the work that the faces themselves should present a noble severity of outline, that they should become "parthenonesque." The vogue thus given to this style hardly needs explanation. The exceeding nobility and dignified simplicity of this head helps us to imagine the beauty of this work, which calls for the highest effort of the imagination to restore.

The western pediment has been almost entirely destroyed, its extant remains being too little related to give us any idea of the work as a whole. We know that it represented the struggle between Athena and Poseidon for the possession of the sacred hill, the appropriate pendant for the theme of the eastern pediment. Whatever the merit of this work, it is unthinkable that it should have equaled the other. What myth could fill the corners like the story of the dawn? What group could match the gods of Olympus? What emotion could pulse outward like this message of the gods? The mind easily says "impossible." And yet, who of us would have guessed these things in the other pediment, if the message of Phidias had been lost? It is not for such imaginations as ours to set the bounds of possibility for him.

We may here pause to ask ourselves as to the probable authorship of this wonderful work. Did the two or more sculptors whose work is here traceable coöperate to conceive this perfect poem? Hardly. Did some other mind than that of Phidias conceive it? Perhaps so, but then there was another Phidias. The world is not so rich in genius as to make this duplication probable, even in Athens. But what matters it if the workman be buried beneath his work?

THE METOPES

The Parthenon is one of the few temples, all of whose metopes are sculptured. In the Theseum below they are sculptured only in front and for a little way down either side. The immense number of panels required for this great temple gave employment to many men. They differ markedly in style, though tending as a whole toward the earlier type as contrasted with the pediments and the frieze, by which they are undeniably overshadowed. It is clear that they are the work of skilled and reliable sculptors, but that the resources of supreme genius were levied upon for the great pediments. We would fain see in these excellent but finite works the creations of skilled and talented men who could be perfectly trusted within the required limits, but who fell short of the high plane of genius. The theme is pretty uniformly the battle of the Lapiths and Centaurs (Fig. 56), which could be resolved into the necessary number of individual combats, each well adapted for a panel composition. If they seem tame to us as we come from the study of the great pediment, we may well recall that these panels offered no such opportunity as the great composition. Not till we make the juster comparison with the Olympia metopes do we realize the real excellence of these admirable compositions.

THE FRIEZE

The frieze is a band of relief somewhat more than a yard wide running completely around the top of the cella wall without. It doubtless owes its existence to the accident of the frieze on the old temple rather than to a study in adaptation. As thus situated it is entirely harmless but largely wasted. If seen from without the colonnade, its continuity is broken by the columns, while from within the colonnade it is so directly overhead that despite the care taken in calculating the relief it is scarcely visible. It is a matter for regret that this splendid creation should have remained almost invisible for twenty-two centuries until it found its present much decried position in the British Museum. This unfortunate position, however, neither injured the Parthenon nor led to the slighting of the frieze itself, which remains a masterpiece among works of its kind.

The usual interpretation of the frieze as representing the Panathenaic Festival has given rise to much fruitless controversy

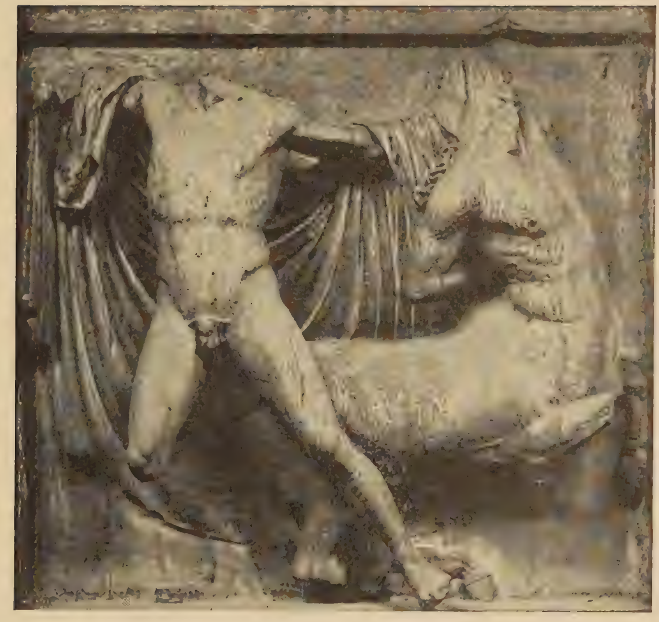

Fig. 56. — Metope from the Parthenon.
British Museum, London.

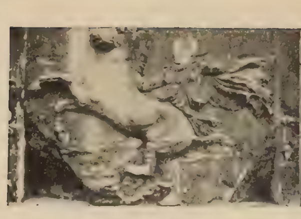

FIG. 58.

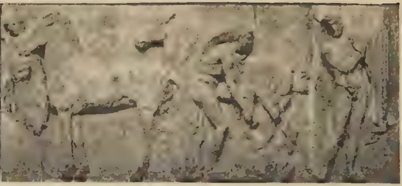

FIG. 57.

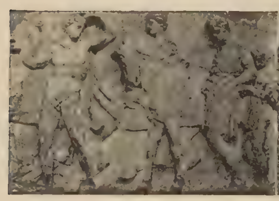

FIG. 61.

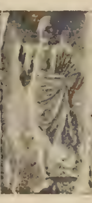

FIG. 60.

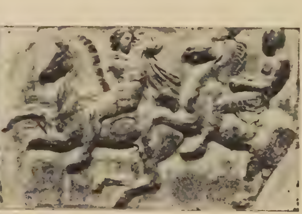

FIG. 59.

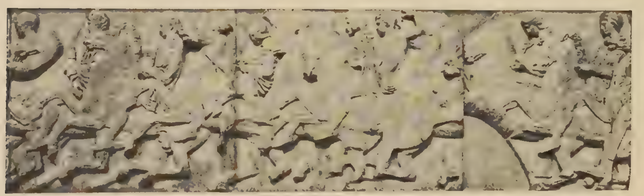

FIG. 62.

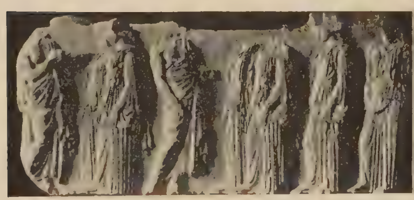

FIG. 64.

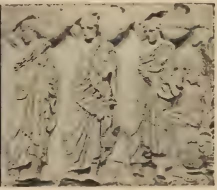

FIG. 63.

Slabs from the Frieze of the Parthenon.

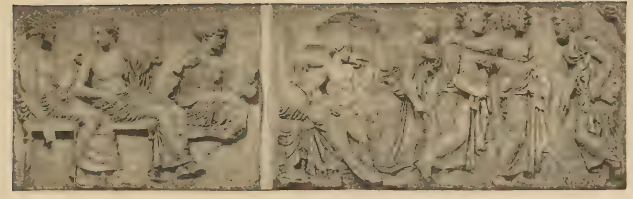

Fig. 65.

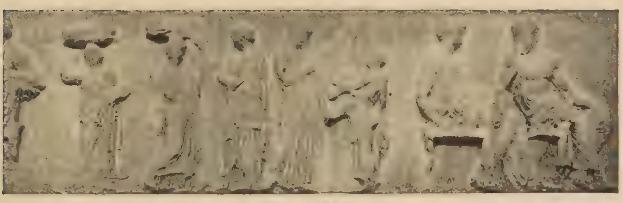

Fig. 66.

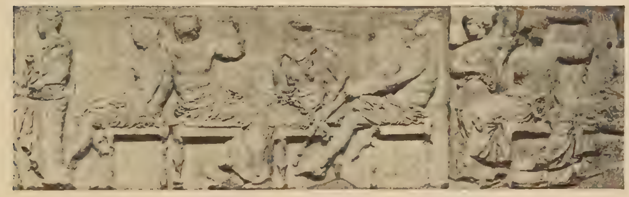

Fig. 67.

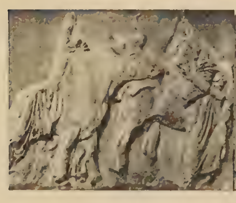

Fig. 70.

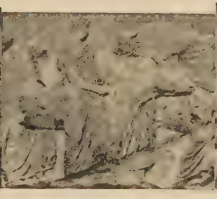

Fig. 69.

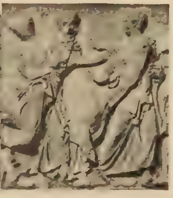

Fig. 68.

Slabs from the Frieze of the Parthenon.

among those whose incomprehensible pleasure it is to evade the message of art. This festival, or another; it is all one. It is a procession bearing sacred objects to the gods who sit to receive these gifts. On either side, the procession is seen moving from the rear of the temple to the front, and as the temple is approached from the rear the visitor seems to move with the procession. The west end is treated as belonging to the north side, for nearly all who approach the Parthenon would see this end first and then follow the usual path along the north side to the great door on the east, over which the gods sit in audience. The work is by many hands, and of great though unequal merit. The less seen south side is distinctly inferior to the other, and contrasts of personality as well as of skill are noted in many parts. Despite all differences, however, there is a pronounced unity of style and spirit, and the parts assigned to the different temperaments suggest a wise appreciation of their availability and an efficient supervision.

Beginning at the rear right-hand corner (Fig. 57) we see preparations for the procession. There is no movement as yet. We are too near the corner. If everybody runs away from this corner there will be no one there in a moment, so our instincts tell us. When we have moved a little down the line, they may move as fast as they like. There are more coming behind to take their places; but just here it will not do. So the artist concludes to give us not only the whole length of the procession, but also its development in time. We begin at the right with a youth dressing for the occasion. He stands quite still at the corner, even leans slightly the other way. Then come horses and men preparing. Some of the horses are being groomed; one bites a fly from his fetlock; another is being bridled, and so on. Then come some who have mounted but who are reining in their impatient horses. Finally they move. In the center (Fig. 58) is a magnificent horse whose master controls him with difficulty. The horse is realistic in the extreme, even to the veins that stand out upon his rearing body. And now, as we pass the center, come more moving horsemen, but interruptions begin. A horseman appears dismounted and facing away from the direction of movement. The horsemen ahead rein in their horses (Fig. 59), and look back as if to learn the nature of the mishap. Other horsemen ahead are stopped and finally one is compelled to dismount and a dignified figure seems to administer reproof to the attendant. We are approaching the other corner now and the movement, which farther back was fast and furious, is interrupted, resumed and again interrupted, each time more completely, until at last, at the very corner, stands a dignified figure whom, like the one mentioned as administering reproof, we recognize as a director or marshal (Fig. 60), commissioned to preserve order in the procession. This corner figure stands still, with unusual dignity and repose, facing backward and thus bringing the movement to a full stop before the dangerous corner is reached. For if it will not do to run away from a corner, still less will it do to run toward it. This would give us an uneasy impression that the rush was going over a precipice. It is not enough to say: "It is only a picture. I shall see the continuation when I have turned the corner." This is dispelling the illusion which it is the very purpose of the picture to create, in order to save ourselves from some uncomfortable suggestion which it gives us. This uncomfortable suggestion must be avoided. If the procession goes dashing up to the corner, we shall cease thinking *picture* and think *corner*. If it comes to a natural stop at the corner, we shall turn the corner without thinking.

Beginning on the north side (Fig. 61) we again have standing figures at first — some of the most beautiful figures in the frieze — and then a gradual resumption of the movement as the cavalcade continues (Fig. 62). Few heads in Greek sculpture can surpass some of these youths.

Still farther ahead, we come upon the chariots. A peculiarity of this part of the frieze is the frequency with which the marshal appears. In the long line of the horsemen there were but two, while for the chariots there is nearly one apiece. This concentration of police supervision on this seemingly orderly part of the procession is due to the artist's desire to preserve an even band of decoration. The chariot horses have no one upon their backs, and so leave a large space here which the artist fills by having a marshal stand conveniently in this interval. This desire for a uniform upper line is responsible for a considerable variation in the proportions of the figures. For instance, the head of a man on horseback is usually considerably higher than that of one standing beside him, but to avoid the unevenness thus resulting the standing men are made much taller, and the horses hold their heads high so that all are in the same line. This is done so cleverly that it is not noticed, and if not noticed, it is quite unobjectionable. Michelangelo did the same thing at times and the practice is common in art. Yet it is met here by a counter principle which seems to have been even more exacting. Anxious as was the artist to have all heads in line, it was seemingly inadmissible to represent a slave as tall as his master. Thus, the attendant before mentioned, to whom the marshal seems to be administering reproof, is several inches shorter than the other figures, and this rule holds throughout. This principle is present in far more exaggerated form in Egyptian and in early Christian art.

Farther forward are the animals led to sacrifice (Figs. 68–70), and youths carrying water jars (Fig. 63). It is difficult to praise too highly these marvelous figures and the truthful and sympathetic representation of animal life.

The next corner is turned with the same care, and brings us to the temple front, the most important and the most beautiful part of the frieze. Here, from either side, approaches the procession, the magistrates and the high-born maidens of Athens in the lead (Figs. 64 and 65). Few representations of maiden dignity and grace are to be found which can compare with the beautiful group which forms the unique contribution of the Parthenon to the great Museum of the Louvre. Exactly over the great central entrance (Fig. 66) is the group which represents the culminating act of the procession, the delivery to the priest of the sacred peplos, or embroidered robe, presented at each festival by the women of Athens to Athena. Other gifts borne by women are presented to the priestess, while the short-statured slave delivers the peplos to the priest. On either side of this central group, an assumed invisible assemblage, sit the gods to receive the gifts of their votaries.

This splendid section of the frieze is evidently the work of two men, both of the highest ability, but utterly contrasted in temperament. On the one hand (Figs. 65 and 66), is the central group representing the delivery of the offerings, and the group of gods to the right. These have all suffered sadly, draperies being defaced and facial features all but obliterated, until they present little more than the outline of the original figures. Yet it is questionable whether any reliefs in existence are more expressive of the high qualities of benignity and dignity than some of these figures. This is especially true of the priest and priestess above referred to, and above all of the magnificent Athena which, in all its disfigurement, must still be counted as the finest representation we possess of this noblest of the divinities of Olympus. Scarcely less beautiful was the exquisite Aphrodite and the lovely Eros who leaned against her knees, the latter a recent sacrifice to that wanton vandalism against which no safeguards seem to avail.

If we turn now to the other side (Fig. 67), the whole spirit of the work changes. The gods, true to the conservatism of religion, are represented as sitting upon stools, though these earlier devices have been abandoned in Athenian life for chairs with their convenient backs. Athena and her companion divinities on the right accommodate themselves with perfect dignity to the accustomed seat. They know no weariness and have no need of the conventional support. But the group on the left, including Ares, Artemis and others, show an amazingly human consciousness of stool limitations. Artemis leans forward, resting her head on her hand and her elbow on her knee. Two other divinities sit back to back and lean against each other, an arrangement somewhat disturbed by the curiosity of the less fortunately situated one as the procession approaches, while Ares, with amazing unconventionality, locks his hands and anchors himself forward to his upraised knee. This freedom is variously excused. We are told that the gods are invisible and hence free to assume such attitudes as they please. Possibly, but these not more than Zeus and Athena whose choice is so very different. Another reminds us of the supposed family relationship between Ares and Artemis as accounting for this domestic négligé. Possibly, as permitting it, but nowise as requiring it. The unexplained fact remains that the one artist felt like it, and the other did not. The one is governed by a religious ideal and instinctively endows the gods with high dignity befitting their function as the rulers and exemplars of men. The other is a realist, interested in purely human reality, and representing the gods perfunctorily and wholly as men. There is no denying the immense cleverness of this second group. The two artists were fully equal as masters of their craft, but one was the spiritual child of Phidias, and the other the representative of a new order.

Tradition has amply supplemented the scanty record of art as to the spirit and purpose cf Phidias. He was famed for his new manner of representing the gods, enduing them not only with majesty and power, but with benignity, a characteristic little seen in earlier representations. One writer most inadequately suggests that he might almost seem to have added something to the religious conceptions of his people. He was in fact the precursor of Socrates and Plato, who revolutionized these conceptions. Suggestive too is the remark that Polyclitus would do very well for smooth-cheeked youths and laughing maidens, but it took Phidias for the gods. He seldom represented any other subject, and his exalted conception of the divine impressed posterity as long as his work endured.

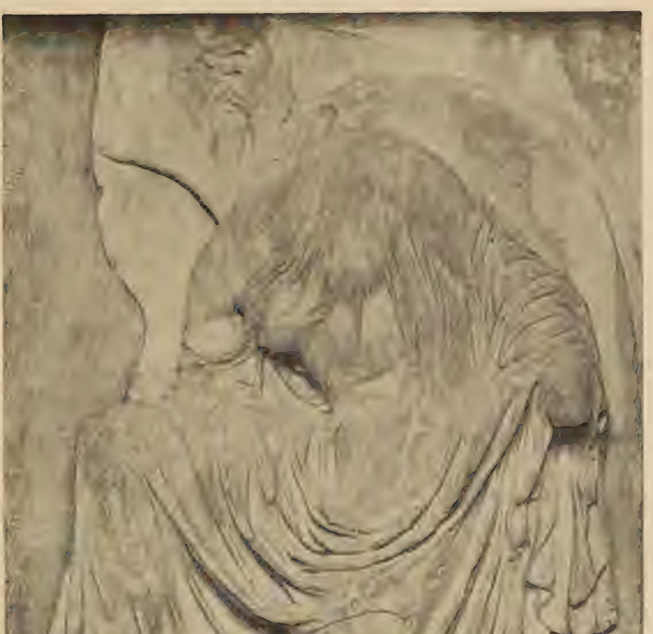

Fig. 71.—Nike fastening her Sandal.
Acropolis Museum, Athens.

It is interesting to follow in imagination the great master on his rounds of inspection as his quick eye catches the thought of these younger men who without doubt were assigned to the frieze. Not untested they came to their work, and it was a penetrating insight that distributed them according to their skill and the importance of the several tasks. We can imagine his quiet smile of approval as he saw the divine Athena emerge from the marble, or the priest who receives the peplos bow his benediction. Words were scarce needed to tell the youthful follower that the master recognized in him his child in the spirit.

But how about this lounging Artemis and happy-go-lucky Ares? A kindly shake of the head, perhaps, and a word of doubtful query:

"Will the worshipers recognize the gods in such guise as that? That is clever realism, but it smacks more of the club or the stoa than of Olympus. Not so have I pictured the gods in the visions they have sent me. I don't know what that will come to, my boy. But it is your work, not mine. If you are to be an artist it must be by being obedient to your heavenly vision, not to mine." Pure fancy, you say: nay, but one thing is fact. Phidias did not make him change it, for there it stands, done under the master's supervision. A lesser man seeing this sketch would have said: "Rub it out. None of that club-room realism. Make the gods as I have told you." Not so Phidias. In his all-overshadowing personality, his pervasive influence, there seems to have been nothing repressive. Himself the loftiest of idealists, the frieze executed under his direction bristles with homely realism. The horse bites the fly from his fetlock; the rider ducks his head to keep the wind from blowing off his hat, another fastens his sandal, and the gods lounge in attitudes scarcely admitted in good society. This new spirit appears, now furtively, now boldly, in a vast work which is predominantly noble, dignified, Phidian. This spirit is the precursor of a new age in an age which owned the maximum of possible allegiance to a supreme spirit.

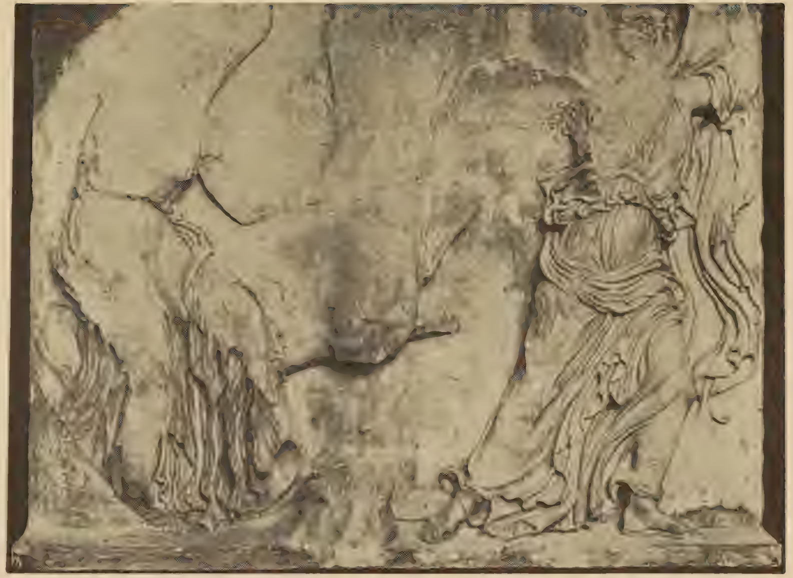

Fig. 72. — Nike leading a Bull. Acropolis Museum, Athens.

What will come of it? Out on a little terraced spur of the Acropolis, without the great Periclean gateway, the generation after Phidias built a tiny temple to Athena. It commemorates some victory, and so was dedicated to Athena Nike, the Conquering Athena, later misnamed the Wingless Victory. The dangerously narrow terrace was surrounded by a balustrade, perhaps the noblest monument of Greek art in that troublous time. On its inner surface, toward the temple, Nike is represented over and over again in long procession. She performs the most varied feats, all with fairylike grace. Now she hangs up a trophy, now fastens her loosened sandal (Fig. 71), now in duplicate leads a bull to sacrifice (Fig. 72). There is not a trace of Phidian dignity or majesty. All is infinitely light and blithesome. Draperies like films of thinnest mist reveal rather than conceal the form within. Idealism still, but of the new order, not the idealism of Phidias. The gods! Nike is a goddess. And here she is repeated over and over again, a blithesome, fairylike form, the very repetition itself suggestive not of a divinity but of a decorative motive. The gods are playthings now. You admire the tripping Nike, you muse with the dreamy Hermes; but you do not pray.

THE CULT STATUES

The great cult statues of Phidias at Athens and Olympia have been purposely reserved for consideration somewhat out of chronological order, in deference to their importance and their closer connection with his personality. Both have perished, leaving but indifferent data for their reconstruction. They were of ivory and gold, the nude parts, face and arms, being of the former and the draperies and accessories of the latter, the whole being supported by a substantial framework of wood. This type of cult statue seems to have been the specialty of Phidias. He worked little in other materials and perhaps never in marble.

Of the two great statues which comprised his chief life work, that of Zeus at Olympia was the more celebrated. It was of

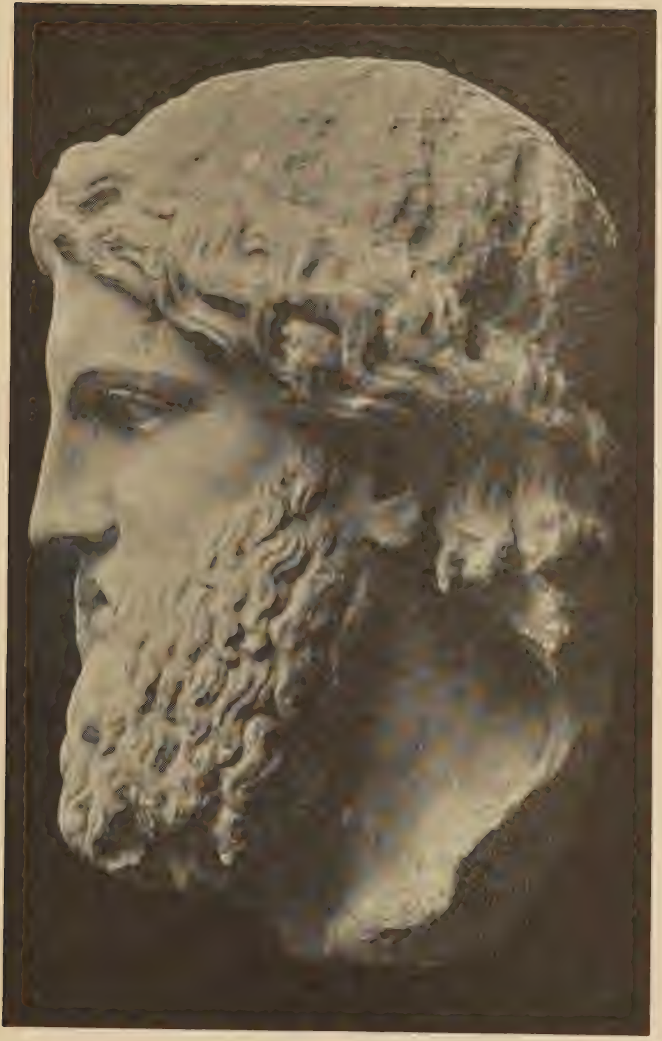

FIG. 73. — Head of Zeus. Museum, Boston.

this that the saying arose that no man could be esteemed to die happy until he had seen Phidias' Zeus. Its loss, inevitable on account of the value of its material, is perhaps the greatest that the history of art records. It is known to us now only through an imperfect representation upon a coin of Elis, and a superb marble head in the Boston Museum. The former tells us that Zeus was represented as seated upon his throne. The latter (Fig. 73) goes far to justify the representation of the great work as a revelation of divinity. The dignity of idealized manhood, the venerableness of age, the majesty of divine kingship, all are here, but all are subordinated to another and hitherto scarce recognized attribute, the benignity of an all-father. Nothing can surpass the fine balance in which these attributes are blended. There is dignity and majesty, but none of the passionless and impersonal kingship of the Zeus of Otricoli, fit only to reign on the inaccessible heights of Olympus. There is the venerableness of age, but not a trace of the senility into which this almost inevitably degenerates. Above all there is benignity, but not a touch of the sentimentality which is its eternal menace.

The days of Greek faith were numbered when Phidias laid down the chisel. Few were the visitors to the great temple who believed very convincedly in the gods of Olympus. Feeble, too, was the consciousness of an all-pervading spirit whom Socrates saw controlling the forces of nature and guiding the destinies of men. But through the coming centuries of fitful philosophy and wavering faith, believer and skeptic alike saw in the Zeus of Phidias that vision without which no man could be esteemed to die happy. A vision of the good and the true, said one, a vision too good to be true, said another, but to both a vision of good. Who shall say to what regions this vision penetrated following the ever-widening domain of Greek philosophy and Greek culture? In the day when Philo of Alexandria sought to blend the philosophy of Plato and the prophecy of Isaiah, and Greek temples and schools were built beyond Jordan, who shall trace the influence that emanates from the Zeus of Phidias?

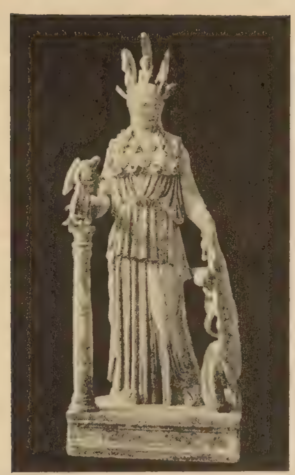

Fig. 74. — Varvakeion Copy.
National Museum, Athens.

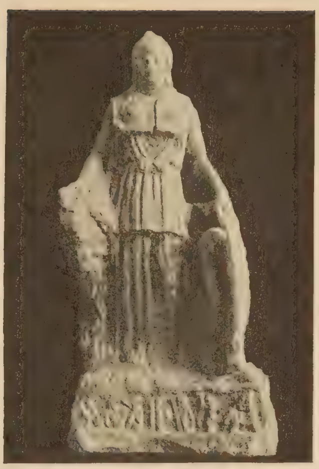

Fig. 75. — Lenormant Copy.
National Museum, Athens.

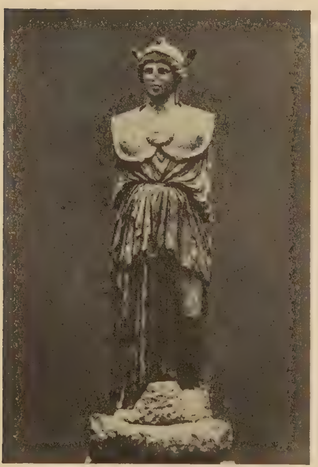

Fig. 76. — Pergamon Copy.
Museum, Berlin.

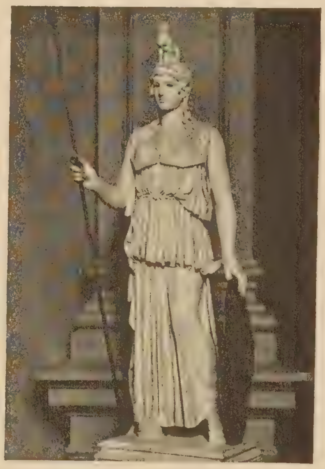

Fig. 77. — Madrid Copy.
Prado, Madrid.

The Athena Parthenos.

The Athena Parthenos is at once better and worse preserved. We possess numerous copies, but widely divergent and totally inadequate. Two are in Athens, the one (Fig. 74), a large statuette, turgid in detail and indescribably debauched; the other (Fig. 75), tiny and barely sketched in its execution, but dignified and impressive. Berlin possesses a large copy (Fig. 76), executed for the great Library of Pergamon, an elegant work, but quite obviously modernized in accordance with the taste of a later time. Finally, a small statuette in Madrid must perhaps be accepted as the most faithful reproduction (Fig. 77), though noticeably at variance with all the others in certain features whose uniformity seems to give them a certain authority. None of these copies, however, gives us the spirit of the work of Phidias. That we may boldly venture to seek in a much later work which does not even purport to be a copy of the Athena of Phidias, but which was certainly executed largely under its influence, the Minerva Giustiniani of the Vatican (Fig. 78). It would be difficult better to express the concept of this unrivaled divinity who was characterized in the thought of the Greeks, not by the seductive feminine charm of Aphrodite, but by the highest qualities of mind and soul. It is hers rather to rule us by reverence than to entice us by charm.

The statue was of immense size, standing with its pedestal thirty-eight feet high. Like the Zeus of Olympia, its outer surface was wholly of ivory and gold, and ornament was freely used upon every available part of the vast statue. The head was covered by a helmet which was surmounted by a sphinx with a winged horse on either side. The terrible ægis bore a Medusa head in the center and was bordered by writhing serpent forms. The right hand bore a golden statue of Nike, and the shield was decorated, within and without, with exquisite reliefs. The draperies were chased and even the edges of the sandals ornamented with scenes in delicate relief. Modern taste winces a little at this impressiveness of metal sheen, this lavishness of ornamental accessory. It must have required

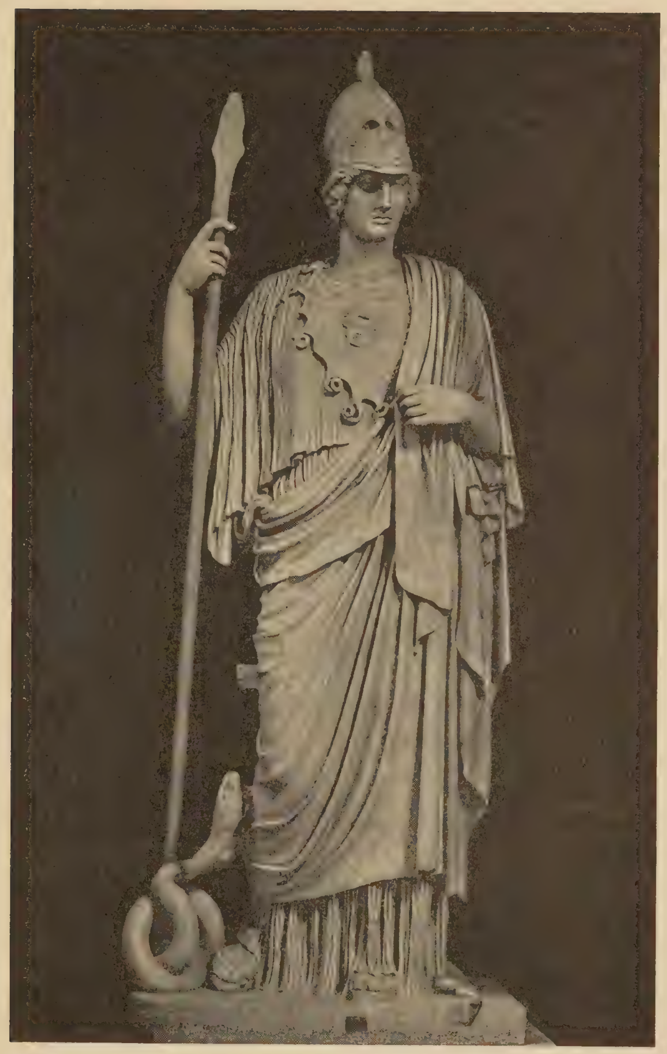

Fig. 78.—Minerva Giustiniani. Vatican, Rome.

superlative skill to hold these dangerous elements in due subjection to the divine. It is clear at a glance that this is no mere problem in art. The artist must take into account not only the higher æsthetic factors, but the traditional forms familiar to the worshiper, the cumbersome religious symbolism which was a part of the ritual of faith, even the still potent charm of splendid costliness which awed the common mind then almost as much as it does to-day. For let it never be forgotten, the appeal of this wonderful age was to the common mind. While the art and culture of the time sought and attained an incomparable elevation, to the everlasting honor of Pericles and Phidias be it remembered that they never sought to found an aristocracy of art's elect. With no supercilious cry of 'vulgar' did they scorn the common herd. The most amazing thing in this amazing age is its democracy, the profound conviction that in very truth mankind as a whole was capable of the highest things.

The Parthenon was therefore conceived, not as a creation of distant Olympic perfection for the delight of gods and supermen, but as a part of the great school in which a chosen people were to be trained for these highest things. Pericles was an emancipated spirit, free alike from the childishness of the early faith and the childishness of shallow skepticism. Though enlightened — nay, rather because enlightened — he saw in the existing faith a medium and the chief medium for the development of the higher ideals. Like Socrates, he had none of the pettiness which sees "in the gods an insult to the Divine."

In this breadth of vision Phidias was completely and instinctively in sympathy with him. In his work we trace no inclination to discredit the traditional faith or even to elevate it above the reach of those who must be its votaries. His effort is to preserve its familiar forms and refine its spirit.

The art of his great cult statues therefore roots deep in the past. Ægis and helmet retain their old-time symbols. Draperies are heavy, simple and archaic. Precious materials and sculptured myth appeal to venerable instincts and awake the old-time awe. Every effort is made to surround divinity with the long-wonted environment of ideas and emotions, and then — subtly to transfigure divinity with suggestions of personality and character of which the past had never dreamed. Thus art, deep-rooted in the past, flowers with a new ideal.

And here, as elsewhere, we chronicle failure of the hoped-for result, and success in a result undreamed. It is doubtful if the great statue of Phidias ever inspired to worship. It was too plainly the work of Phidias, a human thing. It had no occult virtue, only the appeal of a sublime ideal. In the old shapeless wooden statue of the Erechtheum whose origin was divine because forgotten, there if anywhere talismanic virtue was to be found. In the stress of common human needs and present emergencies, how impotent seems the aid of mere ideals! Yet they are the only potent thing. The religious idealism of Phidias seemed to make little impression upon the flippancy of Alcibiades or the æstheticism of the artists of the Nike balustrade. It even made scant headway against the superstition whose recrudescence was the inevitable result of Athenian calamity. But no power can stay, no calamity can destroy these wireless messages of the soul. Intangible and elusive, these ideals are none the less the growing phenomenon of the coming years. It was into this mold which Phidias helped to fashion that was soon to be cast the plastic substance of another great world faith.

The statue has its tragic associations. The supremacy of Pericles, often vainly challenged, was at last the object of disingenuous side attacks. Unable to injure him directly, the opposition adopted the tactics of nagging his friends. They attacked Aspasia, that object lesson of Pericles' inconsistency. Had he not himself secured the passage of a law denying citizenship and full legitimacy to children not born of full Athenian parentage? He did not know then that the one woman fit to be the wife of a Pericles had been born in Miletus. When he met her his doom was sealed. The union was not immoral, not even illegal, but a glaring inconsistency in the face of such legislation. Whatever the nature of the attack, it brought Pericles to his knees. Then, and only then, he pleaded with the Athenians. Not much came of it except to make him extremely uncomfortable, but this was doubtless a satisfaction to the opposition.

Looking for further opportunity, they turned their attention to Phidias. It was surmised that he had appropriated some of the gold furnished him for the great statue and he was arrested on a charge of embezzlement. But, warned perhaps by the wary Pericles, he had made the gold detachable from the frame, so that it could be removed and weighed. This completely refuted the accusation.

But though baffled they were not beaten. On one side of the golden shield Phidias had represented the battle of the gods and the giants, on the other that of the Greeks and Amazons, traditional symbols for the struggle between civilization and barbarism. And here, by way of happy allusion, one of the foremost in the fight bore the unmistakable features of Pericles, while opposite, in playful caricature, Phidias had represented himself, a short, thick-set figure, nude, bald, with tufts of hair above the ears. It was but a minor detail, a kind of signature of the work and in some ways most appropriate. What form so fitting as that of Pericles to lead the army of civilization? But here the opposition saw its opportunity, and the great sculptor was arrested on a charge of sacrilege as having represented a mortal upon the shield of the goddess. We can imagine the horror with which these ward heelers of the opposition witnessed this offense against piety. We can conceive the alacrity with which the priests of the Brauronian Artemis and many a like overshadowed cult sounded the tocsin to the faithful. But their zeal was denied its supreme exercise. While awaiting trial, the great fashioner of the gods died in prison. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee!" Have not all Jerusalems done the same?

CHAPTER XI

ART AND THE SCIENTISTS. MYRON. POLYCLITUS AND HIS CANON

THE majestic religious idealism of Phidias so chains attention in this splendid age that we are tempted to forget that art had other and indeed far stronger traditions. How little precedent Phidias could have found for his art in the draped figures of Pisistratus or in the nude Apollos of the democratic reaction. Yet these, more especially the latter, had not only wide vogue but deep foundation in the life of the time. It is no exaggeration to say that the nude athlete was the most vital theme of the time, although, as we have seen, the reasons for this vitality were of neither universal nor perpetual validity. We must not for a moment imagine, therefore, that this theme lost interest at this time, the more so as it was strongly intrenched in the art of other centers, such as Argos, which had known nothing of the great Phidian movement.

This normal tradition of Greek art was represented at this time by two artists of very high reputation, Myron and Polyclitus, the one an older and the other a younger contemporary of Phidias. Both worked in bronze, the material preferred by the Greeks for statues not used as architectural decorations. Both were Argive in their training, and their work represents Argive rather than Attic ideals.

Myron is reputed to have been a fellow-pupil with Phidias in the studio of the Argive sculptor Ageladas, but while Phidias completely drops the Argive theme and manner, Myron finds the Argive tradition congenial. He is recorded as the author of numerous statues commemorating victories in the Olympic games, none of which have come down to us, though one of

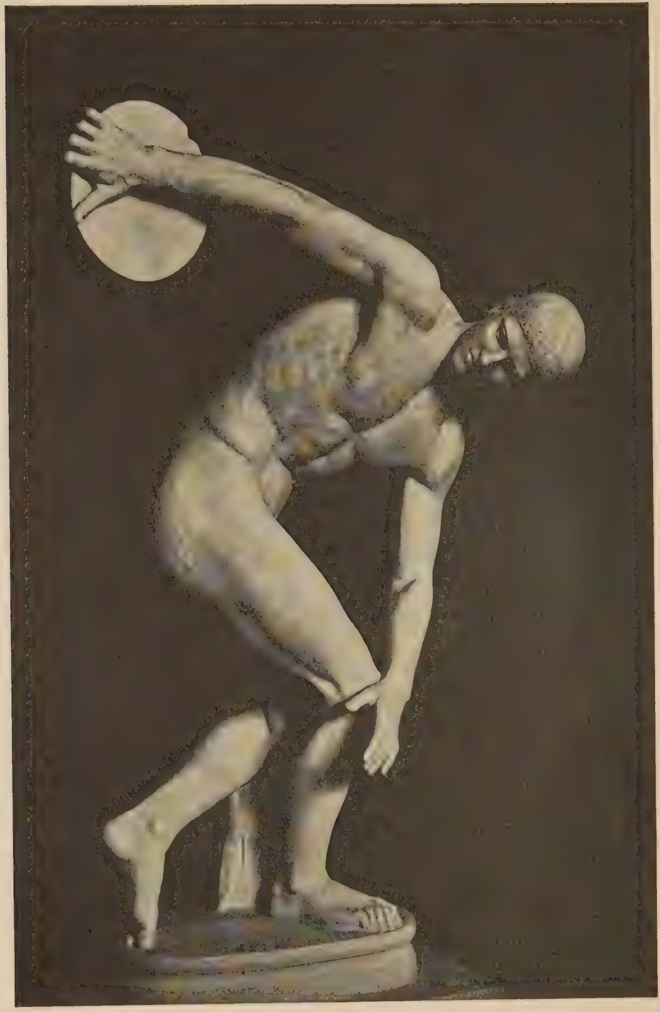

FIG. 79.—Discobolus. Terme, Rome.

them has been preserved in the form of a Roman copy, together with another statue of a different but related sort. The former, the well-known Discobolus (Fig. 79) or Discus Thrower, seems to have enjoyed a great reputation in antiquity, judging by the number of copies and fragments which have been found. The other, the so-called Dancing Satyr (Fig. 80), likewise a Roman copy, was unfortunately erroneously restored in the period when presentableness rather than historic accuracy was the desideratum in discovered antiquities. The statue in fact represented Marsyas, hovering between eagerness and fear, as he watches his chance to snatch the flute just thrown down by Athena. It is with some difficulty that we rid ourselves of the impression produced by the modern arms with their castanets. The restorer's guess is certainly wrong, but not a bad one. It is annoyingly plausible.

If now we compare these statues with the earlier Apollo statues, even the Apollo of the Omphalos (Fig. 41), which we recognized as the high-water mark of the pre-Phidian art, we see at a glance that Myron has effected a veritable revolution. All the earlier statues represent the athlete, but they do not represent his act. The Apollo of the Omphalos, for instance, may have been, almost must have been, a discus thrower, but the artist has represented merely the man, not the throwing of the discus. Myron's procedure is just the opposite. His Discus Thrower might better be called the Throwing of the Discus, for it is the action much more than the man upon which he fixes his and our attention. The Marsyas, too, as properly conceived, is an immensely subtle study of action and emotion much more than of the human figure merely as such. There is something of almost mercurial alertness in this apelike creature trembling between cupidity and fear.

An attempt was made in an earlier chapter to show under what extraordinarily favorable conditions was developed the Greek knowledge of the human figure. Frequent observation under circumstances stimulating to the most acute appreciation

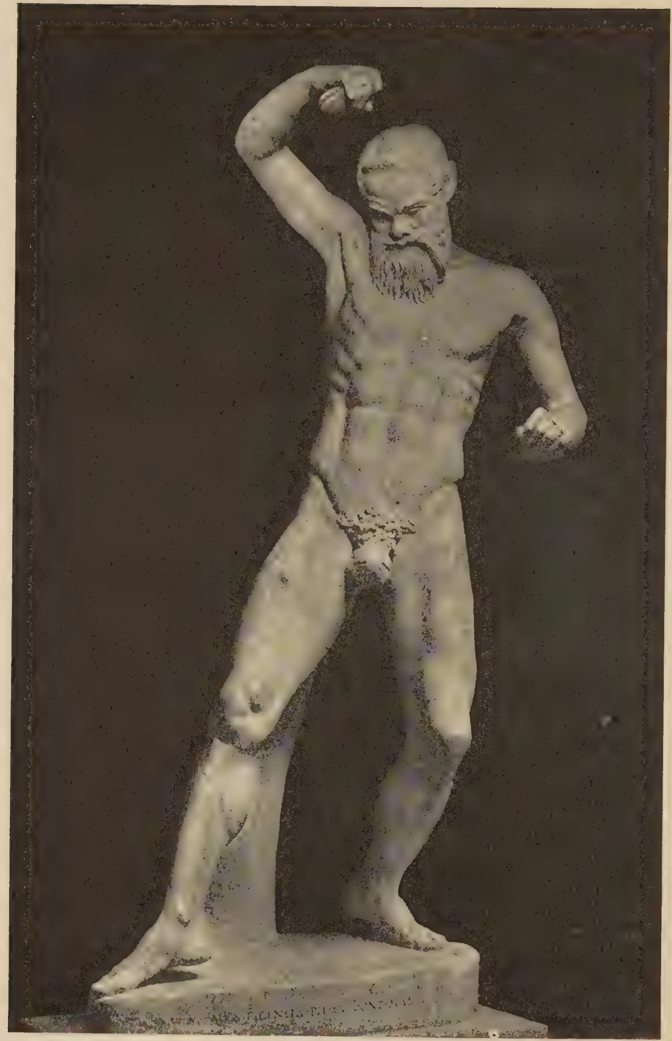

Fig. 80. — Dancing Satyr (Marsyas). Lateran Museum, Rome.

made every Greek a connoisseur of the nude figure as the trained specialist of to-day can hardly claim to be. But by the same token the Greek was trained to appreciate action as well as figure. He was as sensitive to the perfect move as to the perfect limb. It was inevitable, therefore, that art should be tempted into this still more difficult field. For it must not be forgotten that while form and the static figure can be measurably expressed in sculpture, action as such is excluded. The sculptor can only suggest action by transition attitudes, more strictly by composite attitudes which scarce find their counterpart in life. In the case of the draped figure the sculptor can fall back on the drapery, and by a judicious hyperbole of the wind of motion, he can suggest motion very effectively. With the nude figure the case is far different.

We can dimly appreciate from our two examples that Myron was a master in his art. It is impossible, however, for us to feel the enthusiasm which the ancients felt over his work, or to tolerate the judgment of those who ranked him the equal of Phidias. Is it our bias or theirs? Partly both, no doubt. They understood perfectly and enjoyed passionately the acts which his statues represented, and caught his meaning without difficulty. We catch with difficulty a meaning which we neither enjoy nor fully understand. We are without doubt less competent judges. But are we not in a sense the more normal? The marvelous education which fitted the Greek for this connoisseurship was after all adventitious, something which no conceivable development of culture can ever reproduce. It was of all the great motives in Greek art, the one which, because of its local and unreproducible character, we may most justly denominate provincial. The lessened estimation in which Myron is now held is just, in that it recognizes in his art the expression of relatively local and temporary enthusiasms. It was as sincere as it was skillful, but none the less a provincial art.

In compensation for this cooling of ancient enthusiasm, we may perhaps extenuate the one weakness noted by the ancients.

He was accounted a master of anatomy and action, but weak in the rendering of the face. Conceding that the faces are not very expressive, it may be doubted whether this is altogether a weakness. It is questionable whether the athletes whom he represents were very expressive of countenance, and it is altogether certain that their faces were not the subject of chief attention. In still further subordinating facial expression, Myron is but following the great law of concentration which is recognized in all great art. Probably he could not in any case have been a master of psychic analysis, but it is more than doubtful if his themes would have gained by such mastery. Other masters of the same theme long betray the same tendency.

Polyclitus was born in the Peloponnesus and studied and worked in Argos. He holds something the same place in the Argive school that Phidias holds in that of Athens. He seems to have enjoyed an even greater fame than Myron, though for a different and perhaps more questionable reason. His statues were exceedingly popular and much copied, with the result that a number of his bronzes are transmitted to us in the form of Roman copies, sometimes by several examples. None of these copies is good, and no just conclusion can be based on them as regards the finer details of finish and facial expression. In one case, the Doryphorus (Fig. 81), we have not only the marble copy of the statue, but a fine bronze copy of the head, evidently taken direct from the original. The vulgarizing of the marble is conspicuous, and warns us to be cautious in other particulars where we have no such opportunity for comparison.

The theme of Polyclitus, like that of Myron, is the athlete, or nearly allied subjects. Unlike Myron, however, he does not represent the athlete in action. He is a student of pose rather than of action or of mere form. His fame was enormously increased in antiquity by the composition of a treatise on sculpture known as the " Canon." In this treatise sculpture was formulated not so much in the manner of an art as in the manner of an applied science. A comprehensive law of proportions was

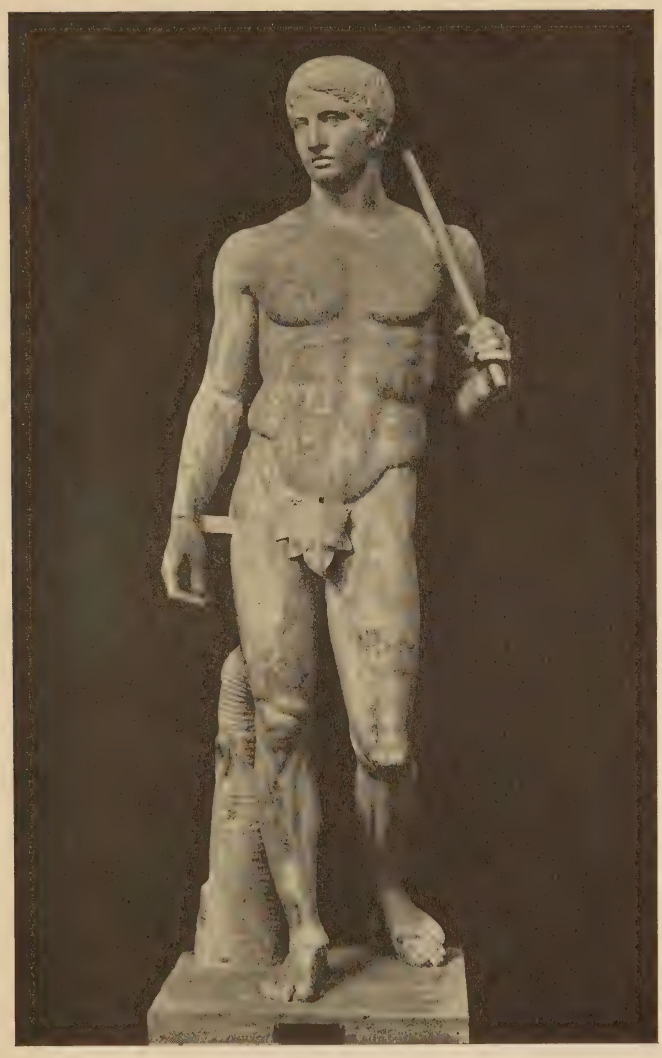

Fig. 81. — Doryphorus. National Museum, Naples.

laid down in which the width of the middle finger was taken as a unit, and all other dimensions of the body were specified in terms of this unit. Questions of attitude and pose were disposed of in a similar manner. The weight of the body should be borne upon one leg, the other leg being bent and poised upon one toe. The entire art was thus reduced to a convenient rule of thumb.

In illustration of these principles Polyclitus chose one of his own statues, the Doryphorus, which for this reason became known in turn as the Canon. This is fortunately one of the statues preserved in Roman copy. It represents a naked youth of comparatively stocky build, whose right hand originally carried a spear which pointed somewhat backward over the shoulder. The pose is that referred to above. It suggests neither motion nor complete repose, but a quality vaguely associated with grace. The face is inexpressive and listless, a fact to be explained no doubt in part by the poor copy, but even the fine bronze head which we possess in the Museum of Naples, doubtless copied from the bronze original, is somewhat blasé.

The anatomy presents peculiarities which are noticeable even to the uninitiated. The lines of demarcation between parts, even the outlines of muscle masses, are sharply drawn. The treatment is somewhat diagrammatic, in most striking contrast with the soft outlines and scarce perceptible transitions of later sculpture. This reminds us of the cuts in scientific treatises, where exposition and analysis are aimed at rather than general effect.

In these various characteristics we cannot help seeing the influence of the "Canon." Everything is a matter of exact measurement, and how shall measurements be exact unless outlines are exact? The figure is stouter than is the custom of Greek art, before or since. This may have been the taste of the sculptor, but one cannot help wondering whether some seductive mathematical sequence, some arithmetical or geometrical progression, did not acquire a certain tyranny over his ideals. The pose is seemingly without significance in this special subject, and has been adopted on the assumption that this is *the* beautiful pose.

Another statue preserved in Roman copy, as also in a late Greek copy from Delos, finer but in some ways less faithful, presents a youth of the same type and the same pose, who is binding about his head a fillet won in the games. The action is of doubtful sincerity, the suggestion being that the youth pauses and suspends the action in a moment of pose, rather than that the artist has caught a transition moment and held it fast. This statue is recorded as having been valued at $120,000 in Roman times, a sum which must be multiplied many fold to allow for the difference in the purchasing power of money, if we are to get at the true valuation of the statue. Surely Polyclitus was popular.

Most significant of all is the statue of a wounded Amazon (Fig. 82), which has been identified beyond reasonable question in one of many Roman copies that we possess. The story recalls a legend which had a curious history in Greek art. A wounded Amazon is said to have taken refuge from her pursuers in the sanctuary of Artemis at Ephesus. This was later commemorated by a statue, and tradition made the theme a subject of rivalry in later art. Sculptor after sculptor, the list including no less a name than that of Phidias, presented his statue of the wounded Amazon to the great temple, thus measuring himself with his rivals in this much-visited shrine. Numerous Roman copies of these statues have come down to us, all much broken, and now much restored, for the most part erroneously. Only one of these can be identified with any certainty, that of Polyclitus. It was perhaps the best preserved of all and furnished the most reliable data for restoration, which is certainly correct in the main as carried out. With minor reservations, therefore, we may see in this statue the work of the far-famed contemporary of Phidias.

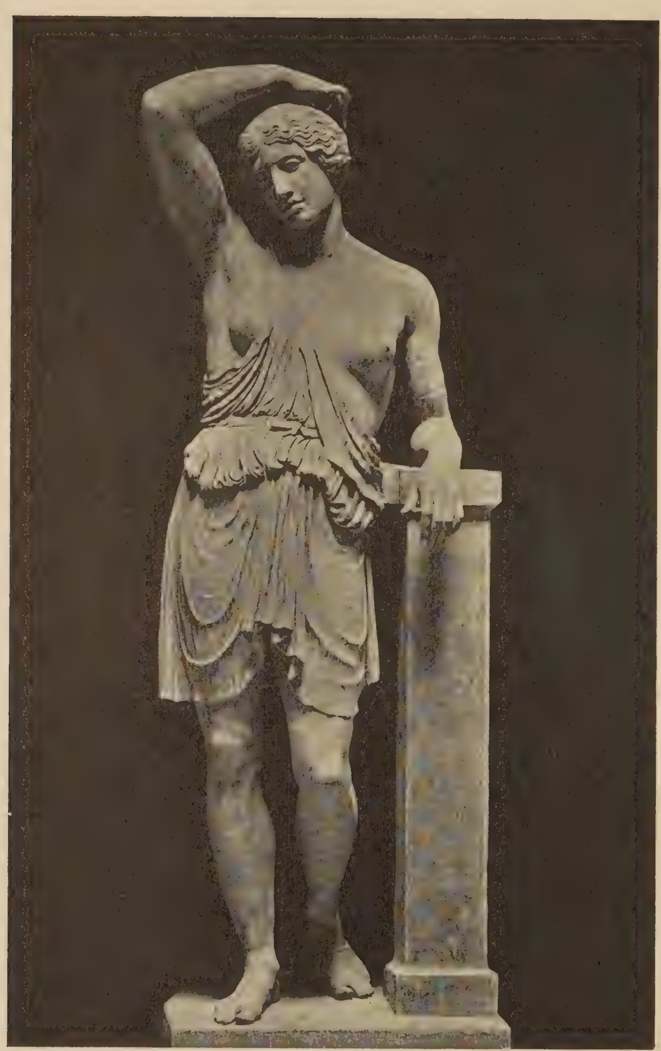

Fig. 82.—Amazon. Lansdowne House, London.

The Amazon is wounded above the right breast, the gash being plainly visible. She is posed like the statues of Polyclitus already mentioned, the weight borne on one leg and the other bent and resting lightly upon one toe. The right arm is raised high and bent so that the hand touches the back of the head. The form, though rather stout, like all those attributed to Polyclitus, is graceful and elegant. The traditionally slight draperies are exquisitely treated, soft and clinging. The face is again expressionless and blasé. All suggests that our artist was a consummate sculptor, a master of the technique of his craft.

But how about the theme? Would a wounded woman, weakened by the loss of blood, stand on one foot and poise the other lightly upon one toe? Would she pose in curving lines of grace? Above all would she raise her right arm, thus opening the wound and causing it to bleed afresh, with her hand touching the back of her head and a languorous and lackadaisical expression upon her face? "After the Ball" would better describe this relaxed and indolent creature.

Polyclitus is a great sculptor but not a great artist. He has formulated his art with painstaking thoroughness, but he has totally misconceived its character. He has laid down a law of proportion by which statues can be figured out with mathematical exactness, but a law which excludes that variability which distinguishes between the litheness of youth and the sluggishness of age. He defines the beautiful pose, forgetful that the pose which is appropriate to a dancer is painful to a wounded woman. He has stereotyped and petrified that whose very nature it is to be fluid, fugitive and free. As well nail fast the fluttering flag or confine the drifting mist as thus to reduce to rigid formula the artist's imagination.

How then are we to account for the extraordinary popularity of Polyclitus in ancient — more particularly in Roman — times? In part, no doubt, it was due to his splendid technique, a quality of which we have much evidence, though it is little reflected in existing copies of his works. In an age in which technical proficiency had developed rapidly on the part of many craftsmen and in comparatively small communities keenly alive to the progress made in a favorite art, enjoyment of good workmanship merely as such (a very different thing from the enjoyment of art) must have been far more general than even the most alert now experience. More than one worker in art has risen to fame purely through excellent workmanship. Witness a recent president of the Royal Academy, "that admirable painter without a spark of genius."

There is some reason to suspect that in the case of Polyclitus this fame of good workmanship was enhanced by original contributions to the science of art, perhaps new processes in modeling or casting, the overcoming of obstacles and consequent fuller and more forceful expression. Such discoveries, belonging to the domain of science rather than of art, would naturally be gratefully recognized by the craft, and would furnish occasion for that peculiar laudation with which the technical initiate delights to mystify the lay public. Note the satisfaction with which a modern painter will occasionally rave over Édouard Manet in the presence of those who see in his Olympia only a revolting wanton "whose charms might convert Don Juan himself to the monastic vow of chastity." Benighted spirits who insist upon hunting in pictures for *folks* and *things*, and do not know that painting "with full values" is the real essence of art! When the fraternity of a numerous craft conspire to overawe the uninitiated, they easily lead the many to a perilous affectation of appreciation. This age, like every other which has devoted large attention to art, developed the highbrow and the toady as by-products of its creative activity. Both were almost certainly the partisans of this *poseur* among the artists.

A much better and probably more potent reason for the popularity of Polyclitus is to be found in his subject. The peculiar interest of the Greeks in the nude figure has been fully discussed. To this popular theme Polyclitus was doubtless sincerely devoted. His masterly rendering of the human figure with conspicuous knowledge of anatomical detail gave a pleasure to his public which is never experienced now, though occasionally affected. To these very different conditions of art judgment among the ancients we must no doubt attribute in large part his extraordinary reputation. The fact that the Roman collector, who offered fabulous sums for his statues, had no real appreciation of this excellence is of course irrelevant. These later estimates were largely echoes of earlier judgments as is the estimate of "old masters" in our day.

But when all is said, these facts and conjectures do not account for the fame of Polyclitus. As a master of the nude he was hardly superior to Myron, and he totally lacked the latter's power to interpret action, while his fondness for irrelevant poses drops him far below that great master. His diagrammatic treatment of the figure and his listlessness of temper are also palpable defects. In the face of this obvious inferiority to Myron, we have still to account for the fact that he was reckoned the equal not only of the latter, but even of Phidias himself.

The explanation is to be found in his very limitations. The qualities which degraded his art were the qualities which commended him to a certain following which exists in every community, always numerous, often influential, clamorous partisans of art and its irreconcilable enemies. They are the people of logical and prosaic temperament, matter-of-fact and largely endowed with horse sense. They abominate vagueness and ambiguous suggestion. They are the people who listen to Poe's "Raven" and want to know what the raven represents, who would like to study the log book of the "Ancient Mariner," and who delight to discover that the painter of a moonlight scene has got the moon wrong side up. As art critics — and this is one of their favorite occupations — they query whether the cherubs in Raphael's Sistine are conceived as standing, or sitting on stools. Does the Parthenon frieze represent the

Panathenaic Festival or some other? Does the reclining figure that gazes upon the sunrise of Phidias represent Theseus or Ion? Of what possible use are the figures on the other side until we know whether they represent the Three Fates or some other group? How absurd of the Saxon bard to call the sea a "Swan path" when the passage of the swan leaves no permanent trace upon the water. Yet literature is such a delight, with its studies in etymology and textual criticism. Not "sermons in stones and books in the running brooks," but sermons in books and stones in the running brooks. Obviously.

The writer once enjoyed (?) a course in art criticism under a distinguished foreign specialist of this type. The first lesson is still fresh in memory. The subject was an utterly worthless study dashed off by a facile painter. In what was it painted? In oil (presumably, with some opportunity for discussion). On what was it painted? On wood. On what kind of wood? On poplar wood (with a discutable margin of uncertainty which directed careful attention to the *back* of the picture). The course was a fruitful development of similarly vital themes. It will be apparent to how little purpose the master distributed his pearls to one of his disciples.

Not one of this class was a painter or could presumably render the slightest service to art by a knowledge of the properties of poplar wood. All were seeking, for themselves or for others, that bread of life which, in fullest measure, only art can give. Of that our distinguished specialist had never tasted. In fairness to the teacher, however, it should be said that to most of these bread seekers, the proffered stones seemed highly satisfactory. The writer recently flung down with impatience a popular treatise on art which seemed a mere compendium of feebly relevant fact, remarking upon the worthlessness of such commentaries, when an experienced teacher replied: "You don't appreciate what a hunger people have for mere facts about art, no matter how irrelevant or miscellaneous — the artist's history, his technical methods, the location and probable authenticity of his alleged works, anything that is concrete and tangible." It is the same temperament, this craving for the literal, the exact, the thing that can be measured and demonstrated. It is found in class as well as teacher, and in teacher because in class.

Finally, and most important for our purpose, this is always the dominant temper within the craft itself. The terrible ordeal of the art school and the studio with their necessary hostility to the sporadic, the wanton and the careless, sternly mows down with these weeds the flowers of fancy which can alone bear the fruit of art. For every one whose inspired imagination survives the repressive discipline of the studio, there are a hundred who learn to disparage and distrust the creative fancy if they ever knew it and who emerge skilled craftsmen devoted to the mimicry of the commonplace.

If it has been impossible to characterize this class with sympathy, it is easy to recognize their importance and, in other connections, their very great value to society. Theirs is the scientific as contrasted with the artistic temperament. Fact is the ideal of the one class as fancy is that of the other. Exactness appeals to the one as vague suggestion delights the other. Each is valuable and each is wholly admirable, if only each could know — as neither ever does know — its place. What incredible vagaries the artist perpetrates in the name of science, what maddening commonplaces the scientist creates in the name of art! Both mingle in either calling and no power seems able to sort them out. The poetic fancy of the people rolls pseudo-science as a sweet morsel under its tongue. The matter-of-fact side of the popular mind acclaims with equal enthusiasm a calculated and uninspired art. The wheat and the tares grow together until the harvest, but the winnowing is thoroughly done at last.

Imagine the enthusiasm with which this scientific art public would greet a 'canon.' You start with the width of the middle finger. Delightfully definite! The foot is a certain multiple of this unit. How satisfying! And the height six times the length of the foot. Magnificent! And this fugitive element of beauty; you get it by standing on one foot and resting the other on the toes. Superb! Pegasus is at last tethered and coralled, and stands docile for our lading. All honor to him who can reduce the puzzling principles of art to a recipe. All honor to Polyclitus.

Polyclitus stands as the master technician who thus made himself unconsciously the great exponent of the prosaic and scientific temperament. As such he would have had a following in any age or place, but especially in Rome. Even in the Age of Pericles, when art was dominated as never before or since by the creative imagination, his following must have been a large one. In any other age it would have been in overwhelming majority. Even the most poetical do not utter poetry continually. Mankind seems to be made up of those who speak mostly prose and those who speak only prose. There are few of us who have not a place for Polyclitus, few whose allegiance is unswerving to the inspiration of art.

In his old age the great sculptor seems to have entered into closer rivalry with the great Phidias. For the famous sanctuary of Hera in Argos he executed a gold and ivory statue of that goddess which was ranked as equal to the Zeus of Phidias. Efforts to identify existing marble works as copies of this statue on the authority of representations on coins have resulted in a certain presumption in favor of a head in the British Museum, which rather confirms our suspicion as to the fitness of Polyclitus for this work. It took Phidias for the gods. Without disparaging unnecessarily a work of which we know so little, we need not be seriously moved by this alleged equality. It is nowhere said that the same persons were partisans of both, and that those who judged the work of Phidias merely from his rendering of the figure should have found the work of Polyclitus quite equal, is natural enough. In his own way Polyclitus was a master, and there were those who liked his way.

CHAPTER XII

ART AND THE PHILOSOPHERS. PRAXITELES AND SCOPAS.

400–338 B.C.

Like the Age of Pericles, the great age with which we have now to deal was ushered in by war. But it was not the victory-crowned struggle with Persia bringing its opportunities and its boundless exhilaration, but internecine warfare among those who had fought side by side at Salamis, a war demoralizing in its motives and disastrous in its outcome, and justly characterized by its great chronicler as "the saddest war in history." The continued development of art and the further refinement of its ideals by an Athens crippled in body and spirit can be accounted for only by the immense culture momentum of the preceding age. This phenomenon, however, has its frequent counterparts in the history of culture. The art of Venice, of Spain, of Nuremberg, attained its zenith at the moment of national adversity and decay. Indeed the frequency of this relation has suggested the theory that art is a phenomenon of social decay. The obvious truth is that the slow-ripening fruit of art often outlives the prosperity that produced it, as the harvest outlasts the summer. The great achievements of this culminating period of Greek art are but the splendid fruit of the wonderful Athenian summer.

But the art of this time, though distinctly Athenian and owning itself such, is no longer confined wholly or even chiefly to Athens. It is an age of diffusion, as the Age of Pericles was an age of concentration. Athens no longer has the tribute of an empire to spend on great monuments and must limit her patronage of art to her own modest resources. On the other hand, rivals in Sicily and Italy, in Asia and the Peloponnesus have been fired by her example and emulate her in letters, in philosophy and in art. The great sculptors of the period are neither born in Athens nor do they usually work there. We find Athenian philosophers, poets and artists in Italy, Sicily and Asia. We trace the work of Praxiteles in Olympia, in Mantinea, in Cnidus, in Cos. Great temples and monuments claim the services of Athenian sculptors in every Greek settlement. Yet in all this dispersion of Athenian energy, art was never so Athenian as now. The primacy of Athens is never disputed and she remains the clearing house of art, letters and philosophy for the Greek world. That place she retained for nearly a thousand years, and in a not unsubstantial sense she retains it still.

In the long list of distinguished sculptors of the period the names of Praxiteles and Scopas stand easily first. In technical procedure they seem to have had much in common, as was natural in an age in which the craft was well organized and discoveries made by one were speedily known to all. The change from the technical procedure of the Phidian period is noticeable in many particulars and in the aggregate is of considerable importance. The most noticeable difference is in the treatment of the eye. The socket is deeper and both the eyeball and the opening are somewhat modified, with the result that the eyes are heavily shaded and their whole expression changed. How different the impression thus produced and how much more suited to the expression of the sentiments of this age, will be apparent if we compare the Demeter of Cnidus, which forms the frontispiece of this volume, with a head of the older type like Figure 40. Many other changes are similarly significant, though perhaps less noticeable. It is less important that we should note the means by which the artist accomplishes his purpose than that we should note the purpose itself. That purpose is exceptionally clear. It is to this purpose as manifest in its broad outlines and in its individual peculiarities that we now turn.

The art of Praxiteles marks the true culmination of the Athenian spirit. In refinement, in exquisite delicacy of sentiment, which never errs on the side of obtrusiveness or excess, in serenity and repose, he has never been surpassed. That perfect equilibrium of all the forces and impulses of the individual, an equilibrium which suppresses none, but harmonizes all, was doubtless far enough from the ordinary Athenian attainment, but it was the unmistakable Athenian ideal, the aim alike of the democracy of Pericles and the philosophy of Socrates. The reach that is beyond our grasp is realized only in art.

It is fortunate for us that Praxiteles, of all the sculptors of Greece, should have been preserved to us in the form of one perfect work of unquestioned authenticity, the Hermes of Olympia (Figs. 83 and 84).

Though apparently regarded as a minor work of the great artist, if we may judge by the slight allusion of Pausanias, he was fortunately explicit as to its location and general character, and there the excavators of 1877 found it, more perfectly preserved than any other ancient work. The old temple in which it stood had been built centuries before, with wooden columns and with walls of sun-dried brick above a base of stone. Its religious character had probably somewhat lapsed when, for reasons unknown to us, the Hermes was placed just inside the entrance where Pausanias saw it five hundred years later. Four centuries more it stood, until the glory of Olympia passed and the temples were neglected and the shrine abandoned. The roof fell into disrepair and the rain trickled down the mud-brick walls and mud gathered inches deep upon the untrodden floor. Then an earthquake snapped the statue off at knees and ankles and it fell prone forward into the muddy cushion prepared for it. Arms and projecting portions were broken and carried away, perhaps to the lime kiln of the wretched village which then huddled amid pillars and monuments, but the face was perfectly preserved from injury, and the trickle of more mud from the decaying walls slowly covered the comely figure, which was thus preserved like a fly in amber. Nothing but the actual discovery of this perfect work could have revealed to us the almost incredible finish of Greek sculpture at this time, or the degree to which this finish contributed to the realization of the artist's higher purpose. A comparison of this statue with the ordinary marbles of the Roman period can alone suggest how the art of Greece is travestied in the copies through which we are obliged, for the most part, to make our acquaintance with Greek art.

The statue represents Hermes holding the young Dionysus upon his left arm, while with his right arm (now missing) he dangled before the child a bunch of grapes. The god leans upon a tree trunk over which his garment is cast, and the attitude suggests complete serenity and repose. The eyes are dreamy and the thoughts are far away.

The greatness of this statue is universally recognized, but the work has not escaped criticism or controversy. The careful observer will note several peculiarities which call for explanation. For instance, while the figure of Hermes is magnificently conceived and finished with superlative care, the infant Dionysus is indifferently represented. Small, expressionless and sketchily treated, it has been pronounced by some critics a failure. There are those, too, who see in the absent-minded expression of the Hermes a defect. He is holding the child and purports to be devoting himself to its entertainment, but he is plainly otherwise occupied. Again, the notion of a bunch of grapes dangled in the foreground is disturbing to those who desire a perfect unity, a single center of attention and interest. As the grapes and arm are now missing, reverent criticism is usually directed against the current interpretation, rather than against the work itself. We are told that the missing arm must be otherwise conceived, that it could not have held any such obtrusive and distracting object. It is clear that these criticisms are based on real difficulties, and yet that they are somewhat in conflict with one another. It is deemed impossible that Praxiteles should have

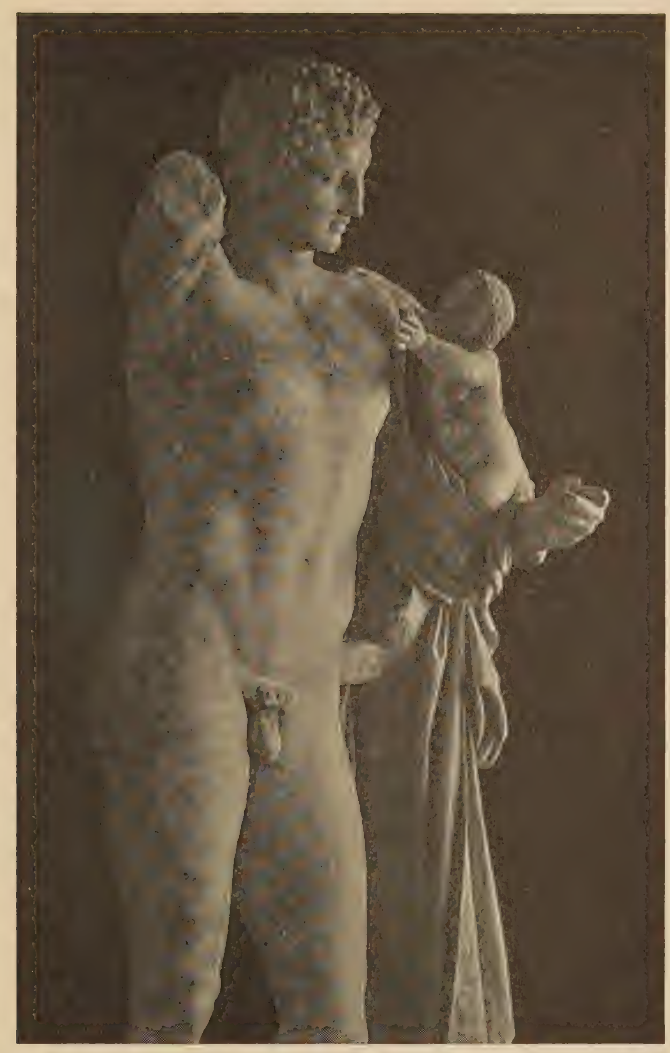

Fig. 83. — Hermes of Praxiteles. Museum, Olympia.

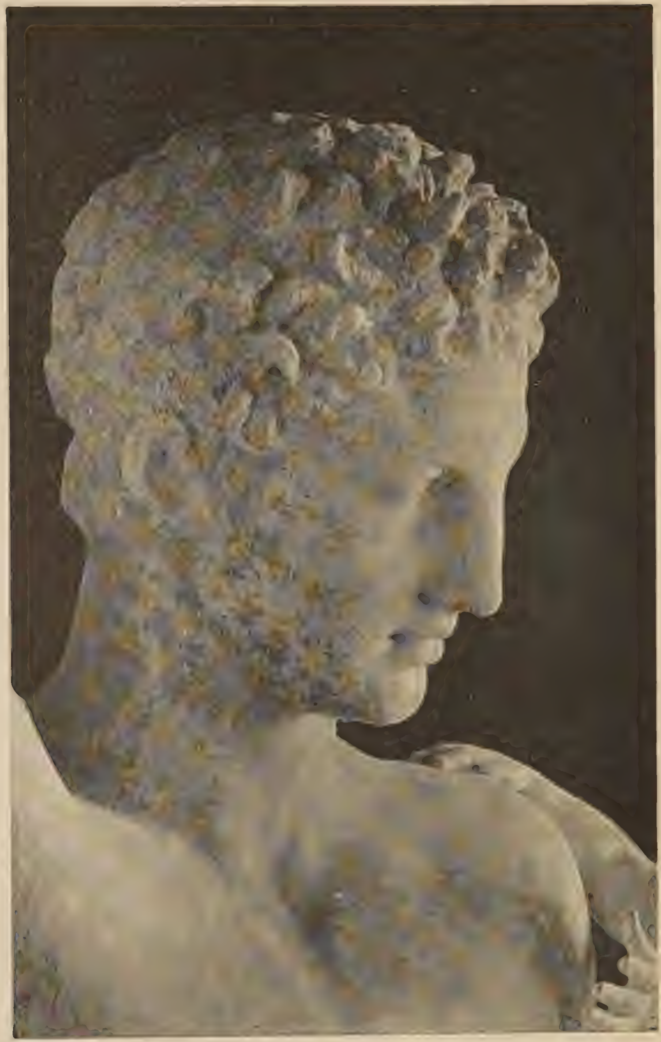

Fig. 84. — Head of Hermes. Museum, Olympia.

distracted attention from the face of Hermes by a dangling bunch of grapes, and yet a glance at the child shows that the hand held *something* at which the infant eagerly grasps, and therefore something which presumably attracted attention quite as much as the grapes. This something being demonstrable, can we think of anything more innocent than grapes?

While the artist is criticized for giving too much prominence to grapes, he is criticized for giving too little prominence to the child. For it is plain that a more careful study of the child, involving the perfect finish and significant expression which characterizes the Hermes, would have produced exactly the result which the critic of the grapes so deprecates.

Let us see if we cannot get away from this jar of discordant criticism by contemplating the work in somewhat longer perspective. To do this we must recall the environment of art at this time. The technique of art is evolved in the studio. A craftsman invents a new tool, a painter discovers a new medium, and forthwith the new discovery becomes the property of his fellows. To this evolution the general public contributes little. But the content of art, its sentiments and ideals, are mainly evolved outside the studio. Members of the craft make their contribution, but rather as men than as artists. Broadly speaking, the form of art is a technical product and the content of art a social product. It may seem as if a Monet had taught the world to love nature in a new aspect, but it is significant that there was no Monet until the world had been steeped for a century in natural science. The new nature poetry of Tennyson is another product of the same far-reaching cause. The artist works, and must always work, as though he stood alone in the universe and knew no law except his own unfettered fancy, but the ideals which he seems to create have in fact been for generations in process of slow elaboration, shaped by many outside forces.

Never was this so true as in the period which we are now considering. Important as was the technical evolution of the period, it quite fails to give us the key to the great changes which now take place in art. These changes reflect the marvelous intellectual and spiritual environment of this incomparable age. The statues of the time were modeled in the studios of the sculptors, but their ideals were fashioned in the schools of the philosophers.

It is doubtful whether by an exercise of our powers we can fully appreciate the change which took place in Athens in this eventful century. The change was nothing less than a spiritual transformation. Under the lead of Pericles the city had changed from a provincial community to the capital of an empire, with corresponding enlargement of horizon and broadening of political philosophy, a result shared by all, under the intense schooling of the great democratic Assembly. Phidias had lifted art from the religious fetish and the fashion-plate portrait to the level of the loftiest ideal poetry, devoted no longer as in Egypt to the accidents of individual or race type, but to *ideas*, things of spirit rather than of flesh, which are henceforth to be its highest themes. Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides have led the drama from the nature myth of Prometheus to the legend of Œdipus, the history of Salamis, and, finally, by an innovation whose daring we can scarcely appreciate, to fiction, the indispensable medium for the treatment of the many-sided problem of modern life. Oratory had reached its zenith in the stately eloquence of Pericles, and poetry had set speech to music. Above all, philosophy in the master hands of Zeno and Socrates and Plato had wrought its unrivaled work. How far-reaching was the influence of these teachers we may judge from the satires of Aristophanes, that protagonist of the old order and worshiper of Aristides and Cimon, and with him the hatred of the new order which he saw everywhere triumphing became an obsession. Still more conclusive is the attack upon Socrates, whose death gave evidence of his influence and impetus to his spiritual propaganda. To all of this must be added the fact that he bequeathed his task to an even greater disciple, who was able through a long life to conserve and to augment his influence.

Nor was the development merely æsthetic and intellectual, as is so often assumed. It was an age that produced great hearts as well as great heads, and its dream of the gods was not more beautiful than its dream of a glorified humanity. It was an age which built its hospital alongside its Parthenon and recorded upon temple walls the manumission of its slaves. It was an age that incurred ridicule for its sentiment toward the weak and its efforts to exalt the common man. It knew war in its utmost horror, yet forgave treason that had never known forgiveness, and changed from vengeance to mercy under the pleadings of conscience in a night. Let whoever will, record the commonplace fact that the age was human. It is the more grateful and the more significant task to recall that it was superhuman.

It was to this transformed and spiritualized Athens, an Athens whose thought was philosophy, whose speech was poetry and whose life was sentiment, that the artists of the new age were to make their appeal. Not every Athenian was a poet or an idealist or a philosopher, but most tried to be and the rest pretended to be, save a few irreconcilables like Aristophanes. Doubtless conduct was far enough from squaring with the new ideals, but conduct is not the only reality. Nothing is more real than our ideals, or more certain in the long run to dominate all other realities. It is these ideals which are the subject matter of art. The artist is not a newspaper reporter condemned to collect the miscellany of life, but the interpreter of the ideals of his age. These he interprets whether he will or no, for in them he lives and moves and has his being.

The Hermes is dreamy and his thoughts are far away. He dangles automatically the grapes at which the infant grasps, unconscious of both infant and grapes. His attitude is one of complete repose, a repose which almost etherealizes the body from whose muscles all tension disappears. Even thought seems to wander effortless out to the confines of time and space. Could anything better express the spiritual Athens to which the art of Praxiteles owes its birth? Does not the dreamy Hermes recall the story of Socrates as he stopped in his morning walk, his thought fixed on the great idea which had taken possession of his mind. And still he stood, till the sun climbed high and sank behind the hills, till the stars came out and paled in the morning light, and then when the sun came above the horizon he uttered a prayer to the god and went home. The transfigured Hermes whose frame seems clothed upon with spirit recalls the transfigured Athens of philosophic thought and prophetic vision, the perfect poise of spirit and equilibrium of impulse so earnestly sought by statesman and philosopher. The unheeded child and the dangled plaything suggest those nearer prosaic interests of Athens whose neglect was the occasion of Aristophanes' satire and Demosthenes' exhortation. With what consummate skill has the artist subordinated these accessories, reducing the child, as he certainly did, and the object of its eager attention, to a mere hint, incapable of distracting an attention which is due to the god alone. It is characteristic of the total failure of modern criticism to appreciate the philosophic idealism of the age and the exigencies thus imposed upon art, that it sees in the dreamy contemplativeness of the Hermes a defect, in the subordination of the child a failure, and in the dangled object which the uninspired imagination reconstructs with inconsistent vividness, an insufferable distraction. A more perfect child would mean less perfect art. The child is and should be unnoticed, and unless the lesson of the child is misleading, if the grapes were there we should not see the grapes.

In suggesting these analogies, however, it is well to anticipate a possible misunderstanding. "What!" it may be asked, "is the Hermes then an allegory, a group of symbols to be related to outside things by a mental identification key? Did the artist think of these analogies when he made his statue?" Most certainly *not*. The use of art as a sort of cipher language to convey intellectual concepts which are held in the mind as such is fatal to its true character. The true artist makes his statue

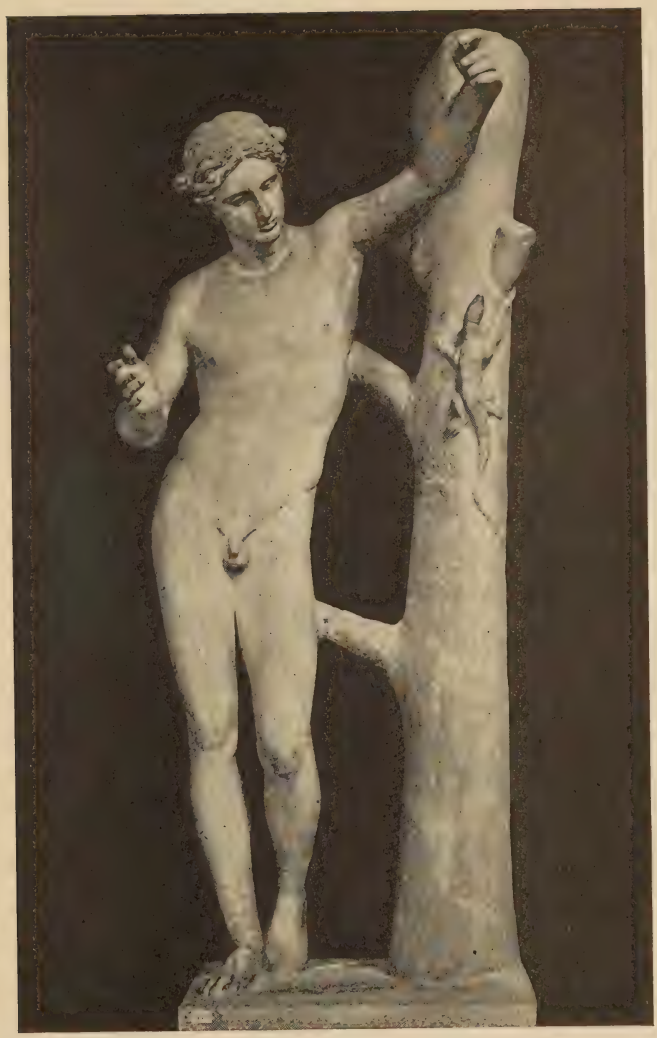

FIG. 85.—Apollo Sauroctonus. Louvre, Paris.

or his picture thus and so because he must. He does not know why. He is lured on by a vision which appeals to him and will not be denied. Praxiteles made the Hermes thus because he liked him better so. But there is a reason for his vision and for his liking. It is not for him to know the reason. If he vivisects his visions they are apt to forsake him. It is for us to find the reason why he saw things as he did and why he liked them as he saw them. If we lived in his age and were surrounded by the same environment of ideas and emotions, we should understand his visions and his ideals without explanation, limited only by our lesser powers. But when we contemplate the art of another age, whose interests and predilections are unlike our own, we must by diligent study reconstruct this age until we have been admitted into its spiritual citizenship and feel at home among its ideals. Praxiteles, like every true artist, had no other thought than to express beauty as he saw it. But what is beauty? It differs with every person, time and place, according to the environment and the spiritual development of men. The art of Pisistratus defined it in terms of ornament and clothes. In the age following it was a matter of physical perfection. In the time of Phidias the ideal was sublimity, rhythm and poetry. In the new age none of these ideals prevail. Beauty is a matter of sentiment and spiritual subtlety. The preoccupation of the age was philosophic contemplation. If Socrates could be lost to the world for a day and a night in the contemplation of an idea, lesser periods of abstraction must have been common among the large public who felt his influence, while affectation would add its momentum to the ruling passion. It became impossible for the Athenians to conceive of the highest beauty untinged by reverie and sentiment.

Even if Praxiteles had not been in temperamental sympathy with this tendency he could hardly have escaped its influence. The indications are, however, that he was a child of his time, proud of its achievements, and in sympathy with its ideals. His vision of beauty was thus the vision of his people and his

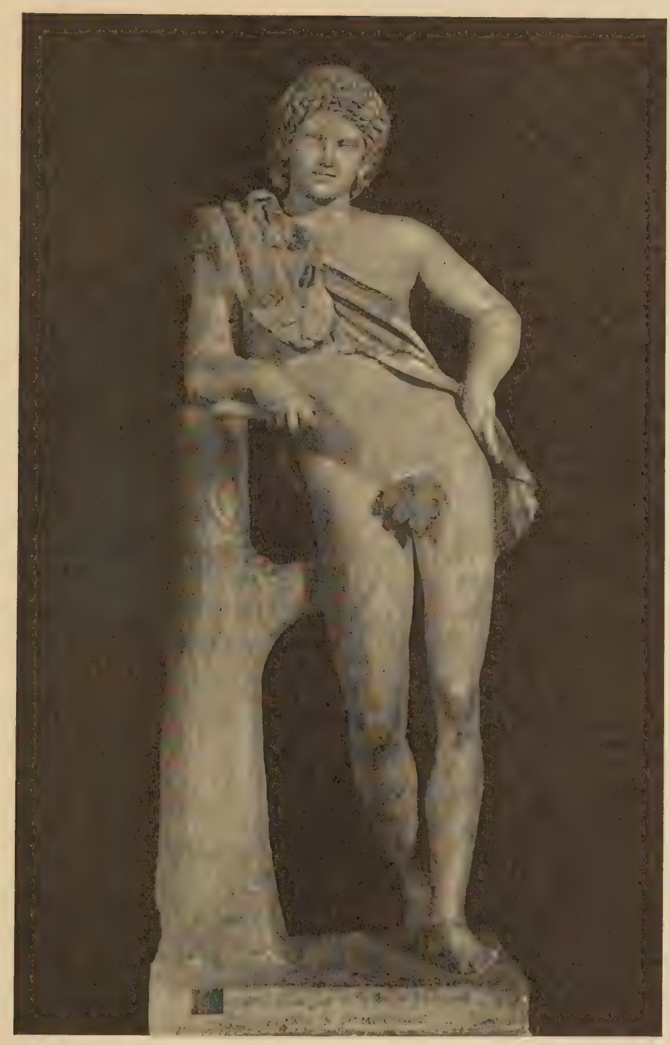

FIG. 86. — Satyr ("Marble Faun"). Capitoline Museum, Rome.

time, and in the Hermes he reveals the spirit of Athens as transfigured by Socrates and Plato.

Of the many other recorded works of Praxiteles our knowledge is much less satisfactory. Several of them are easily recognized in Roman copies, whose degraded character suggests little kinship with the Hermes save in the attitude of exquisite repose which is at once his invention and the revelation of his spirit. The Apollo Sauroctonus (Fig. 85) is a graceful youth who leans against a tree trunk and transfixes the lizard that climbs upon it. The Satyr, preserved in many indifferent copies and in one shattered torso so far superior as to raise the query whether it be not the original, a smiling, care-free youth who leans like the Hermes, but knows naught of his preoccupations, has acquired literary notoriety as the "Marble Faun" of Hawthorne (Fig. 86). It is necessary that the trained imagination transfigure these coarsened forms with the finer feeling, the subtler sentiment and exquisite finish of the Hermes before we can see in them the art of Praxiteles.

Of all his works, however, none enjoyed the reputation in antiquity of the Aphrodite of Cnidus (Figs. 87 and 88). It is related that the inhabitants of Cos sought a statue of this goddess from his hand and that in defiance of precedent he represented her as nude. Even more, it was possible to recognize in her features a portrait of Phryne, the most gifted and beautiful adventuress of the period, whose favor Praxiteles at this time monopolized. The sculptor seems to have appreciated the hardihood of his innovation, and fearing lest the statue be refused, he at the same time executed a draped statue and gave his patrons their choice. His precaution seems to have been justified, for they chose the draped figure. Thereupon, the rival city of Cnidus, situated just across the narrow strait, hastened to secure the nude statue. It was this statue rather than the other — this statue far more than any other of his works — which won for Praxiteles the admiration of posterity. Pilgrims went to Cnidus to admire rather than to worship, and the statue won for itself

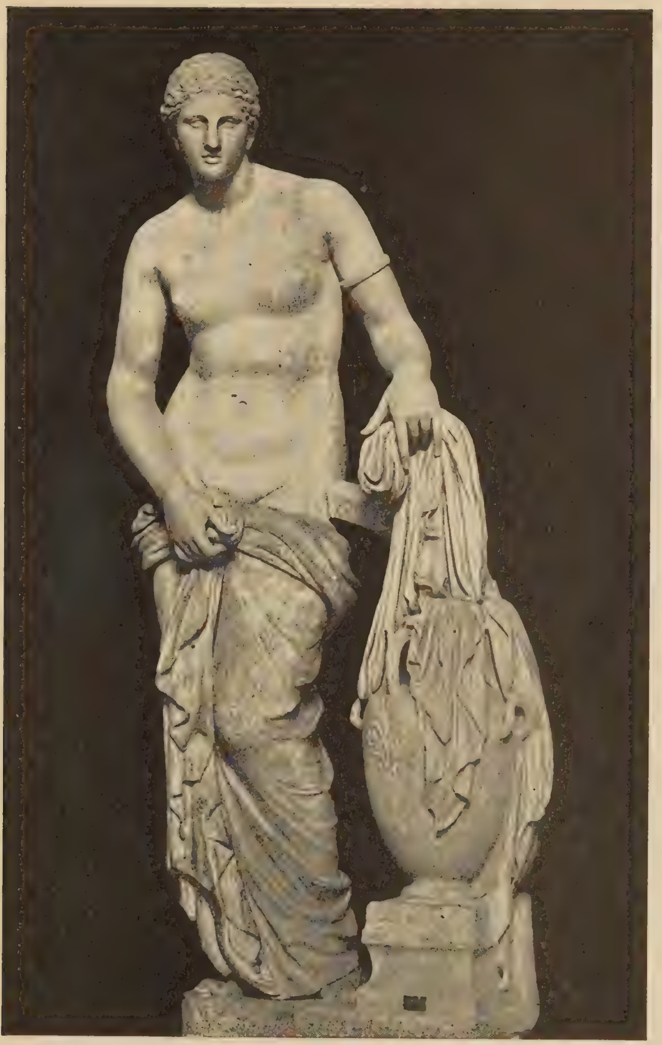

FIG. 87. — Aphrodite of Cnidus (copy). Vatican, Rome.

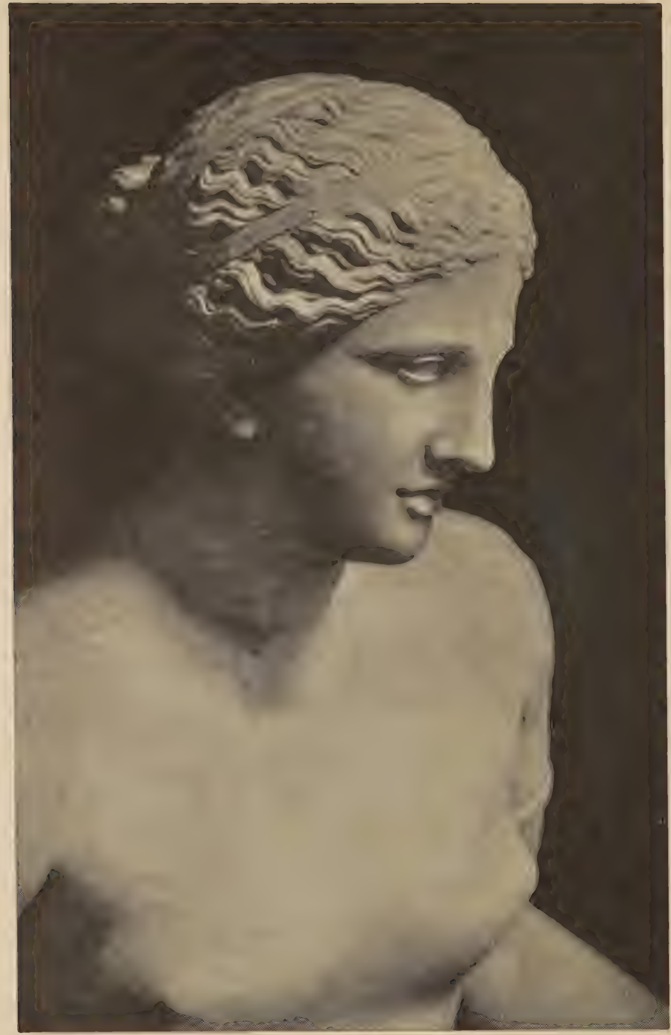

FIG. 88. — Head of Aphrodite of Cnidus. Vatican, Rome.

the unenviable reputation accorded to "the world's twelve great masterpieces," a reputation which destroys appreciation by its arrogance and dogmatism. Between the slavish homage of the docile and the silly reaction of the contrary, where should we find to-day an unbiased jury to pass judgment on the merits of the Sistine Madonna? The Cnidian Aphrodite seems to have suffered a like popularity in its day. Indeed, the analogy goes accidentally somewhat farther. Each work is an idealized portrait of a woman whose relation to the artist was a delicate one; each presents a familiar theme in a wholly novel way and each has been the object of immoderate and unintelligent favor. This favor is reflected, in the case of the Aphrodite, in numerous copies which have come down to us wholly or in part, and in still more numerous works which reflect the character of the original. Of the copies, the best is in the Vatican. It is abysmally below the standard of Praxiteles, and the Pope who had it partly covered with painted metal drapery might have had other than moral reasons for his act. The face, despite its unsatisfactory rendering, is one of surpassing beauty. The pose, though not the one with which the other works have made us familiar, is characterized by exquisite relaxation and ease, mildly complicated by a modest consciousness of nudity which is not carried to the painful point of apology or embarrassment. That exquisite play of the subtler psychic forces which characterizes Praxiteles is observable even in this dim reflection of his art.

In estimating the art of Praxiteles we must first of all make abstraction of the moral problem involved in the relation between the artist and his model. Sentiment has changed much since that time, even since Raphael's time, in regard to such relations, but whatever the tolerance or the reprehension of society, the relation is irrelevant. There can be no question that the model was chosen for æsthetic reasons, and that the artist excluded from his work all suggestion of illicit passion. Art loses everything and morals gain nothing by obtruding our moral convictions into our judgment of the Sistine. The significant thing is not that Raphael painted a frail woman, but that he made her a Madonna. All that we know of Praxiteles justifies the conclusion that he brought to his work the same transforming spirit. The statue was not Phryne but Aphrodite. Nor may we for a moment defile our image of the goddess by the base prejudice of a later age. We are the unfortunate heirs of Roman tradition and still more of Christian protest against later and degenerate forms of a cult, the early beauty and purity of which had been lost. Let us not forget that to the Greek Aphrodite was not the goddess of lust but the fair self-renewing power of nature. Such was the Cnidian of Praxiteles.

Our problem thus cleared of extraneous factors, we are prepared more fully to estimate the work of Praxiteles. Of its technical perfection, its refinement, its serenity and repose enough has been said. These are very high qualities in art, and no art has ever manifested them in higher form than the art of Praxiteles. But it is impossible to overlook the change which has taken place in the concepts of art since the time of Phidias. Of the venerableness and majesty which characterized the great Zeus of Olympia no trace remains. Zeus is in fact not a popular theme. Other gods to whom imagination had attributed a different type of beauty are preferred, and these in turn are further modified in the interest of youth and beauty of a less austere type. The significance of this change is not theological. Indeed, its significance lies rather in the fact that theology has nothing to do with it. Theology has simply ceased to concern itself with the gods, who thus become plastic in the hands of art. It was not the theology of the time which craved expression in the form of a graceful, languid youth killing lizards on a tree trunk, or pensively dangling grapes to amuse an infant. Art has slipped its tether, a tether never very tightly held in Greece, and it follows where the vision leads, careless upon what preserves it poaches. Art is not wanton — not half so wanton as the art of a monk like Fra Lippo — but art has the field.

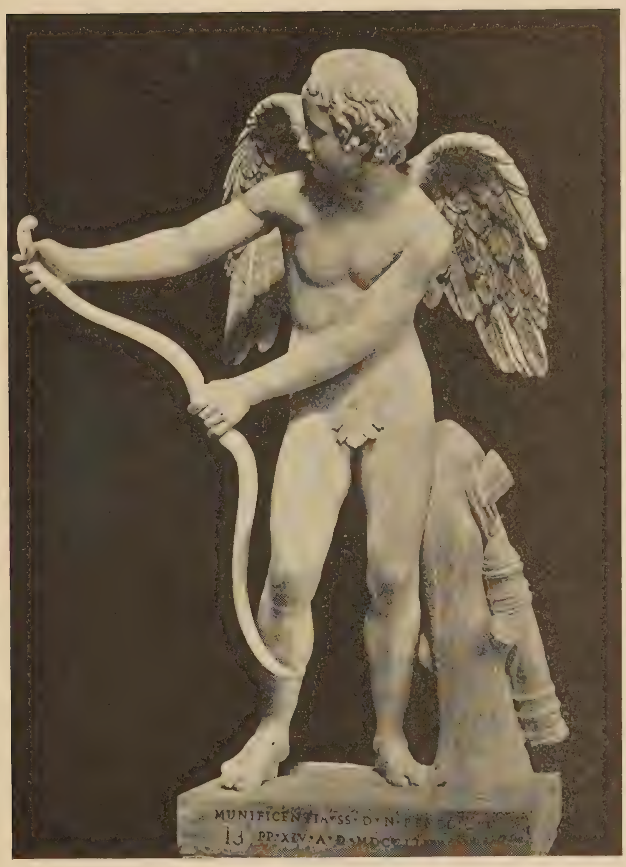
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Fig. 89. — Eros with the Bow. Vatican, Rome.

These are not Marathon days, and the great gods of Phidias are ill-suited to the subtle refinement and delicacy of this gentler age. Concede as we must that a nude Aphrodite was ill-judged, and that the artist in this attempt overestimated his audience and invited for his work a depraved popularity, there can be no shadow of doubt that his purpose was purely one of art, and that he sought to express through the delicate form of a woman a sentiment still more exquisite, a sensitiveness even more tender than that which exalts the Hermes to the first place among the statues of this age. It is only to be regretted that the eye of the beholder is so seldom single to the spirit of art.

A considerable number of works of this period show unmistakable kinship with the art of Praxiteles. Such are the Eros with the bow and the Eros Centocelle (Figs. 89 and 90), the latter a singularly pure and beautiful work which we could but wish might be identified with Praxiteles' famous work of the same name, disclosed by the ruse of Phryne as the master's favorite among all his children of the spirit. But above them all, and ranking with the Hermes itself, is the wonderful Demeter of Cnidus, perhaps the noblest creation of fourth-century art (Fig. 91). (See also frontispiece.) Comment on such a face is futile. Nothing but long-continued contemplation, by varying light and in varying moods, can reveal its deeper meaning. Suppose that a Christian sculptor had wrought this figure and set the child upon her knee. Would not a devout Christendom have acclaimed this as the supreme revelation of divine tenderness and maternal love. But no Christian artist either wrought or conceived such a Madonna as this. Compare with such a vision as this the coldly mundane beauties of Titian, the emotionless placidity of Raphael, the joyless pathos of Michelangelo, even the spiritual beauty of Giorgione, and the hopeless inadequacy of the Christian artist in expressing his own ideal is at once apparent, while the purposeless subtleties of a Mona Lisa degenerate into irritating impertinence. Not fifteen centuries after Calvary, but four

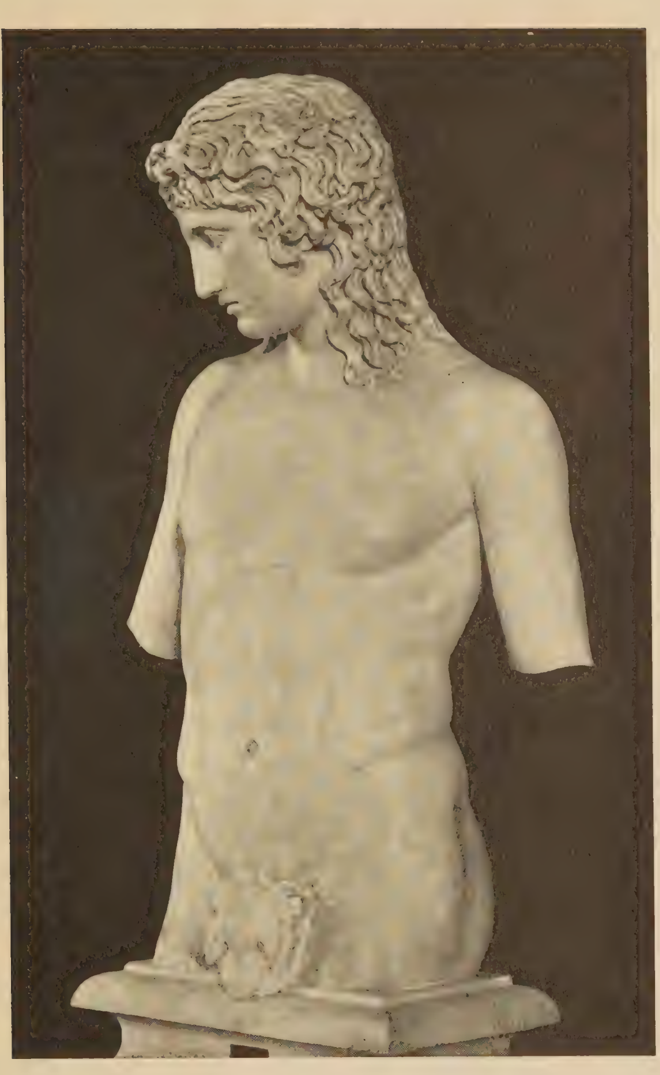

FIG. 90.—Eros Centocelle. Vatican, Rome.

centuries before, the Christian ideal found its most perfect expression.

The work of Scopas is less known to us than that of Praxiteles, but it seems to have enjoyed an almost equal reputation in antiquity. Technically it has much in common with the work of his great contemporary, but such evidence as we possess points to a very different personality. That his art was subtle and subjective, highly charged with sentiment and the philosophic temper of the time, was inevitable, and is clearly indicated in ancient comments and extant remains. But the perfect equilibrium and serenity which are never far absent from the mind of Praxiteles are not the ideal of Scopas. He is fond of action and dramatic situation. The deeper eye sockets with which Praxiteles has made us familiar now lend themselves to the expression of pathos, a relatively new theme in Greek art. Thus while Praxiteles stands as the culmination of the earlier tendencies in art, Scopas stands as the initiator of the new. In a sense there is an analogy between these two great exponents of Greek art and the two chief figures of the Renaissance. Praxiteles was the Raphael of the Greeks in his serenity and refinement, only an infinitely greater Raphael. Less closely, Scopas resembles Michelangelo, but a lesser Michelangelo. The analogy goes farther, for Praxiteles like Raphael seems to have closed the great development which he represents, leaving few to imitate and none to emulate him, while Scopas like Michelangelo began a new movement which went far beyond his warrant or his sympathy.

Scopas is recorded as having executed a temple pediment in Tegea, in the central Peloponnesus, representing the Calydonian boar hunt, a story whose tragic sequel is suggestive of Scopas' predilection. Diligent search has recovered a few sorry fragments of this composition, too battered to be very meaningful to any but the practiced eye, but clearly indicating the new temper of the artist. His more distinguished service, however, was in connection with the building of two of the greatest monu-

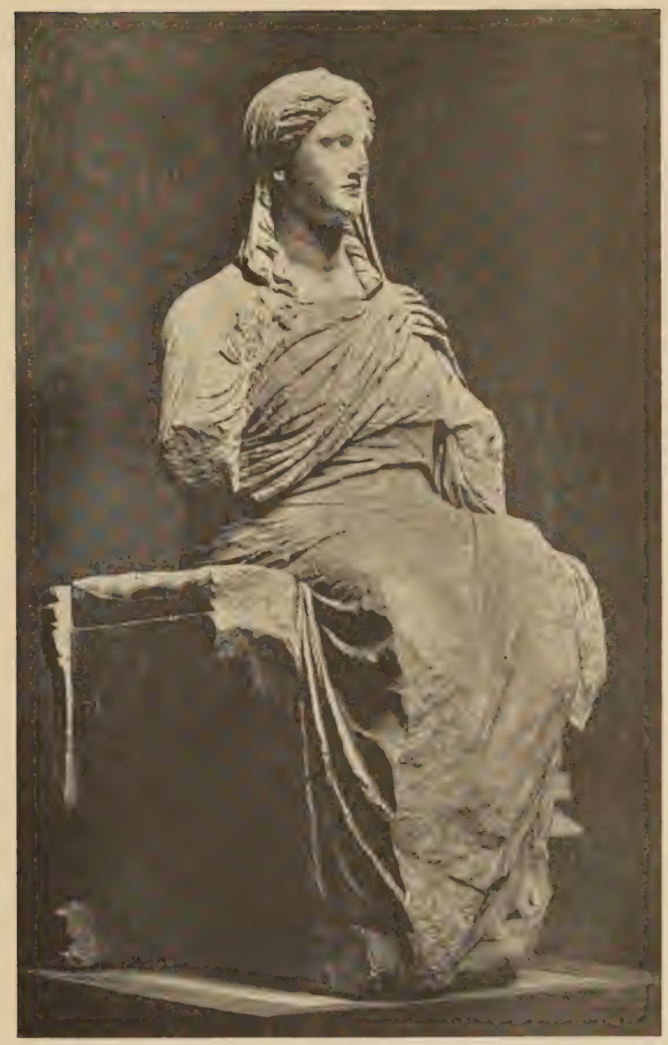

Fig. 91. — Demeter of Cnidus. British Museum, London.

ments of the age, the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus and the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, both of them later accounted among the seven wonders of the world. The former was a vast temple-like tomb in the Ionic order, but built square, with a pyramidal roof retreating step-wise on all sides to a flattened point on which stood a group of sculpture. Other statues or groups stood between the columns, and above the architrave in the place of the Doric triglyphs and metopes was the usual sculptured Ionic frieze. The interior was adorned with further sculpture, the nature and location of which are now unknown. Four great sculptors are said to have been intrusted with the work, which they distributed equitably among themselves, each taking one side. Of these sculptors Scopas was one. As Queen Artemisia, who was building this tomb as a memorial to her husband, died while the work was in progress and funds were suddenly cut off, the sculptors are said to have finished the work at their own expense, doubtless a literary hyperbole, but suggestive of the importance attributed to the work by the public and possibly by themselves.

The splendid monument fell a victim to the barbarism of the Crusaders, whose chronicler naïvely records how they broke into the building and "admired and destroyed" the sculptures within. Of its materials was constructed a fortress still used by the Turks and largely balking the efforts of the modern excavator. Not a little has been recovered, however, including the colossal group of King Mausolus and his queen, and a considerable portion of the frieze (Figs. 92–95) which has been uncertainly identified as the work of Scopas. It represents the familiar battle between Greeks and Amazons, all of immense vivacity and dramatic power, but even were the identification certain, it is obvious that it would not be representative of the art of Scopas in any such sense as the Hermes reveals the art of Praxiteles.

The Temple of Artemis has yielded nobler though fewer and less identified remains. As previously stated, the great columns

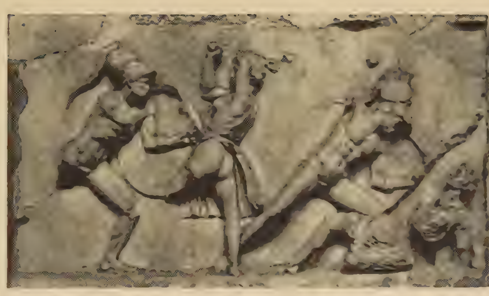

Fig. 92.

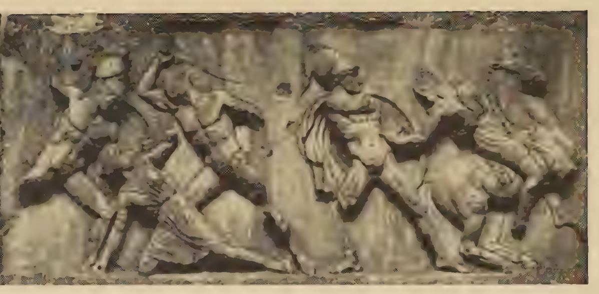

Fig. 93.

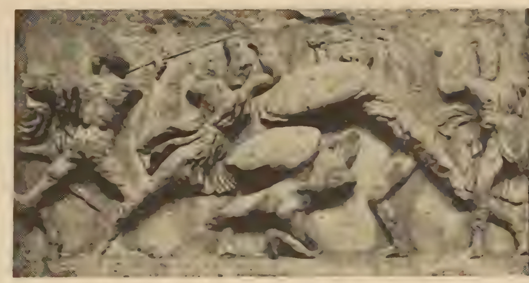

Fig. 94.

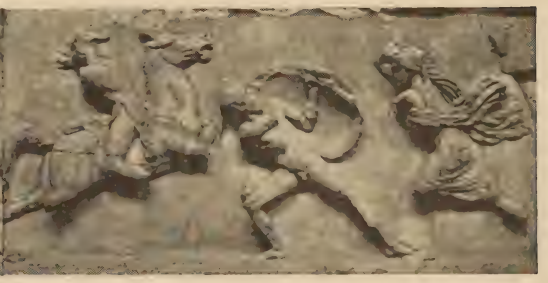

Fig. 95.

Slabs from the Frieze of the Mausoleum. British Museum, London.

of the Ionic order do not rest upon the temple platform, but are perched high on a double, sculptured base. There was first of all a huge cube, on the four faces of which were sculptured in high relief figures in motion. Above this, and slightly smaller in diameter, was a cylinder, around which were represented in lower relief figures circling in exquisite grace. A single base of this kind (Fig. 96) has been discovered and now finds a place of honor in the British Museum. There is little warrant for attributing this single fragment of so vast a work to Scopas, though he is known to have made his contribution to the work, but his reputation certainly would not suffer from such an attribution. The grace of these figures, executed in sketchy, decorative style, shows at once the artist's perfect mastery of his ideal and his power to subordinate his skill to the larger purposes of art. The writer, who saw this masterly fragment installed in the British Museum, remembers still the thrill of emotion with which he saw in the youthful Hermes of the upper base his first revelation of the perfect grace of Greek art.

Tradition has loosely associated with the name of Scopas the group of Niobe and her children. According to the myth Niobe had boasted that she was entitled to greater honor because of her many children than was Leto, the mother of only Apollo and Artemis. This was an affront not to be forgiven by the gods, in whom, to the popular mind, jealousy was an unbeautiful but ever-present characteristic, and her children were slain by their avenging arrows. The group represented the helpless mother trying to protect her youngest child while the others fled from the impending doom or fell beneath the darts of the gods. The group seems later to have been transported to Rome, where it met the usual unrecorded fate, but not until it had been much copied, its individual figures probably serving as comparatively meaningless ornaments in Roman private collections. From these copies, much restored in the usual unfortunate manner, the entire group has been tentatively reconstructed, and now forms one of the prominent attrac-

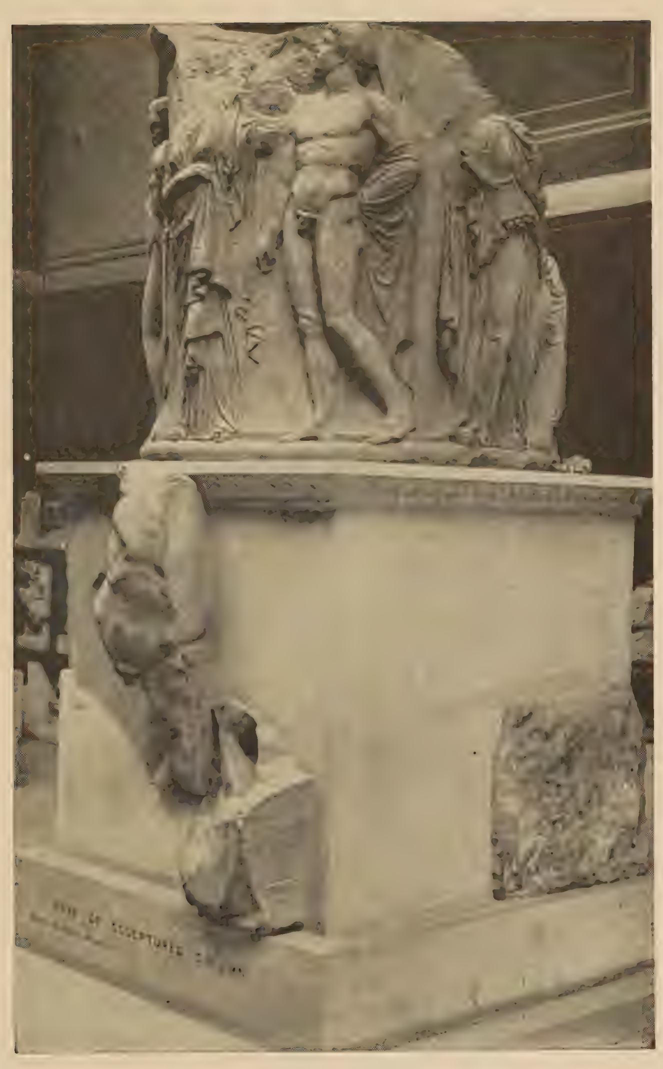

Fig. 96. — Base of a Column from Ephesus.
British Museum, London.

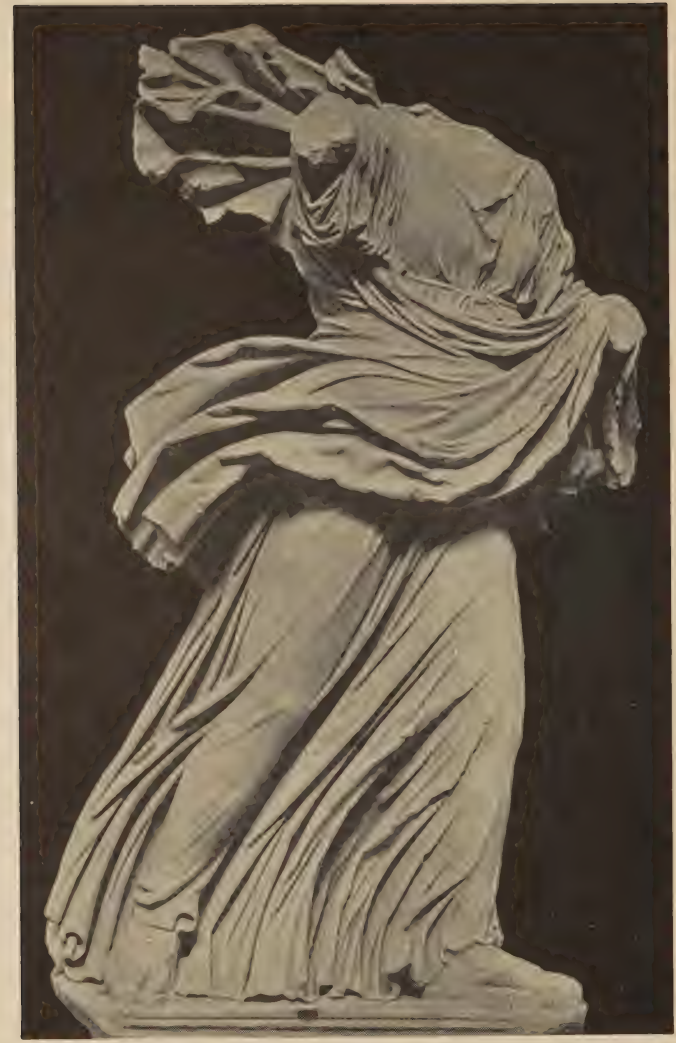

FIG. 97. — Niobid Chiaramonti. Vatican, Rome.

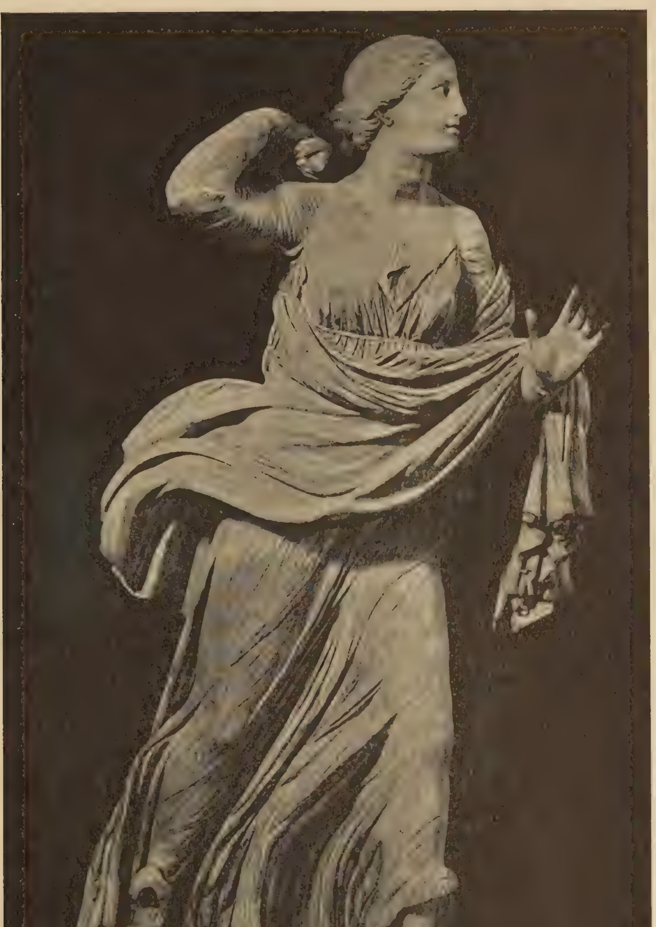

Fig. 98.—Niobid. Roman Copy. Uffizi, Florence.

tions of the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. A single headless figure (Fig. 97), fortunately without disfiguring restorations, which now graces the great Vatican collection, is so far superior to all others and so in harmony with the style of Greek sculpture of this period, that we can hardly hesitate to regard it as part of the original group. It is a work of the highest merit and is perhaps the finest that the Vatican possesses. Its magnificent vigor and dramatic sincerity, its powerful style, with deep cloven folds and bold contrasts of light and shadow, stamp it as the work of a master who was able to conceive his theme simply and express it forcefully, with perfect consciousness of the physical problems of location and vision. It is almost ungracious to compare this magnificent figure with its emasculated Roman copy (Fig. 98), the bold lines all toned down, the great folds of drapery covered over with a host of petty ripples and the garment's hem kicked up into the inevitable rain-gutter frill which seems to have been almost the sign manual of the Roman copyist at this time. Had we always original and copy thus paired, the copy might always be ignored. But alas, for the most part we have only the copy. It thus becomes our painful duty to study these Roman mannerisms and learn to dissociate them from the Greek work which they clothe with their heavy disguise. For this purpose the present comparison is especially valuable.

Pliny, who saw the original group in Rome, records that it was the work of either Praxiteles or Scopas, it was not clear which. Later critics, mindful only of technical characteristics in the evolution of art, have expressed a like incredible hesitancy. It is unthinkable that an artist whose temperament is expressed in figures so permeated with repose as the Hermes, the Apollo Sauroctonos, the Satyr, and whose influence is recognized in the Eros and the Demeter, should have chosen this tragic theme and executed this dramatic figure quivering with passionate emotion. Such a theme, however, fits perfectly into the program of Scopas. The child of Niobe is wholly in

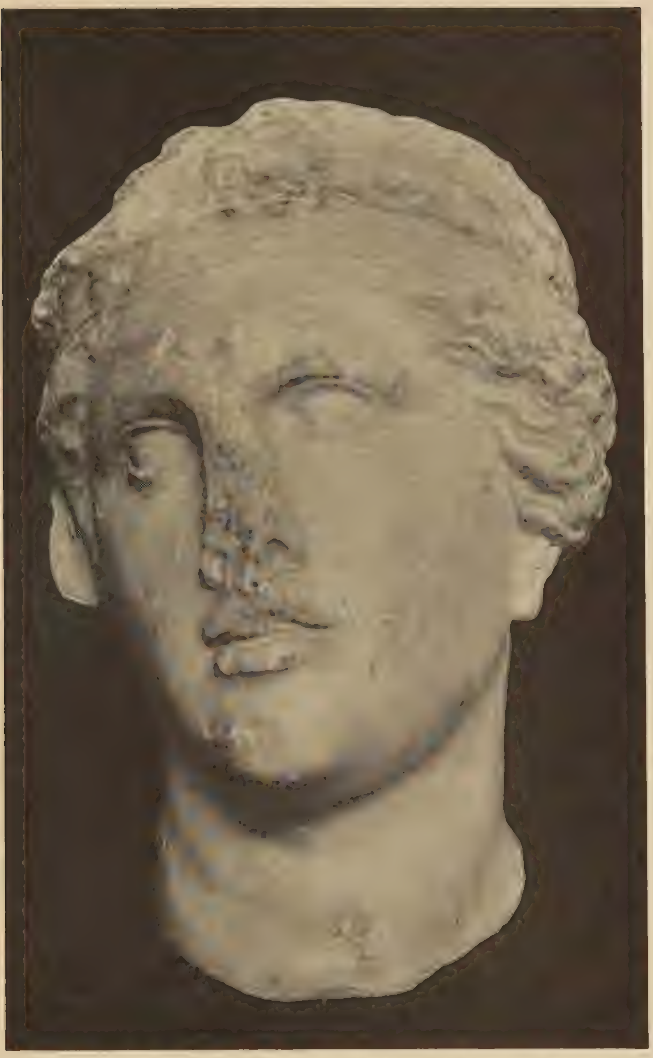

FIG. 99. — Head of a Woman. National Museum, Athens.

sympathy with the vehement action of the Mausoleum frieze and the deep pathos which still characterizes the shattered heads from Tegea. It is representative of a new spirit which appears in Greek art at this time, a spirit isolated at first, but soon to become dominant.

We see, as through a glass darkly, this new and creative spirit in the art of this age. As in the case of Praxiteles, works in the spirit of Scopas tempt to a daring attribution. Such is the beautiful head of Aphrodite (Fig. 99) in the National Museum at Athens. The attitude is mobile and transitional rather than reposeful, and the expression of mild vivacity is in marked contrast with the contemplative reverie of the Hermes, or the spiritual calm of the Demeter. Technical peculiarities also suggest his manner, but we cannot argue with certainty from either.

Easier is it to trace his influence in the ever more dramatic and finally sensational art of later times. The present felt his influence and the future owned his sway. As the serenity of Praxiteles voices the complacency of the Greek ideals, so the pathos and dramatic intensity of Scopas speaks of the new unrest. Together they reveal the Athens of Socrates and Plato.

CHAPTER XIII

THE DIFFUSION OF ART. GREEK MEMORIALS TO THE DEAD

It was noted at the beginning of the preceding chapter that art is no longer confined to Athens and Argos, but that it is widely distributed and finds patronage in many new centers. To this outward diffusion of art was added another, less noticeable but in reality far more important, namely, its diffusion downward into the humbler walks of life, and its patronage by larger but less prominent classes. This popularization of art is always the true test of art development and is in a sense the best measure of its usefulness. If we were asked to prove that the Athenians were an artistic people, the Parthenon would furnish but feeble evidence. The Parthenon is art — that is beyond contradiction — but in itself it offers no proof that it represents the taste of the Athenians. It speaks much for Phidias, much for Pericles and his circle of the elect, but for Athens we must seek other witnesses. We must get the testimony of the well-to-do middle classes, whose wealth too often but reveals the vulgarity which penury had hidden, and the witness of the poor, among whom the art impulse is most naïve. He who would know the mind of the Greek should study the Greek kitchen utensils from Pompeii bought for the use of a slave, or the gravestones from a Greek cemetery, which reflect the taste of the middle classes.

Greek gravestones have come down to us from many periods and many localities. We are fortunate, however, in recovering in rare preservation an unusual number of these monuments from the most important of all Greek cemeteries, that of the Ceramicus, just outside the walls of Athens, and on either side of the busy street which led to the Piræus. Here, during the civil wars, Sulla built a huge ramp for the conduct of siege operations, piling up earth and gravestones together, to the great advantage of the latter, which were thus preserved in considerable numbers. Among the monuments recovered by modern excavations are none of those which Pausanias saw here, erected to distinguished personages like Pericles and Euripides. All are apparently private memorials indicative of nothing more than the taste and sentiment of the average Athenian family of wealth. Much as we may regret the loss of the more distinguished monuments, we may congratulate ourselves on possessing this representative collection of middle-class art, a collection especially rich in fourth-century examples.

The erection of an upright stone or slab at the head of a grave to commemorate the deceased is so familiar to us that the custom seems to require no explanation. The custom is in fact neither universal nor very natural. A large portion of mankind have used and still use a horizontal slab covering the grave for commemorative purpose. The upright slab or headstone is a curious derivative from the false door of the Egyptian tomb chamber (Fig. 100). The true entrance to the tomb chamber was carefully concealed, but a false or symbolical door, hewn in the wall of the tomb chapel, deeply recessed and paneled, through which the spirit of the dead person was believed to be able to pass, was an indispensable feature of these imposing structures from the earliest times. Upon this door were represented the offerings to the dead, his servants at work and in waiting, while on the threshold often appeared the dead man himself as a vividly realistic statue to receive the homage and the offerings brought to him there.

Gradually the door becomes nominal, the recess shallower, the panels barely outlined, and inscriptions finally cross these lines with impunity. The ritual of the dead becomes more complicated, and the passer-by is exhorted to repeat the prayer which conveys to the deceased the gifts there represented. To accomplish this purpose, the inscription must be located where

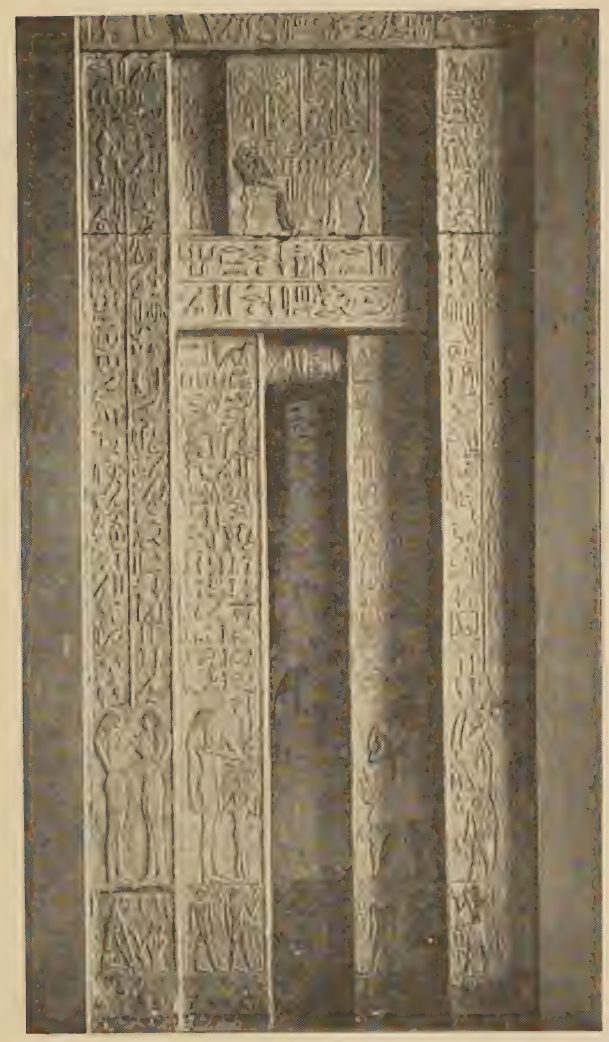

Fig. 100. — Egyptian Tomb Door. Museum, Cairo.

the passer-by will see it, not in a hidden tomb, but by the roadside. The door thus becomes a commemorative tablet.

This evolution required many centuries, but it was completed by the time of the eighteenth dynasty, when smooth, round-topped tablets of this sort were common (Fig. 101).

We saw long ago that it was in this brilliant period of Egyptian history that relations with Crete and the Ægeans became frequent. These people therefore got from the Egyptians the idea of the commemorative tablet and its public location, with no notion, of course, of its earlier character. It was in a somewhat mechanical way that they copied the Egyptian custom. Their tablets had no exhortation for the passer-by, and no very obvious reason for their erection in a public place. Egyptian formulas and the representation of Egyptian gods and religious symbols were naturally meaningless to them. The Mycenæan gravestone, which represents a warrior in a chariot charging a falling enemy, is a superficial and meaningless mimicry of a foreign custom, but it is the beginning of a new and far more significant development.

Examples of Ægean gravestones are too few to show whether the idea underwent any significant development at their hands, but there is little reason to think that it did, for we find the Greeks taking up the idea in essentially the same form. In some cases they used the same gravestones over again, covering the Ægean design with a thin layer of stucco and painting their own not very different design upon it. Examples of such twice used headstones are now in the National Museum at Athens. Gradually, however, from the accidental beginning of the Ægean warrior, the Greek evolves a definite theme for his gravestone, a theme of which the Egyptians knew nothing and which the Ægean probably represented only by accident and without formulation. The new theme is very simple in principle. It aims to show the function or status of the deceased in society. *Who* he was, is a matter of small consequence, to be expressed, if at all, by his name engraved upon the stone. Nor is any

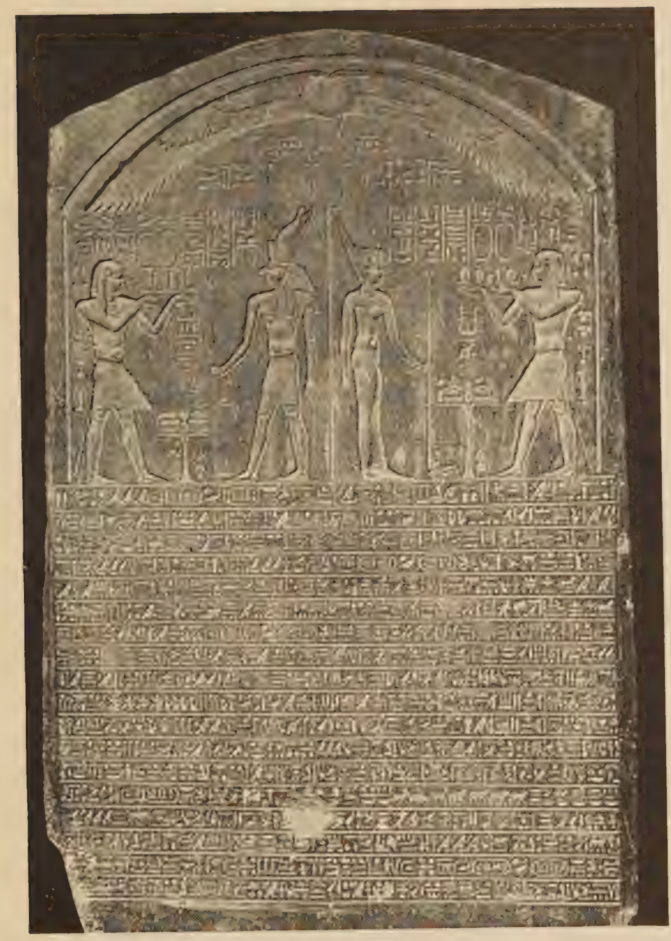

FIG. 101.—Egyptian Memorial Tablet. Museum, Cairo.

attempt made at portraiture, probably because this was impossible at first, and later because art had conceived very different ideals. It cannot be too strongly insisted that we never have a portrait upon a Greek gravestone, a striking fact when we recall the extraordinary effort of the Egyptian sculptor to reproduce the individuality of his subject in representing the deceased. But while the Greek artist cared nothing how his subject looked and little to what name he responded, he thought it important to express his function or place among the living. His choice is suggestive, and but for its accidental origin, might seem significant. Its choice discloses that universal tendency of the Greek to prefer an idea which has meaning to an accident which has not.

Yet there is nothing very inspiring about these earlier gravestones. Our hearts do not thrill with emotion as we see a soldier standing in armor, or a shoemaker holding a shoe, or a sailor sitting in a boat. To be sure, it is rather more interesting to know that a man can make shoes than to know that he had a short nose or a high cheek bone, facts which the Greek neglected, but which a modern realist would have expressed with painstaking care. Ideas which mean something are more valuable than accidents that mean nothing. But there are ideas and ideas, and the idea chosen by the Greek for these early gravestones was not very highly charged with emotion. It is the prosaic period in Greek memorial art, a period which lasts from its uncertain beginning down to perhaps the middle of the fourth century, that is, until the time of Praxiteles and Scopas, the century of the great philosophers. That this art remained prosaic at a time when such men as Phidias were lifting art to the loftiest plane of poetry is not strange. The grave reliefs are not the work of great artists, and the influence of their high example makes itself felt but slowly in the humbler ranks of art.

But while this idea ot telling *what* the deceased was, is intrinsically of moderate artistic value, it varies widely in different examples and in general shows a steady elevation in theme

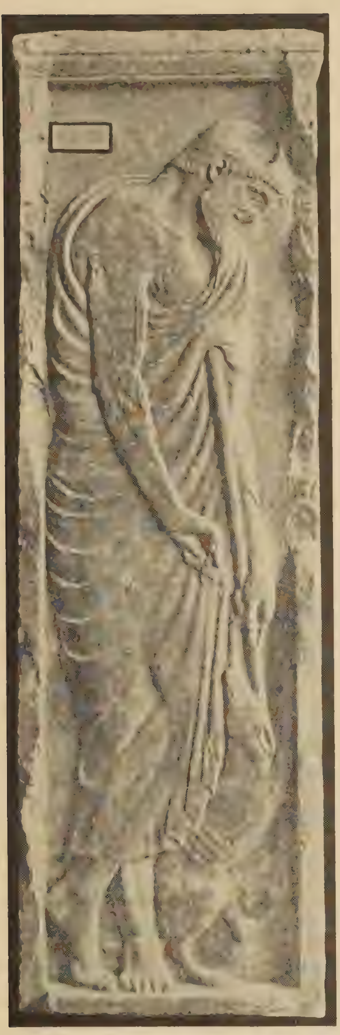

Fig. 102. — Stela of the Farmer (by Alxenor). National Museum, Athens.

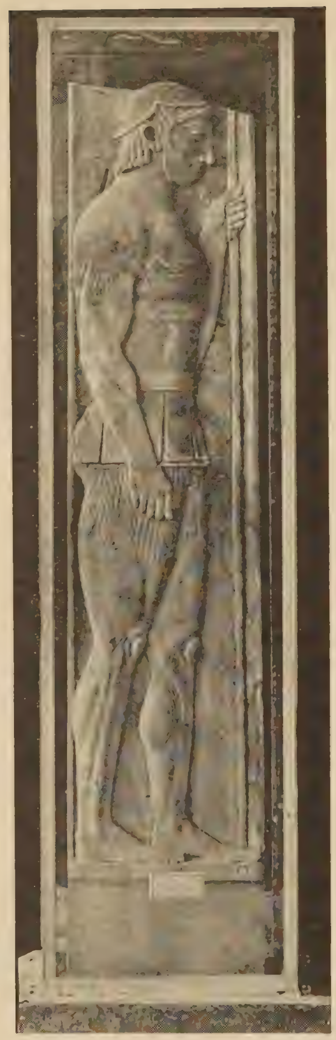

Fig. 103. — Stela of Aristion. National Museum, Athens.

and treatment. Early examples sometimes manifest great ingenuity. Thus, the artist who has to represent a farmer (Fig. 102) displays an ingenuity out of all proportion to his technical skill. The theme is a difficult one. Farmers do not wear distinctive trappings like soldiers, nor can they display a distinctive product like the shoemaker by way of identification. Our farmer has caught a large grasshopper, one of the most troublesome pests of the East, which he holds out to his dog, who jumps to grasp it. We know at once. A banker or a merchant would never catch a grasshopper to give to his dog, nor would the city dog know what to do with it if he did. But farmer and dog alike are trained to hate the vicious pest, and their action is telltale of their occupation. This ingenuity gives a certain pleasure and lifts the work up to a low level of art, in spite of its abysmal clumsiness of execution. The draperies swirl around the figure in most impossible circles, one foot, inconsistently represented in front view, has toes but no ankle, and the dog unplausibly puts his paws against the frame of the picture.

The gravestone of Aristion (Fig. 103) is a marked improvement in the matter of skill, and fairly represents the painstaking, matter-of-fact memorial of pre-Marathon days. It is very interesting as illustrating the methods of the sculptor in relief in this early period, while considerable traces of color, both in general tinting and in decorative pattern, show the practice in that respect. Were the helmet topped out with the crest which once gave it dignity, the slender monument would be a sober and respectable memorial. But it is not a theme that rises above the level of dignified prose.

As the great art of the Age of Pericles makes its influence felt upon the humbler craft, the prosaic theme develops unsuspected possibilities. Two memorials, both still standing in the old cemetery of the Ceramicus, may be taken as types of the best of which the theme and the craft are capable.

The first is the monument to Hegeso (Fig. 104), a grave relief of the latter part of the fifth century. The single figure of the

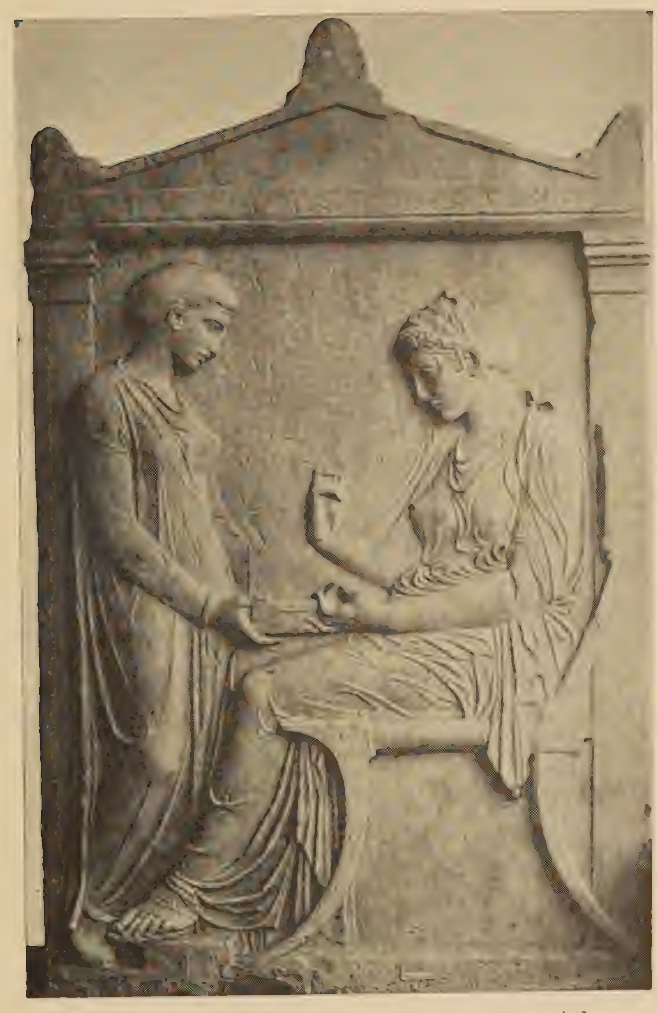

Fig. 104.— Grave Relief of Hegeso. Ceramicus, Athens.

earlier monuments is now replaced by a group, and the size and shape of the headstone are modified accordingly. The work is in comparatively low relief and both in composition and detailed execution is of surpassing beauty. The draperies of these exquisite figures are worthy of comparison with those executed under the eye of Phidias, a fact which of course somewhat clouds our judgment of the theme itself. The theme, however, needs no apology. It represents a woman sitting in one of the graceful chairs so often represented in the art of this period, fingering a jewel which she has taken from the open jewel box held by a waiting maid before her. The character of the jewel is not clear, for it is evident from the position of the hands that this article, perhaps a necklace or something of ribbonlike character, extended from one hand to the other and was painted in, an archaism which is curiously suggestive of the subordinate character of this memorial sculpture.

It is clear that this memorial tells us essentially what the others have told, the function or status in society of the deceased, only in this case that status is not commercial, professional or official, but merely social. The deceased was a woman of leisure. She does not have to work, and having neither novels to read nor clubs to attend, and calls being little in vogue, she falls back upon her finery as her only distraction. Not a very exciting diversion, but one long familiar and not yet obsolete, a reputable rival still for bridge whist and other leisure occupations not yet outgrown. Hegeso, indeed, does not seem to find her occupation exactly thrilling. There is a fine blasé touch about it all, a temper revealed with appropriate differences alike by mistress and maid, which is either a masterpiece of skill or the happiest of accidents. In a work of this humble order we should be inclined to the latter view, were it not for the marvelous beauty of figure and drapery which compel us to recognize here the work of a master artist. A few more such will compel us to revise our ideas of the importance of this department of Greek art. After all, there are gravestones and gravestones.

The other monument of this period is a memorial to Dexileos (Fig. 105), a youth who fell in battle in the year 394 B.C. The memorial was doubtless erected soon after, a date probably somewhat later than that of the Hegeso monument, with which it is contrasted in every respect except its fundamental theme. It is much larger than the latter and even broader in proportion. It is in relief so high as to be virtually in the round, a change which is characteristic not so much of a different period as of work of a more ambitious and costly character. As the Hegeso memorial gives us the refinement of draperies in its day, this gives us the marvelous development of the nude. The relief represents a youth on horseback furiously charging upon an enemy half-fallen and upon the defensive. Both figures are essentially nude, and we are at a loss to know which to admire most, the refined beauty of these forms or the nobility of the faces of the two combatants. Both are unmistakably idealized. Especially grateful is the absence of anything like gross muscularity or excessive dramatic vehemence. The theme is unmistakable, but it is graciously refined and etherealized. There is a difference between a prize fight and the triumph of an archangel.

Once again, however, we have to note the familiar theme. Dexileos was a soldier, precisely as was Aristion. There is an enormous difference, to be sure, between this splendid group with its full relief, its perfect forms and its noble action, and the painstaking but helpless relief of the stiff old Aristion, but the difference is not in the theme. To those who insist that art is wholly a matter of expression and the theme therefore irrelevant, this wonderful advance in expression will be the measure of art progress, and the change of theme which we have soon to note will be unimportant. We will not attempt to settle this age-long dispute, which in the last analysis is but a question of terms. Along with the evolution of technical skill which we have so often had occasion to note, there went unmistakably an evolution of thought and sentiment which may be clearly traced

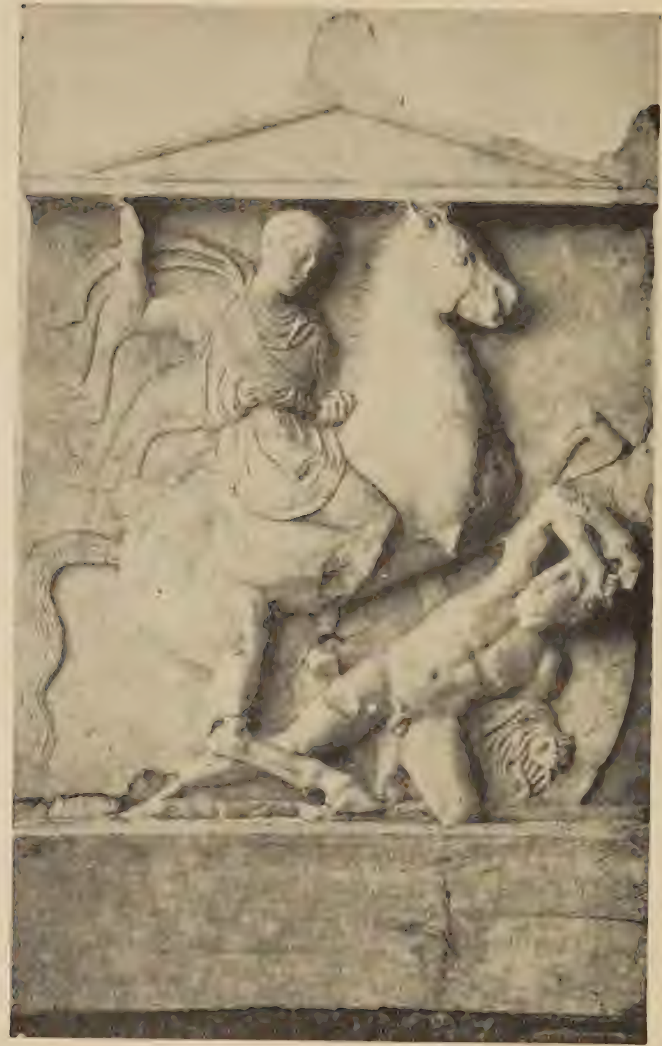

Fig. 105. — Grave Relief of Dexileos. Ceramicus, Athens.

in Greek art, and in which the Greek was certainly deeply interested. Whether art is concerned with both these evolutions or only with one is largely a matter of words. Certainly the Greeks were concerned with both and humanity is concerned with both. It is with this broad human interest rather than with the interests of a craft or profession that we are here concerned. Technical occupations necessarily create an interest in processes, methods, manner. Outside ignorance of these things forces interest back upon life, upon actions, motives and moods which our experience has rendered significant. The stage manager will study the staging of the Iliad, but the spectator will see only "the wrath of Achilles." Estrangement is easy, but estrangement is fatal. That perfect coöperation between art and life which is indispensable to the highest art is characteristic of Greek art as of no other. Professional interests did not become the criterion of Greek art until the time of the decadence —and that is why it was the decadence.

Sometime in the age of the philosophers, perhaps toward the middle of the fourth century, the theme of the grave reliefs changes. Up to this time the artist has only told us about the person when living. He does not think it necessary to tell us that he died. The grave and the gravestone are enough to suggest that. Moreover, the fact seems not to have appealed to him as a theme for art. He never makes death his theme, and at best only suggests it as incidental to some other theme, a combat for instance. In this rigorous exclusion of death as a theme, Greek art is unique.

Why did the Greeks avoid this theme so carefully? Other peoples have not done so. In Christian art death is represented with great frequency and often with realistic emphasis. Not only the martyrdom of Jesus and many of the saints gave occasion for the theme, but it was sometimes dragged in with morbid predilection. Thus, in St. Denis, the burial place of the French kings, Catherine de Medicis and her royal spouse are represented in effigy upon their tomb as corpses, naked, shrunken and cadaverous in the extreme. We are perhaps tempted to explain our revulsion of feeling at this loathsome sight as due to its realism. An ideal representation would have been very different.

We have not far to go to test the suggestion. In the nearby cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris is a tomb whose motive is a half-opened coffin from which the distressed corpse seems endeavoring to escape, while death, in the form of a skeleton, clad in long robes, holds down the lid. Westminster Abbey offers another example in the well-known tomb of Lady Nightingale, so thoughtfully criticized by Washington Irving. Lady Nightingale died of heart failure, falling into her husband's arms. The cleverest sculptor of the time has represented this swoon upon a high base somewhat resembling a mantelpiece, while from below two heavy doors fly open and Death, clad as before, darts suddenly out, turns and hurls at the fainting woman a javelin which the terrified husband vainly attempts to ward off with outstretched arm.

These two tombs are not realistic. They represent ideas rather than actualities, and these ideas are clear and significant. Yet we do not enjoy them, and if we call them art it is only at the expense of robbing the word of half its charm. It takes more than idealism to make art. The trouble with these tombs is that they represent ideas which are not beautiful. The idea is the irrevocableness of death.

> "No life shall live forever.
> The dead can come back never."

That is what makes us hate death. The race would perish if we did not hate death with a supreme hatred. It cannot be too often insisted that the correlative of art is beauty. Hateful and ugly things can never make art, no matter how beautifully represented. To be sure, beauty is a very variable thing, and some of its forms are austere and forbidding, winning our sympathy only in rare moods and on closer acquaintance. There are few categories which can be so greatly enlarged by education and deeper insight as the category of things beautiful, and it is to this enlargement of the beauty sense rather than to the appreciation of technical cleverness that art education should be directed. But that which the mind refuses to recognize as beautiful no skill can make art, as the tombs we have cited illustrate. Death is the most irreconcilable of the heart's foes.

But recalling the fact that we are now in the Age of Praxiteles and Scopas, we shall slowly appreciate that the old tradition of the grave reliefs was inadequate. It was an age of philosophy and sentiment, an age of poetry and spiritual suggestion. It is all very charming to tell us in so beautiful a way of the prowess of Dexileos and the wealth of Hegeso, but in spite of everything our hearts refuse to burn within us at the recital of these facts. They are facts of that immediate and prosaic character which this age disparaged. Socrates had cheerfully drunk the hemlock rather than be disloyal to his ideals of citizenship, and Plato was discoursing of the perfect state and giving reasons for a faith in immortality which have never been surpassed. As the philosophy and poetry of the time forgot the wanderings of Ulysses and dreamed of the Great Beyond, and the art of Scopas taught his sensitive countrymen to see a new beauty in pathos, how inevitable that the artist of the grave reliefs should tire of the humdrum prose of social rank and function and seek a deeper and more poetical meaning in the dangerous theme which a wholesome instinct had hitherto taught him to avoid.

In the new reliefs of the period we miss the familiar facts so often referred to and see instead a farewell, a journey to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." Figure 106 is a singularly beautiful example of a grave relief of this new type. The group represents a family circle, a wholly ideal one beyond doubt. The departing member, a woman, stands in an unmistakable attitude of leave-taking and gazes with mild tenderness at a sitting figure, whose hand she clasps and who gazes at her with intense but self-contained emotion.

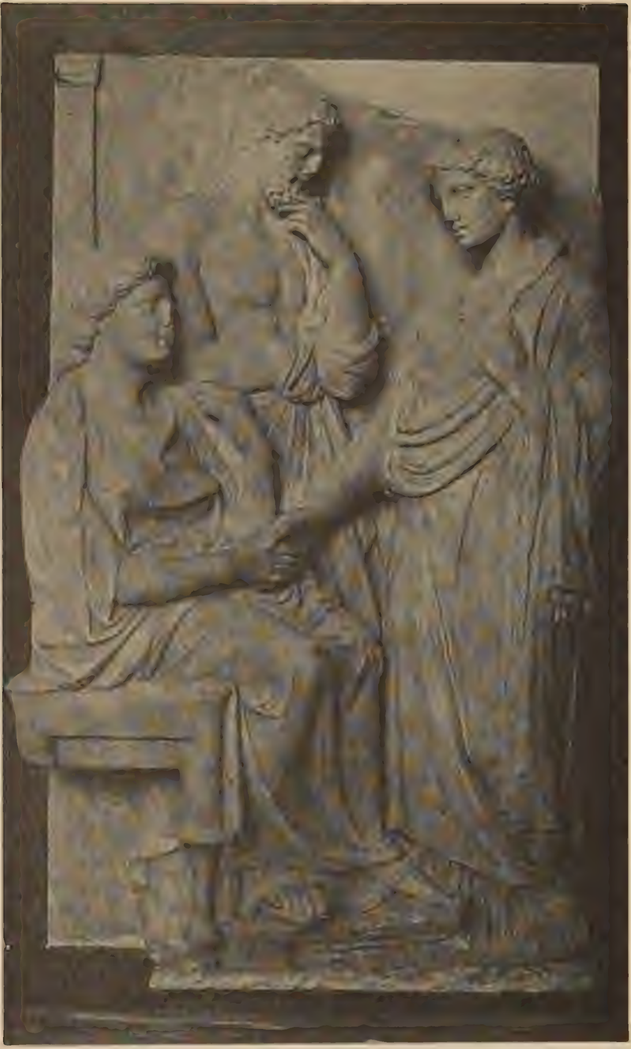

Fig. 106. — Grave Relief. The Farewell.
National Museum, Athens.

A man with bowed head, whose attention is similarly directed, stands behind the sitting figure. It seems unnecessary to inscribe, as is sometimes done, the word "Farewell" upon the tombstone.

Again, as in the case of the Hegeso, our judgment of the theme is complicated by the superlative beauty of execution. Not only are figures and draperies perfect, but the superb restraint with which this scene of intense emotion is represented, so admirably appreciative of the fine decorum of the marble, makes an impression which might reconcile us even to an unworthy theme. No need here to take the will for the deed. The deed is perfect as the will, and shows that the exquisite sentiment of Praxiteles and Scopas fell as seed into good soil in this ground prepared by the philosophers.

But allowing for all possible bias of this kind, the theme is undeniably beautiful. Why is it that this relief, with its plain suggestion of death, appeals to our sympathy, while we shudder at a like allusion in the tomb of Lady Nightingale?

The reason is perfectly plain. These creations of a misguided modern art represent with diabolical cleverness the brutal harshness of death and our helplessness in its unpitying presence. Death appears as a terrifying calamity unassuaged by love and unatoned by heaven. In the Greek relief, on the contrary, death is suggested but incidentally to the representation of human love and sympathy, which is the real theme of the work. It is significant that the most hateful of all themes, the specter which no philosophy and no faith can make beautiful, is indissolubly linked with the most beautiful thing we know, human love and sympathy, which are its only alleviation. Throw the grinning skeleton into the foreground and let love shrink affrighted away, and all the blandishments of the artist cannot reconcile us to the dread specter. But tell ever so haltingly the story of love that endures beyond the parting, and the somber background of the great shadow will but enhance its beauty.

This theme of the leave-taking once begun, elaboration was

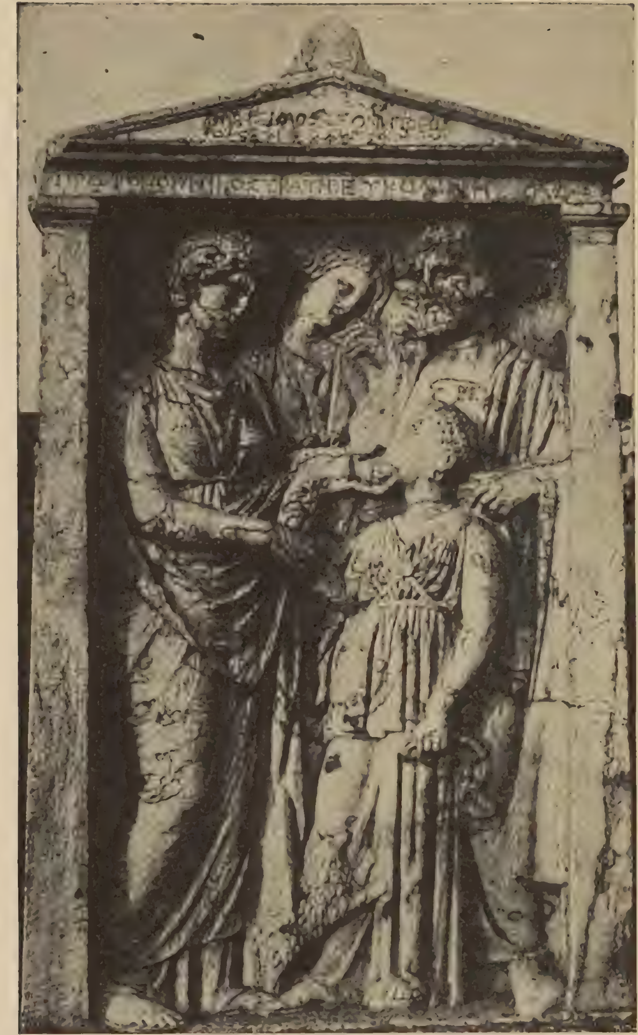

Fig. 107. — Grave Relief of Protonoe. Ceramicus, Athens.

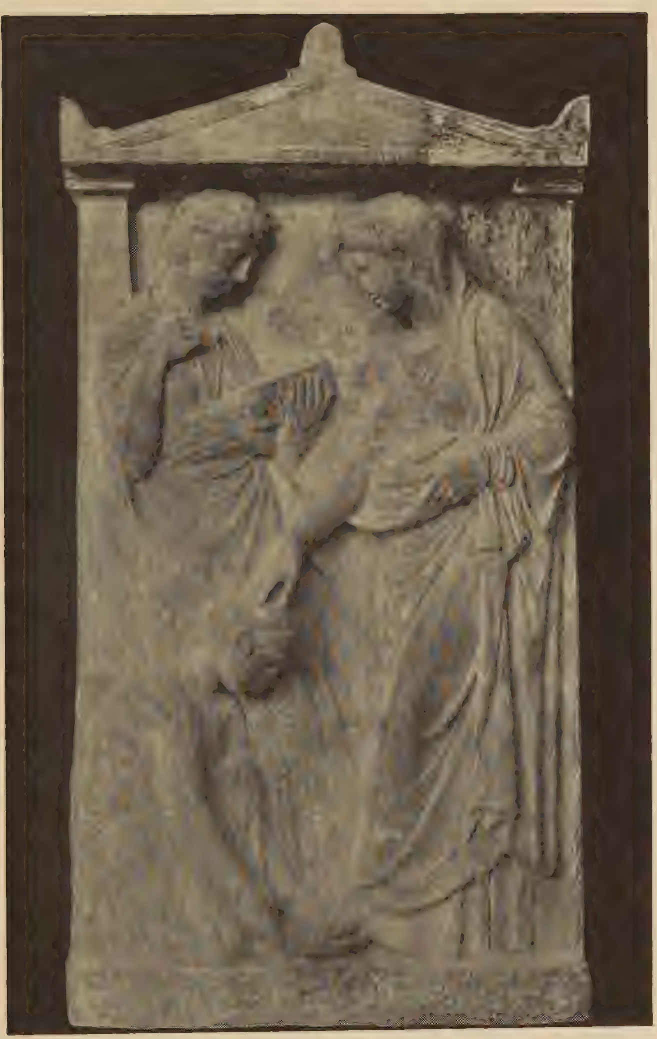

Fig. 108. — Grave Relief. Mistress with Servants.
National Museum, Athens.

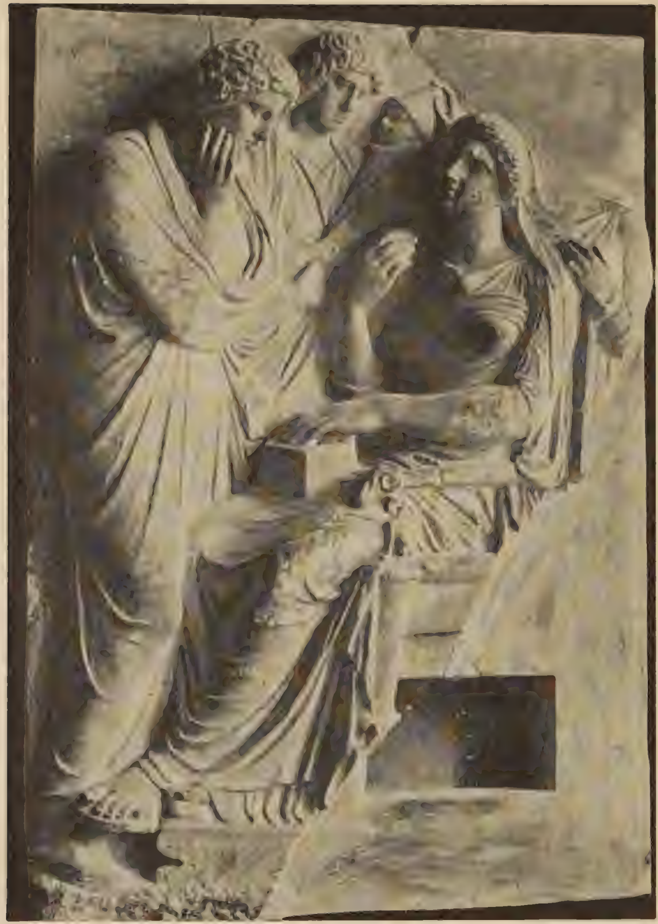

Fig. 109. — Grave Relief. Three Figures with Infant.
National Museum, Athens.

possible without limit. While the simple group above described remains common, the introduction of new members and special relations varies the motive indefinitely. Of especial interest is the child who gazes dazed at the grief of the departing mother which she cannot understand. Or the situation is reversed when the relief commemorates the death of a child who stands smiling and unconscious in the midst of the sad circle who bestow upon her the caress appropriate to childhood (Fig. 107). Nor is the affection for the household servant forgotten. In Figure 108 the departing mistress dismisses the grieved bearer of the jewel box, laying her hand in benediction, the while, upon the head of another servant who, lacing her sandals, performs the last sad offices for the journey. When we remember that these servants were slaves we have a sidelight, confirmed by much other evidence, upon the status of slavery among this enlightened people. The bearer of the jewel box appears frequently, in obvious imitation of the beautiful Hegeso monument, but always now with a new significance. The box is held by the dutiful maid, but it remains closed, and is held as though the accustomed service had been declined. How profound this trifling difference! What more prosaic than the tying of a shoe string. Yet how charged with emotion when performed as a last service for one who is departing forever!

Still other variations may be noted. Figure 109 shows us the usual group of three as in Figure 110. The departing woman does not give the sitting woman her right hand, but grasps her wrist with the left, meanwhile emphasizing with a gesture of the right the words which she impressively utters and which the other leans forward to hear. "Farewell, and don't fail to take good care of. . ." How this touch of solicitude makes the far-off ages kin!

In Figure 111 we have two figures, a young man and an old. The former is nude and gazes dazed and distraught down the road which he is to travel, his dog snuffing the path, while the older man, evidently his father, gazes upon him with a look of

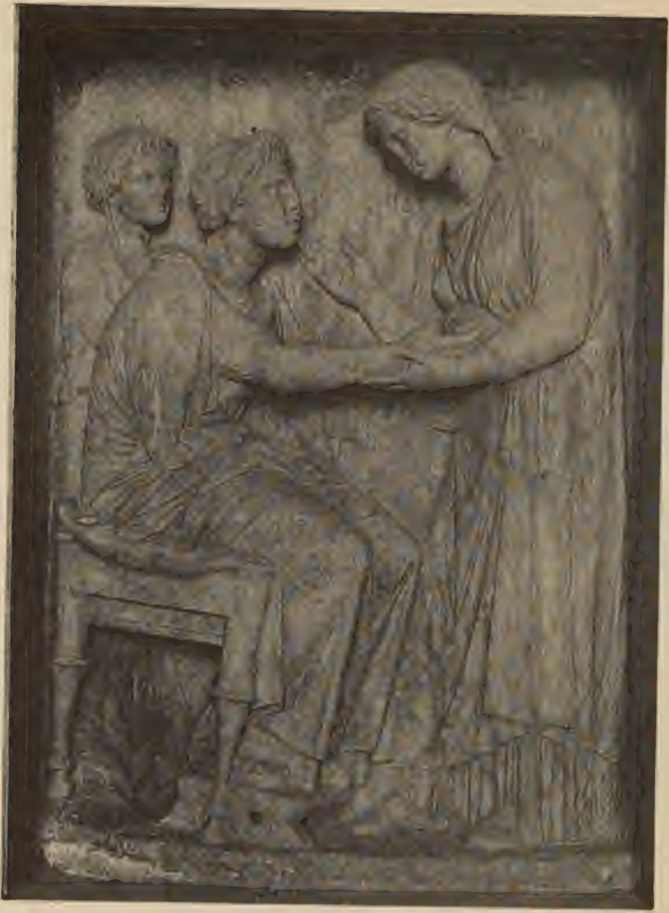

Fig. 110.—Grave Relief. Parting Admonitions.
National Museum, Athens.

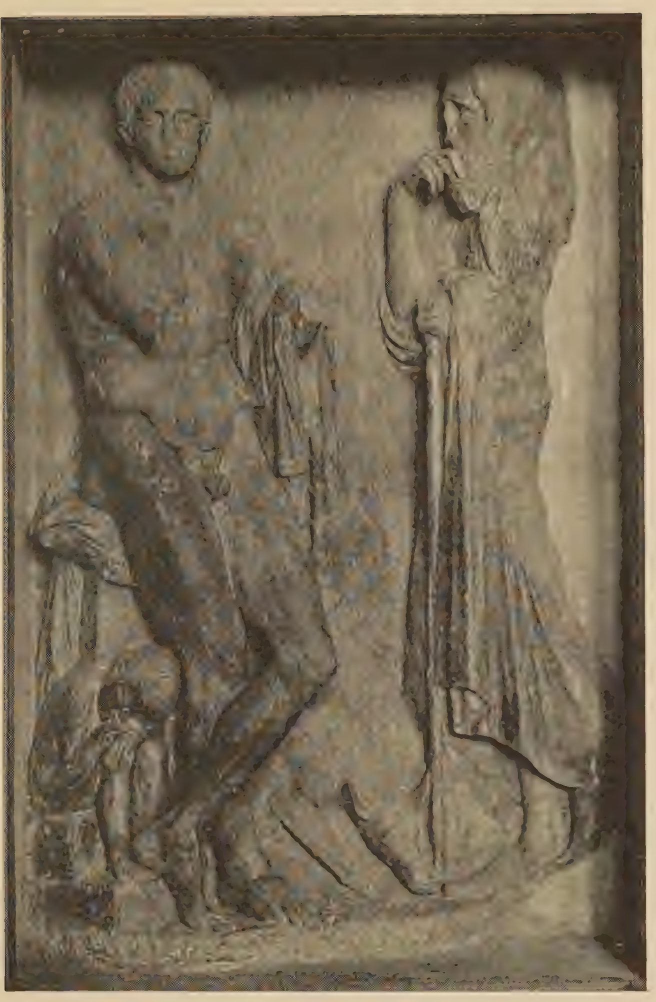

Fig. 111. — Grave Relief. Father and Son.
National Museum, Athens.

inconsolable grief. The motive is altogether new. There is no farewell, none of the usual arrangement or characters. Why nude? Prose has been prompt with its interpretation of poetry. The youth is an athlete we are told, who was killed in the contest, as not infrequently happened. As he wrestled naked, he is here represented nude. An admirable explanation for a century or two before, in the days of the shoemaker and the grasshopper, but in oversight of the entire character and spirit of fourth-century art. It was an age of poetry, an age of metaphor and subtle suggestion, an age which saw books rather than stones in the running brooks. If nudity here means only nakedness, it is a unique example of crude literalism in an age of figurative and poetic speech. And the figurative meaning is so easy and plain. The youth has shuffled off this mortal coil as we lay aside a garment, and he stands now, too absorbed and apprehensive to realize the desolation that his departure causes.

Figure 112 carries the thought farther. Again we have youth departing and old age bereaved. Again the stricken youth is troubled, this time deeply so, for death which may well be a relief to the old comes as a calamity to the young. And now — master stroke of the heart reader — the father forgets his bereavement and comforts the stricken son. Can love go farther? Is there another chapter in the great drama of the heart which Greek art did not write? Above all, is there aught of moment which our two thousand Christian years have added to this message of the Greek?

From the halls of the great museums where are ranged these monuments of Greek sentiment and taste, we have but to cross a single threshold to find a significant contrast. Here are monuments of another and more opulent people. No paltry headstones these, but vast sarcophagi, rich with sculptured ornament and storied relief. What have we represented here on these ample spaces? A larger group and more varied sentiment? An ampler message of sympathy and sorrow? Not

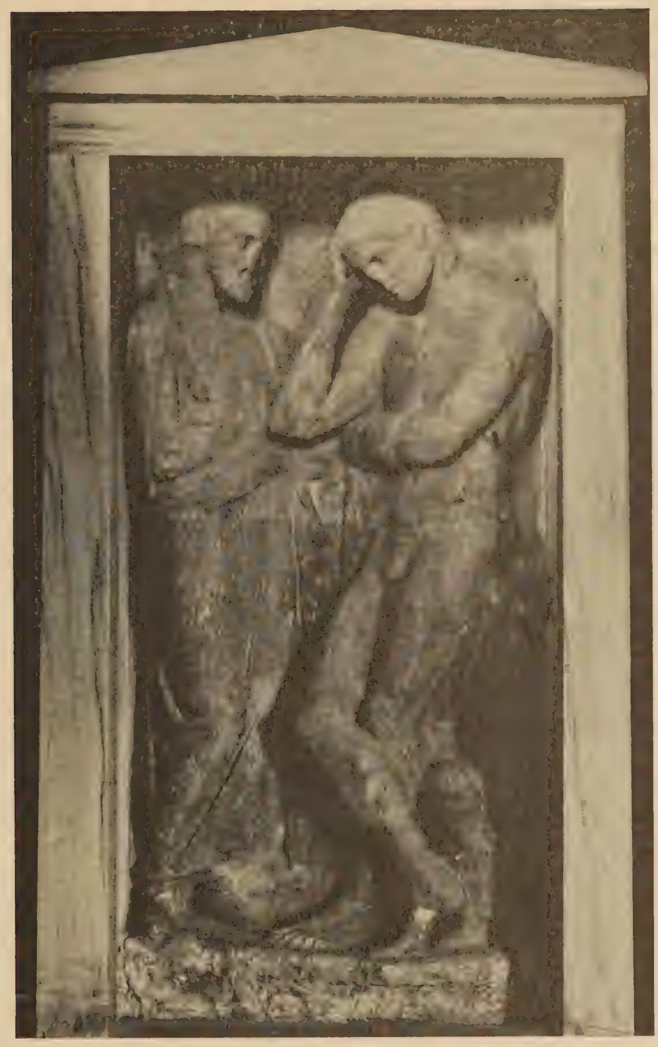

FIG. 112. — Grave Relief. Father comforting his Son.
National Museum, Athens.

so. A succession of chubby children holding grapes dance heavily across the scene, or bolster one another up in maudlin intoxication. A drunken Bacchanal with children as the actors! Why?

We can best understand this Roman version of Greek memorial art, if we picture the Roman inheritance in figure.

An absentee kinsman inherits the Attic estate. Called to his inheritance he lands at the Piræus and journeys toward Athens, gazing at its wonders as he passes. His road leads him through the cemetery, where the Greeks, mindful of the message of the dead to the living, have placed their memorials in full view of the wayfarer. The newcomer has never seen the like. "Pretty pictures, those," he ponders. "When I get round to it, I will have some for my cemetery lot." The time comes and the artist is summoned. He is impoverished in these fallen days — and tractable. "I want a sarcophagus with some of these pictures of yours on it." "Certainly! what shall they be?" "Oh, I don't know. I am not so very particular. How would Crusoe and his man Friday do?"

Let us draw the curtain before this picture of misguided but well-meaning patronage, that patronage from whose lavished millions Athens suffered so much. Under this patronage the beautiful headstones were multiplied but completely travestied. The simple ideal group by which the Greek expressed affection and farewell promptly became, with the Roman, a group of family portraits, with the feeble charms and the ephemeral interest which such a theme implies. Ideal themes went off on the tangent of vulgar irrelevancy. Art had been to the Greek a spiritual necessity, the expression of his deepest feeling and his noblest aspirations. Every people has such a need and finds some way of satisfying it. The Roman had found another way. Greek art was therefore to him not a necessity but a superfluity. He made it a plaything, a thing to jest with, to caricature and to parody. We do the same with an art not born of our own spiritual necessities. A moment of dilettante attention, of

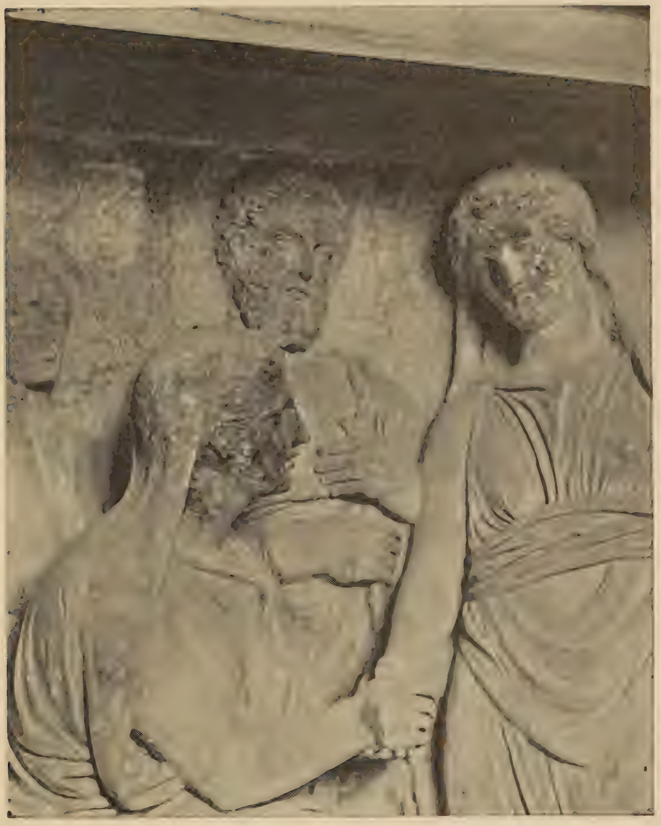

FIG. 113.—Detail from Grave Relief.
National Museum, Athens.

shallow curiosity, a patronizing recognition of grace and prettiness, and we regard with complacency our homage to the art of Hellas.

It is impossible to leave these incomparable monuments without noticing the type of countenance and character which has slowly found recognition. Figure 113 is representative of a type of woman which not inadequately reflects the matchless Demeter (frontispiece) and which speaks volumes for the ideal of Athens. No other age or people has left a record of an ideal so sensitive, so fine, so noble. "But," it may be objected, "these are ideal representations, mere imaginings of the artist. We have no proof that there ever was such a woman in Athens." Certainly, and if there were such, that in itself would mean nothing. It would not prove that she was admired or preferred in marriage or society. But the fact that these craftsmen, working for customers to whose taste they must defer, slowly wrought out this ideal as a passport to favor, is profoundly significant. It is the ideal and not the real which judges a people and shapes its destiny.

We have thus far traced the evolution of the grave reliefs in their prosaic and their poetic forms, citing such examples as best serve to illustrate this development. A few others remain which by reason of their beauty or their exceptional significance deserve consideration in their own right.

Figure 114 represents a young woman bearing a graceful water pitcher; nothing else. The relief is of a comparatively late period, yet it tells us nothing of the usual theme of love and death. At first it seems to be merely a graceful figure of surpassing beauty. The graceful pitcher, however, has a meaning which a Greek would have been quick to recognize. The girl is one who bore water for a ceremonial lustration connected with the Panathenaic festival, a ceremony which doubtless became a mere form in the later day, but which gave to the maiden chosen for the part that charming and innocent publicity which made her the envy of her companions. The girl to be Queen of the

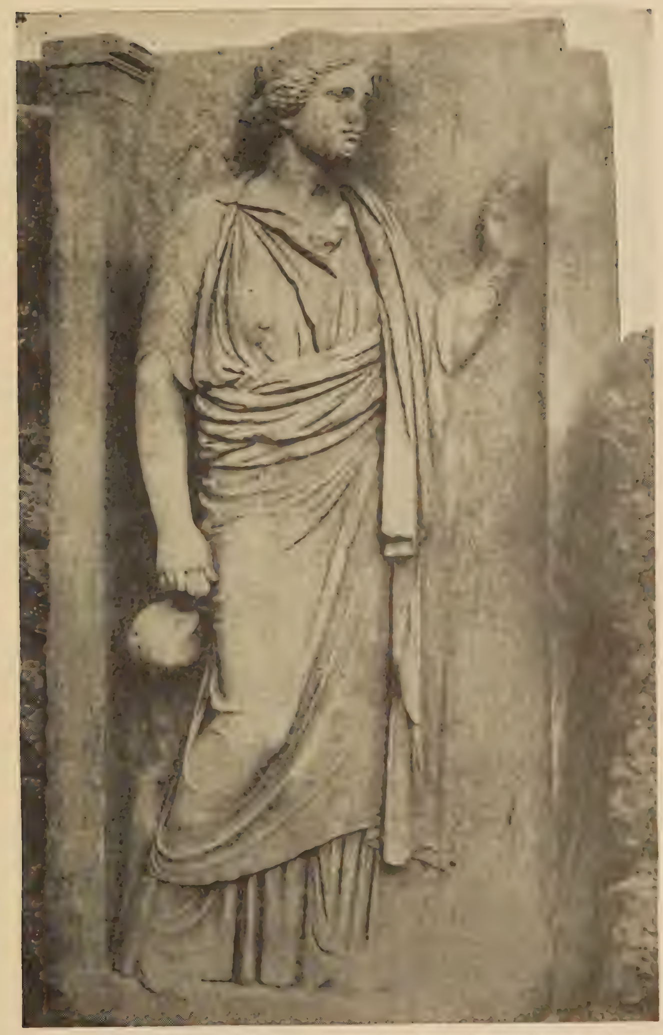

FIG. 114. — Grave Relief. Water Carrier. Ceramicus, Athens.

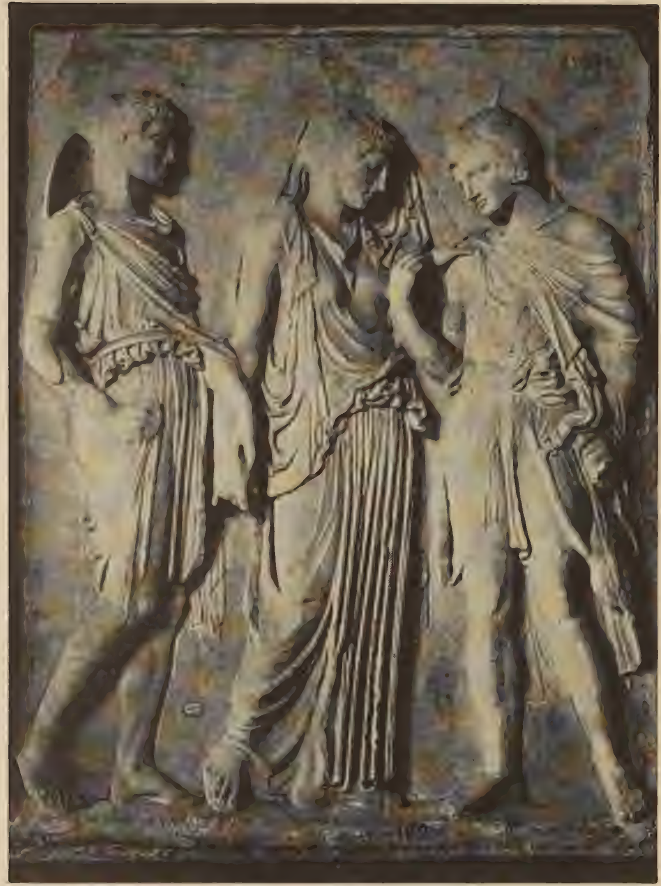

Fig. 115.—Orpheus and Eurydice. National Museum, Naples.

May or to break the bottle at the launching of a battleship will suggest the envied honor. Our monument commemorates such a favored maiden. At her untimely death this honor, perhaps a recent one, was remembered, and the older theme returns to recall the honor to the living rather than sorrow and love for the dead. Such cases served to keep the older tradition alive in these later days of poetry and sentiment, whenever some fact connected with the life of the individual is of a character to meet the emotional requirements of the age.

Another relief of this period (Fig. 115) is of such beauty and meaning as to give it a unique place in Greek sculpture. It is by no means certain that it was intended as a grave relief, yet its spirit and content, if they do not compel the conclusion that it was executed as a memorial to the dead, at least justify its consideration in this connection. It represents the parting of Orpheus and Eurydice. The story is familiar. Orpheus lost his beloved Eurydice for whom he mourned and searched disconsolate and finally found in the underworld, whither he had made his way, having first charmed to sleep by his music the three-headed Cerberus who guarded the entrance. The king of the underworld, who had made Eurydice his bride, was so astounded at the feat and so moved by the affection which it implied, that he consented to the plea of Orpheus that he might lead back Eurydice to life and light, on condition that in threading the dread pathway to the upper world he should not turn and look at her. He promises and leads her forward under the guidance of Hermes, conductor of souls, who is to see that he fulfills the condition. But the way is hard and he is anxious as to how she fares, and finally instinct betrays him into an anxious glance behind. In that moment Hermes lays his hand upon her arm and the two must part, Eurydice to return to the realm of shades. It is this moment of parting which the artist has given us. Of the beauty of the figures, the expressiveness of attitude and gesture, too much cannot be said. The mingled gentleness and inexorableness of the Hermes is the despair of later art. It should be noted that this combination is precisely the one sought by the Christian artists in their oft-repeated attempt to picture the expulsion from Eden and the angel with the flaming sword — sought, and found but once if ever.

But most amazing is it to note that the theme of this beautiful myth is precisely the same as that of the repellent tombs in Westminster and Notre Dame, the irrevocableness of death. Orpheus might penetrate to the realm of shades, but he might not lead back Eurydice. But whoever found this relief revolting? It is perhaps the best beloved of all extant works of Greek art. Its message is not the limit of life but the illimitableness of love.

One more relief (Fig. 116) remains, a relief so strange, so wonderful, that it dissociates itself from all its nearest kin. It is considered here out of all chronological sequence for reasons that will be apparent. As commonly interpreted it represents Athena standing before a grave relief and leaning in sorrow upon her spear.[1] The relief is a small one, far too small ever to have served as the headstone of a grave, but though doubtless erected elsewhere, perhaps in a scarp of rock in a mortise such as we see so often on the Pnyx, it can hardly be other than a memorial to the dead. It may be safely referred to about the middle of the fifth century, to a time a full century before Praxiteles and Scopas, when the development of sculpture in its higher forms had as yet penetrated but little into the humbler craft. Its location on the Acropolis suggests that it commemorates a person of some importance.

Peculiarities abound. The draperies are old-fashioned, hanging straight and ungraceful. The figure leans forward, yet the draperies do not adjust themselves, but their lines, like the figure, incline at an angle, as though the whole were a statue meant to stand erect but accidentally tipped. On the other hand the feet, hands, arms and face are of amazing delicacy and

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[1] The writer is aware that other interpretations are proposed, but he is unconvinced by the arguments advanced.

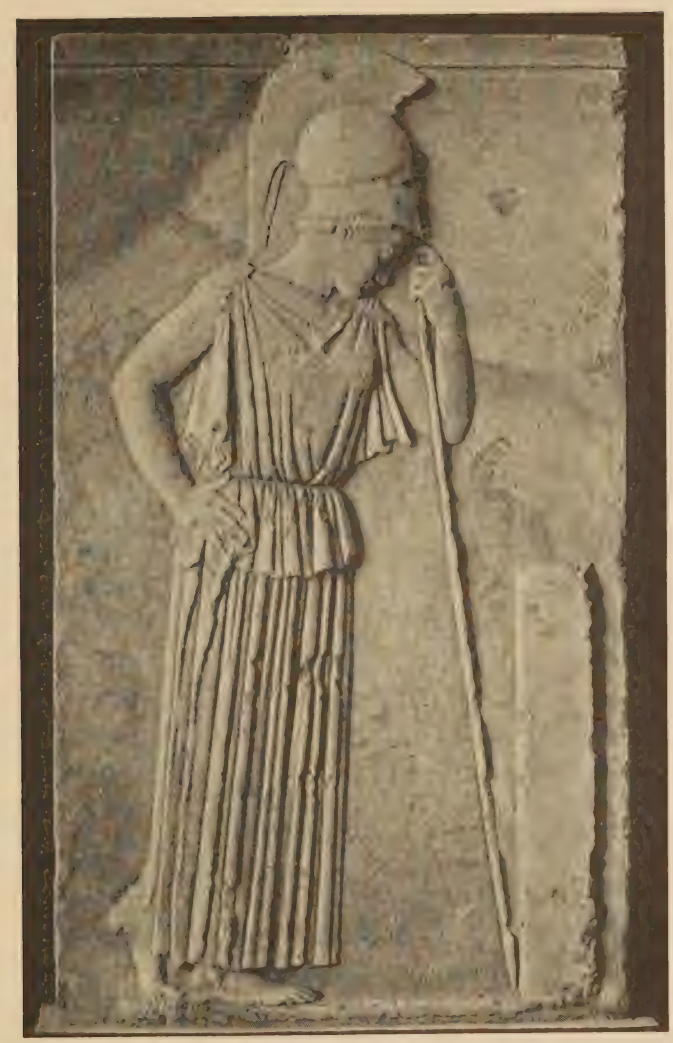

Fig. 116. — Mourning Athena. Acropolis Museum, Athens.

beauty, their perfection contrasting strongly with the archaic features above referred to. The goddess stands before what appears to be a gravestone, the edge of which is presented to our view.

It must be remembered that this relief falls in the early part of the period which we have denominated prosaic. The grave reliefs tell us the status or function of the deceased during life, and that without a touch as yet of poetry or romance. The lovely water carrier and the intrepid Dexileos and the graceful Hegeso with her jewels are still far away. Aristion in his armor, the farmer with his grasshopper, and the shoemaker with his shoe are the tradition up to date.

And now with this inheritance for his precedent, a young artist called upon to commemorate a worthy citizen flings tradition to the winds, gives us no hint of rank or calling, and only a hint of a grave, to which Athena comes down as chief mourner. The aptness of it is unrivaled, but the daring of it takes our breath away. Here is poetry, not of the homely hearthstone sort which graces with its quiet beauty the memorials of a sensitive and cultured age, but poetry whose similes come like a bolt from the blue, with the majesty and the creative power of supreme genius, born full-grown like Athena from the head of Zeus.

The defects noted above are always a thing to pardon in the presence of such supreme genius. But are they certainly defects? Is it not conceivable that in the days when the gods were still revered, reverent art should hesitate to change their wonted aspect, should even make them lean with no adjustment of draperies as though they were in very truth the statues which men had seen?

Who could have made this relief and thought this thought? Who was alive in the first half of the fifth century? Who made the gods old-fashioned in order that no novel charm might lessen our reverence? Who saw the sun god rise from the sea and the messengers waken the slumbering world?

The thought is enticing that we have in this beautiful relief an early work of Phidias. The style, the spirit, the purposeful mingling of old and new, above all the daring Olympian poetry which is the gift of so few, all lend countenance to such a suggestion. But it remains only a suggestion.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MUTUAL CONQUEST. GREECE AND ALEXANDER. 338–300 B.C.

THE year 338 B.C. is a conventional watershed in Greek history. From this time on all streams seem to flow another way. In this year Philip of Macedon realized the great ambition of his life in the conquest of Greece at the battle of Chæronea. Most histories of Greece stop at this point. It is Greece up to this point; after that it is Macedon. For did not Philip conquer, and is not history "a gossip about kings"?

No, history is not a gossip about kings, and Philip did not conquer. The history of Greece no more ends with the battle of Chæronea than with the banishment of Themistocles. Greece went on just the same. Nay, rather, it went on with new momentum. While Philip was preparing to conquer Greece, Athens was conquering Alexander. Aristotle, the keenest mind of the age, the philosopher whose works in scarce altered form are still studied in our universities, had been summoned from Athens as tutor for the young Alexander, and for twelve years the incomparable teacher wrought to fashion his incomparable pupil according to the ideals of incomparable Athens. Philip himself was no Greek, but he worshiped Athens from afar, and refrained from setting foot upon its sacred soil even after his conquest. His attitude was not unlike that of many a father toward the halls of learning to which he reverently sends his son, seeking for him a boon to himself denied. But as the master and the patron of Hellas, it is by no means sure that the patronage of the crafty, carousing, barbarian Philip would have found a way, with all his veneration, to give to Hellenic civilization a new lease of life. The pupil of Aristotle, who succeeded to the great task after but two brief years, found a way.

The conquest of Greece was the most inevitable of historic events. If it had not been Philip, it must needs have been another. Greece had attained to her unique position by sheer intellectual supremacy. She had mastered the art of war as regards equipment, organization and tactics, and the result was Marathon and Salamis. She had equally mastered the arts of peace and the higher domain of the spirit, and her supremacy here was not less recognized. But this supremacy produced two results which in the end inevitably destroyed it.

The first was that in conquering she taught her enemies how to conquer, precisely as Egypt had done before, as Rome did later, and as Britain is doing to-day. Her secret could not remain a monopoly. The barbarian Philip, for three years a hostage at Thebes, where Epaminondas has just taught the last lesson in military science, carried this lesson back with him to Macedon. If we forget for a moment the superficial fact of political boundaries and follow the fate of systems and civilizations, the true historic entities, it is clear that there was no interruption, no check. The system, the science which conquered at Marathon, was the conqueror at Leuctra and at Chæronea, and Issus and Arbela were but sequels of Salamis. Greece could not use her advantage without sharing it and ultimately losing it.

And the second result was a change in her own temper as the result of her higher occupations. We have noted the beautiful ideal of woman which is repeated so often in the grave reliefs and revealed in such transcendent beauty in the Demeter. The infinite delicacy and spiritual sensitiveness of this ineffable type commands our sympathy and admiration, expressing and yet transcending our own ideal. But a glance at the warrior in Figure 117 will show that the ideal was not confined to woman. Breastplate and crested helm remind us of war, but the gentleness and delicate sensitiveness of the face contradict their message. The face is not little or womanish or weak. It suggests manhood of a type that we have learned justly to call noble.

But merely as a type of the brute assertion which is epitomized in war, such a soldier does not inspire confidence. Such a soldier might be compassionate to a conquered Lesbos, or cite philosophy to a carousing conqueror at Chæronea, but the hand of the hoplite is unnerved forever. Is it any wonder that Demosthenes exhorted in vain that Athens should rouse herself for a new Marathon? The days of Marathon were past. It was not to such unnerved and spiritualized soldiers as these that Philip brought back the secret of Epaminondas. The victory of Macedon was inevitable.

The victory of Greece over her conquerors was far less a matter of course. Some such counterconquest is inevitable when hardy barbarism conquers civilization. If the history of Alaric and Attila had been written from the barbarian point of view, it would doubtless appear as an era of unrivaled progress. But looked at from the standpoint of worsted civilization it appears as a ghastly tragedy. Rome, alas, had no Aristotle at the court of Attila. Such a catastrophe of loss and disaster is usual, when a new race relieves an old in the guardianship of civilization. It is the marvel of history that in this case such loss was so largely averted, that the culture leadership of Greece scarce suffered momentary disturbance as she passed to her larger task of hellenizing the barbarian. It is to the combined genius of Aristotle and Alexander that we owe this most successful, as it is the most momentous, of all the transitions of history.

Alexander was a conqueror. The world has never known such another. The lightning rapidity with which his genius imposed Greek rule over the known world is still the miracle of history, and a whole mythology centered about his name still bears witness to the impression which his blinding meteoric career made for a moment on the somnolent East. That night before Arbela shows us the true Alexander. With Parmenio, his veteran marshal and counsellor, he looks out over the plain where like sands upon the seashore lie camped the hosts of Persia. The field is of Persia's choosing. For months every device has been

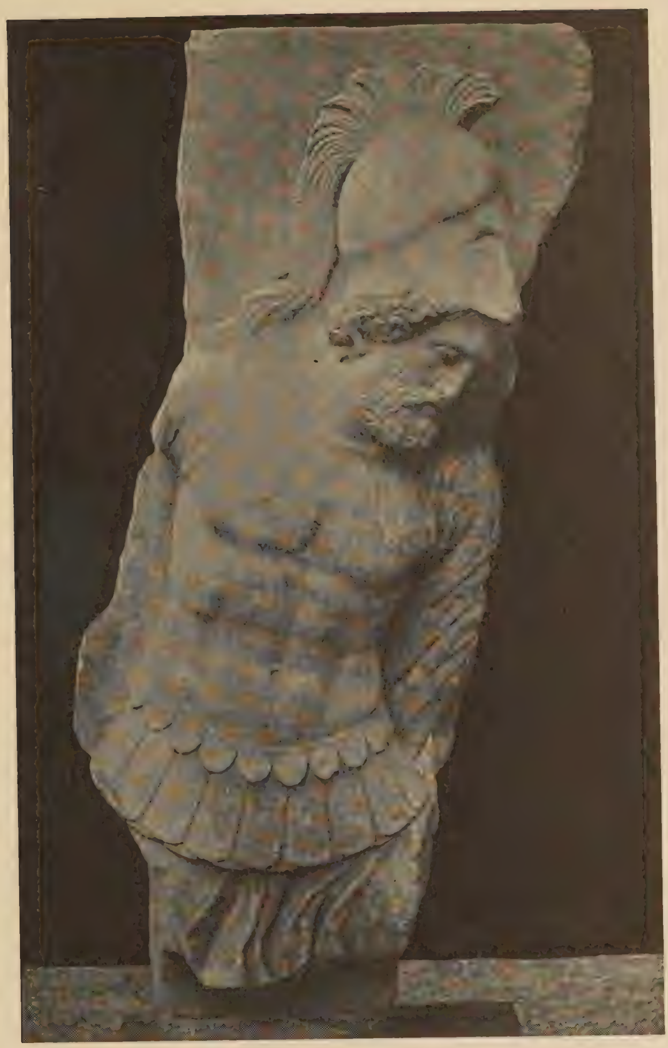

Fig. 117. — Warrior. Fragment from Grave Relief.
Glyptothek ny Carlsberg, Copenhagen.

exhausted to convert it into a death trap for the enemy. What organization can avail against such numbers? What phalanx can withstand the fury of the scythe-armed chariots or the vast bulk of the charging elephants? And now comes a messenger from Darius offering peace and a half of his empire. The scarred lieutenant of Philip, who has weighed the awful chances, judges humanly that it would be madness to refuse. "I would accept, if I were Alexander." "So would I, if I were Parmenio." And Alexander is conqueror at Arbela.

Alexander the conqueror, so much the world has seen. But Alexander the conquered, Alexander undeterred by the prudence of a Parmenio, yet led captive by the genius of Aristotle, the world has scarce heeded. But this is the significance of this chapter in the world's history. Alexander is the protagonist of Hellenism in the new world era. Not only in Greece, but in the Greek cities of Asia which he won from Persia and in those new centers which his foresight planted at strategic points in his empire, he was the munificent patron of Greek art, Greek letters and Greek civilization. His empire did not endure as a political structure, but his Hellenism did. When his empire broke up into small kingdoms, they were Greek kingdoms. In the measure that was humanly possible their rulers and their culture leaders were guided by Greek ideals. The superficial reading of history is: Alexander tried to make the world Macedonian, and he failed. The true reading is: Alexander tried to make the world Greek, and he succeeded. No man has yet measured the magnitude of that success.

At home, Greek art was hardly conscious of change as the result of Chæronea. The defeat which extinguished the liberties of Greece forever, involved no protracted and exhausting struggle, and the new overlordship was both considerate and enlightened. It is probable that Praxiteles and Scopas were still alive. It is certain that some of their distinguished contemporaries, colaborers on the great temple at Ephesus and the Mausoleum, were at their best. Sculpture in every form, from temple statues to grave reliefs and gems and bric-a-brac, was represented by artists and craftsmen who in numbers and ability had never been surpassed. They found in the new order of things new opportunity, possibly even new inspiration. As a matter of convenience we call the art of this new period not Hellenic (Greek) but Hellenistic (Grecian), but for a generation, perhaps even for a century, the distinction is artificial. Art changes, but only gradually, as it had changed before and as it would have changed in any case. Not until the growth of the new centers established by Alexander, with Greek ideals but with foreign material, had created new conditions of far-reaching moment, did Greek art undergo fundamental change.

Among the artists of the earlier régime who certainly continued into the new is Leochares, who is mentioned as one of the four who carried to completion the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus. Of his work in this connection we have no certain trace. When, after the battle of Chæronea, Philip of Macedon decided to erect a monument to himself and family at Olympia, Leochares was intrusted with the work. The effrontery of the parvenu was manifest in Philip's choice of a templelike structure and of the usually consecrated gold and ivory for the representation of himself, his father, his famous son and Olympias, the mother of Alexander. Among the many extant busts of Alexander it is extremely probable that we have copies of this famous work by Leochares, but which, it is now impossible to determine. Some indications point to a fine bust in Munich as a copy of this important original.

A small marble group in the Vatican brings us to much more certain ground. It is a Roman copy representing Ganymede carried off by the eagle (Fig. 118). A description by Pliny leaves us in no doubt as to the identity, though the imperfections of the copy leave us somewhat in the dark as to its value. The subject is a not unbeautiful myth, and the difficulty of treating it with dignity and in a way not to wound our sensibilities has been skillfully overcome. There is just a hint that the artist

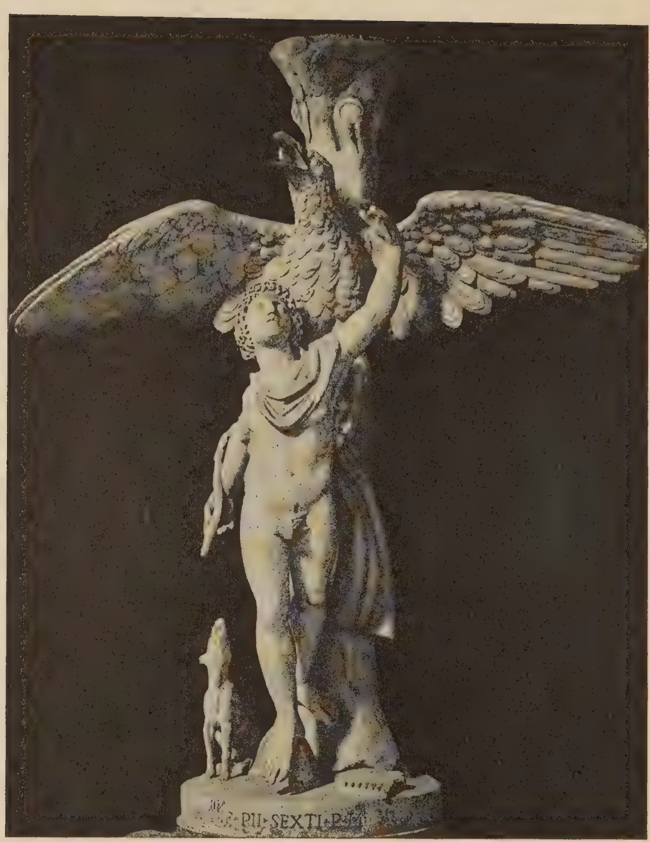
PII·SEXTI·P·M

FIG. 118. — Ganymede and the Eagle. Vatican, Rome.

prized these difficulties as offering an opportunity for his skill, an unworthy and dangerous motive, but conclusions of this sort demand more certain evidence.

More important but less certain is the case of one magnificent work which, despite much disfigurement, we must regard as a masterpiece of the great days, the Apollo Belvedere (Fig. 119). The work has been longer known than almost any other, having been in our possession nearly four hundred years. To this fact as well as to the attention paid the work by Winckelmann, first of seers in this field of revelation, the work owes its great name. Again we are dealing with a poor Roman copy. Mannerisms in the treatment of the hair and other characteristics, quickly recognized by the expert, disguise and disfigure one of the noblest of ancient works. The fact that both hands were missing in the original and have been restored, the right hand in offensive, spectacular style, adds new elements both of disfigurement and uncertainty, for the left hand and the object which it holds furnish the key to the interpretation of the statue. The restorer has assumed, probably correctly, that the left hand held a bow (merely symbolized in the marble copy), the right hand having just twanged the bowstring. The incident is thus the well-known story of the slaying of the Python. The story is that when the invaders of the North came to Delphi they found a monster, the Python, in possession of this beautiful spot and Apollo sped an arrow which slew the Python, and then ordained that he should be worshiped in its stead. The myth is a characteristic record of the appropriation of an Ægean shrine by the invaders, with substitution of their own divinity for a much disparaged divinity of the other race. Other peoples' gods are always Pythons and monsters.

The work has been criticized by some on the ground that the limbs do not seem to bear the body or adequately to feel its weight. The suggestion is made that this is intentional. Apollo here stands upon a base and his figure is strengthened by a tree trunk, but neither the one nor the other is a part of the concep-

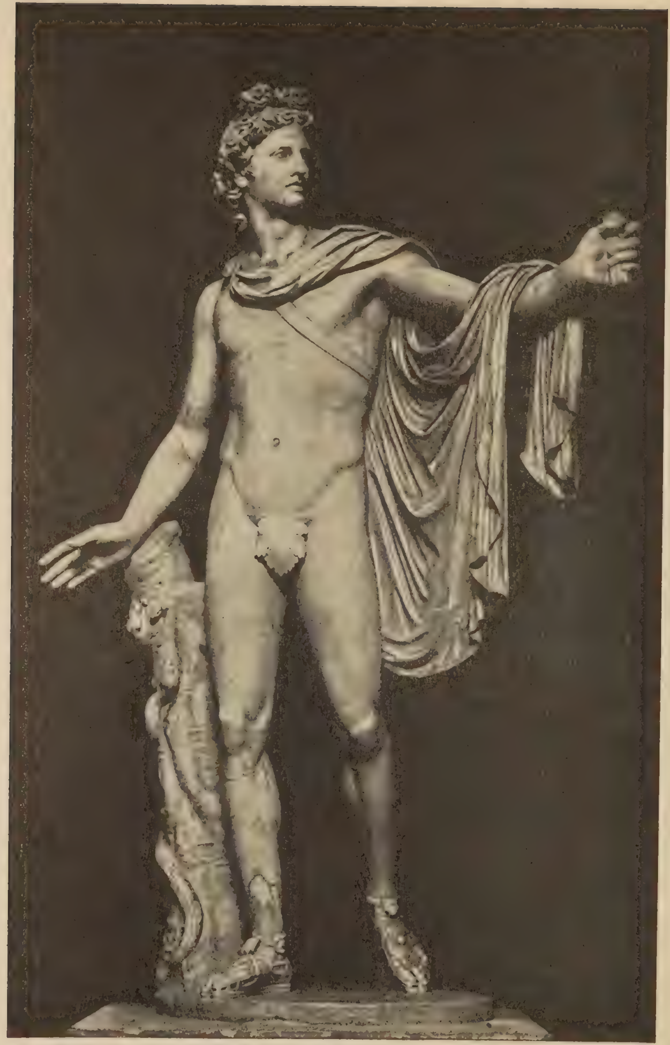

FIG. 119.—Apollo Belvedere. Vatican, Rome.

tion; they are merely supports for the marble, not for the god, who is to be imagined floating in the air. Hence his limbs do not bear his weight.

Assuming this to be the artist's intent, we have an important point in common with the Ganymede, the first attempt, so far as we know, to represent a floating figure. Other characteristics of a technical nature likewise suggest a kinship. Such vague resemblances would at first seem to amount to very little. A simultaneous attempt on the part of two sculptors to represent so general a theme seems most likely. But if we recall earlier studies we shall see a surprising tendency to repetitions of this kind, even on the part of creative and original artists. Nothing could seem more natural and non-essential than the easy way in which Hermes leans upon the tree trunk, yet Praxiteles alone uses this attitude, and that in almost every known example of his works. We have seen how the posing of one foot upon the toes became not only a habit with Polyclitus, but a dogma. If, therefore, we are right in seeing in this a floating rather than a standing figure, we have much reason to believe that we have here a copy of the famous Apollo which Leochares is said to have executed in bronze and which it is recorded was later taken to Sicily. Roman copies of such a work would be inevitable. Extant remains indicate that such copies are numerous, a sure indication of the popularity of the original.

The reader of German should not fail to read Winckelmann's allusion to this statue, which was to him a source of extreme inspiration. As he gazes upon this Lord of Delphi, kingly in bearing, disdainful of his base antagonist, the glories of Parnassus and of the god whose shrine for so long held Greece in its keeping, burst upon his inspired vision, and he voices his emotion in words which are a veritable hymn to Apollo, defying adequate translation.

Chief among the sculptors of this age and among the most creative artists of any age is the great Lysippus of Sicyon, later head of the Argive school. He was a younger contemporary of

Praxiteles and Scopas and uniquely favored as a personal friend of Alexander, the only one to whom the conqueror sat for his portrait. His fertility, of which incredible stories are told, must have been enormous. He is said to have left fifteen hundred bronze statues, an exaggeration, no doubt, but a suggestion both of his enormous productivity and of the opportunity opened to art by the conquest of Alexander. Among these statues was a group representing the battle of Issus which contained thirty-six life-size equestrian statues.

Of all these works not one remains. We know Lysippus chiefly in two copies, the one an excellent Greek marble of good period and the other a Roman copy of less excellence but after a fine original. Both represent athletes. The statue of Agias in the Museum of Delphi (Fig. 120) doubtless renders accurately the bronze original, as far as marble can. A comparison with the nearly contemporaneous Hermes of Praxiteles is instructive. Both are nudes, but there the resemblance ceases. The contrast is striking and significant. The Hermes is the uttermost suggestion of repose, a repose which becomes positive and inviolable, guarding a sacred tranquillity of spirit. Agias stands quiet but alert, like a cat ready to spring. No muscle, no faculty is on a furlough. The senses are focused into tense attention. The nude is correspondingly modified. In the Hermes all muscles are softened, all transitions lightened, the whole body etherealized by a pianissimo touch. Flesh is transfigured and becomes akin to spirit. In the Agias the nude is exact and positive. Something akin to the diagrammatic precision of Polyclitus, though far more purposeful and true, again calls body back from spirit. The Agias is a dramatic study of the athlete on the *qui vive* for action. Nothing has happened as yet, but all the resource, physical and psychic, which the athlete possesses is in readiness, obedient to the artist's subtle power of suggestion.

The Apoxyomenos of the Vatican (Fig. 121) is an inferior copy of an equally admirable work. It is an excellent pendant to the Agias, representing the athlete at the close of the contest,

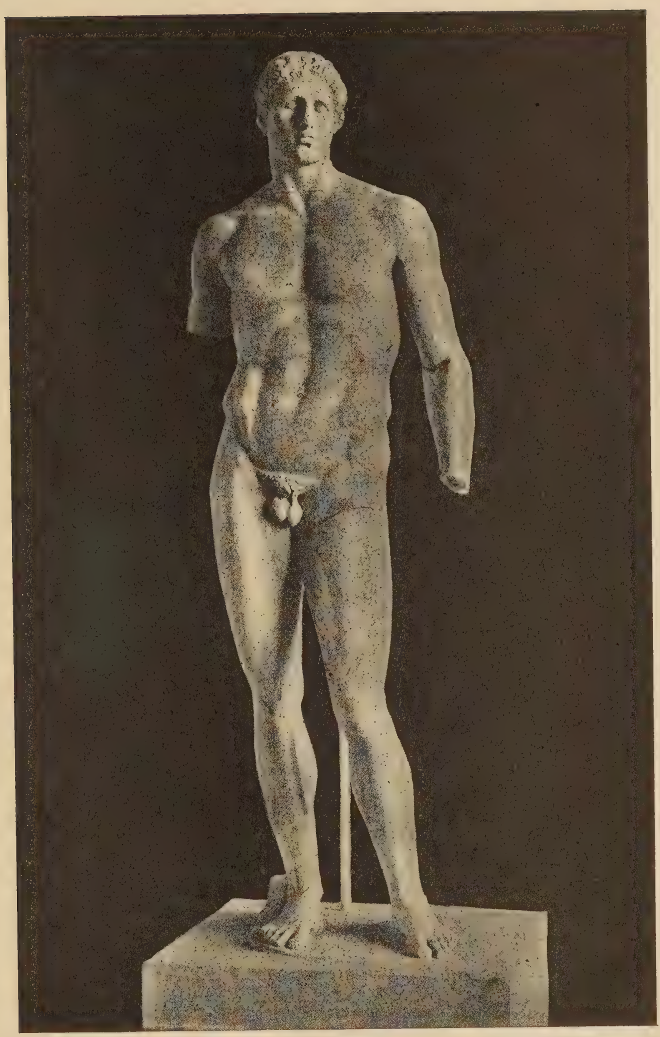

Fig. 120. Agias. Museum, Delphi.

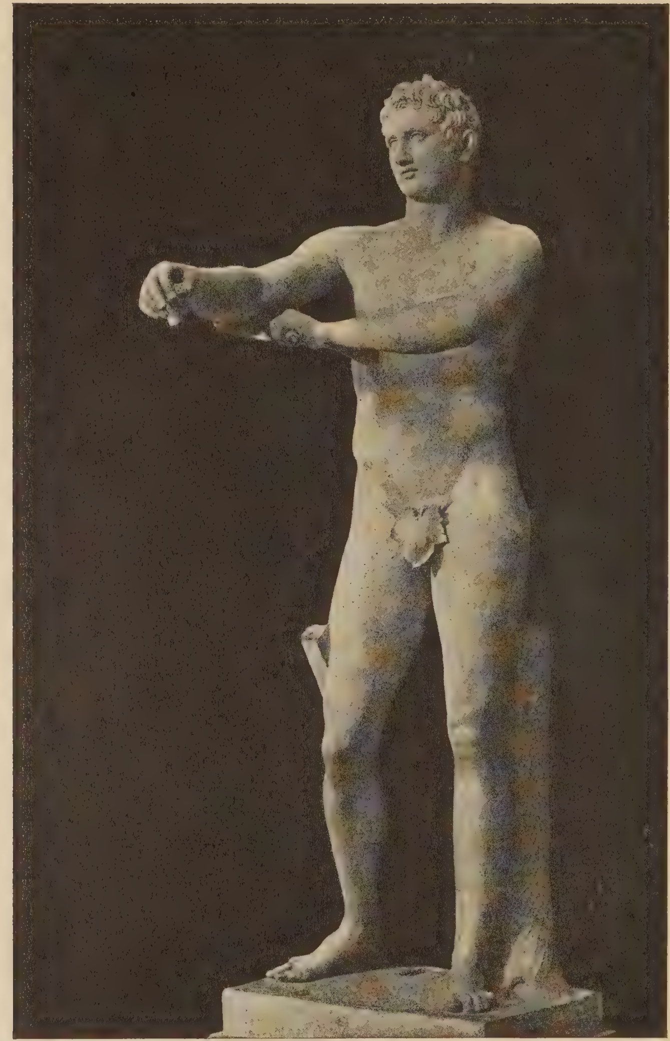

Fig. 121.—Apoxyomenos. Vatican, Rome.

his forces disbanded, his alertness dismissed. With the strigil or scraper he scrapes off the oil and sand with which his body is covered after the bout, flinging the contents from the strigil with the studied grace which was a part of his art. There is an easy confidence about him which betokens the victor, but the beauty is that of strength in relaxation rather than alert. But again there is the subtlest and most expressive contrast with the Hermes. This is relaxation, but it is still body, not spirit. The copy is too uncertain in these finer points to permit us to note exactly the difference between the corporeal and the spiritual, but it is clear that such was the difference.

There is a tantalizing suggestion in the record that to Lysippus alone Alexander sat for his portrait. The portrait of such a man by such an artist could hardly fail to be of interest. Most of the extant portraits cannot claim to represent the character of the one or the art of the other. It was the delight of a later spectacular age to present the world hero in sentimental, melodramatic guise like a Guido's Ecce Homo or Mater Dolorosa. One alone, a mutilated marble copy of an original bronze, has the dignity, the quiet power, and unassuming manner which comport with greatness. Even without the claimed confirmation of technical characteristics, a comparison of Figures 122 and 123 will leave us in little doubt that we have in the former the real Alexander as he appeared to one from whose eye the true reality never escaped.

It will be apparent at a glance that Lysippus maintains the Argive tradition of Myron and Polyclitus. He gives us none of the daring poetry of Phidias or the dreamy sentiment of Praxiteles or the dramatic pathos of Scopas. He is infinitely more subtle than Myron; his athletes are brainy as well as muscular, and the difference of mental attitude between the different phases of the athlete's experience are as real to him as the attitudes of the body itself. He has none of the mechanized procedure of Polyclitus. But superior as is his athlete to that of Myron or Polyclitus, he is an athlete still. And beyond this theme he

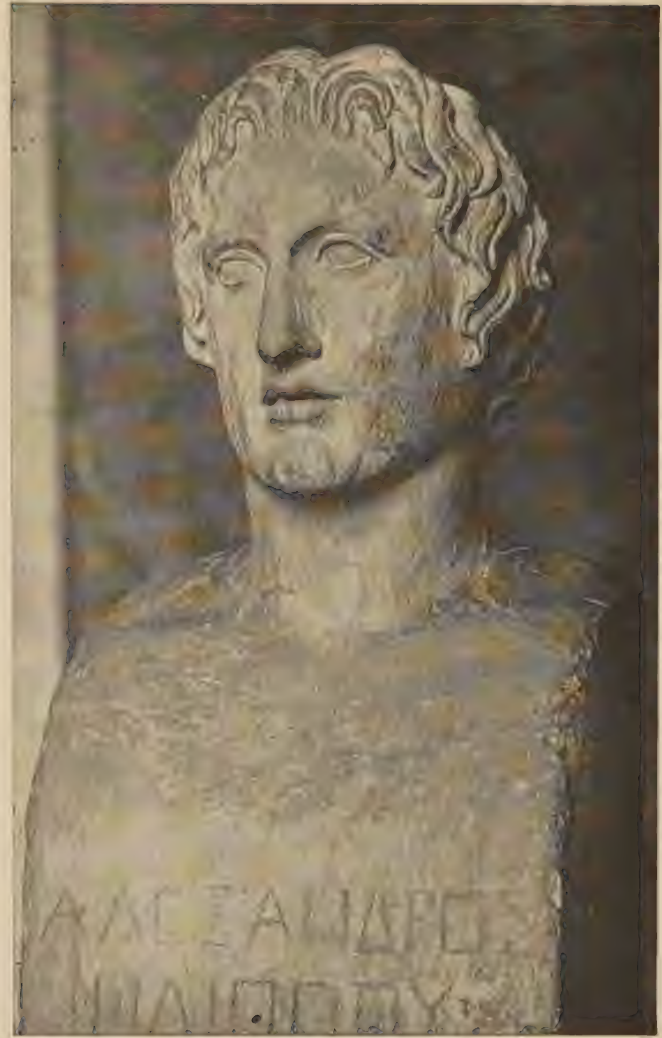
ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΣ

FIG. 122.—Head of Alexander. Louvre, Paris.

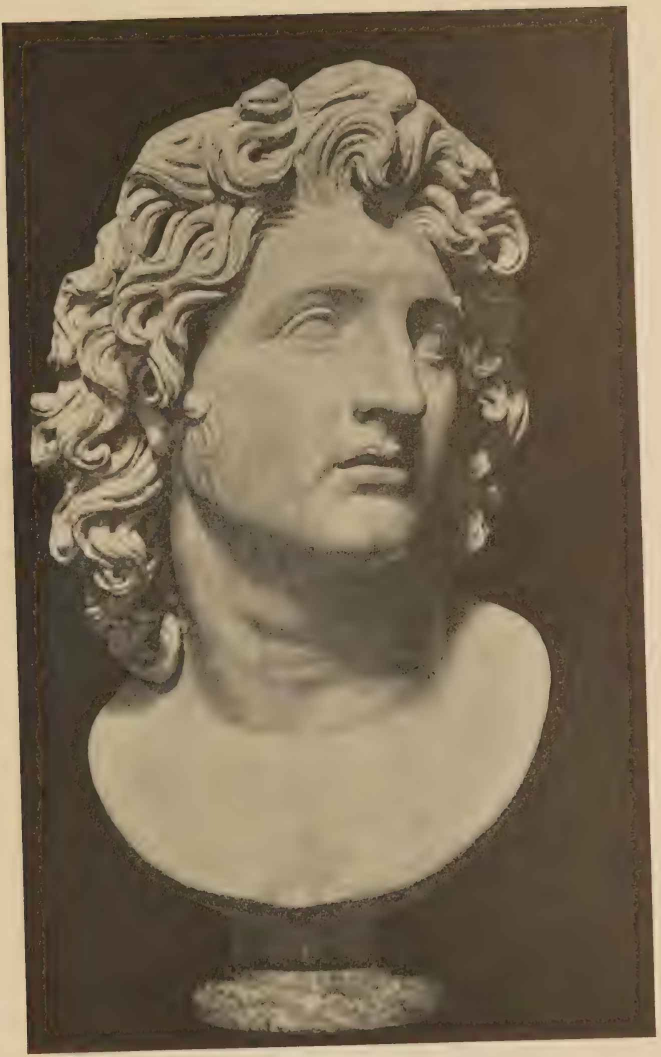

Fig. 123. — Head of Alexander (Helios).
Capitoline Museum, Rome.

reaches out — not into myth and romance — but to history, as in the battle of Issus, to portrait, to realities of the objective world rather than to creatures of the imagination. The Athenian tells us what he sees with his eyes shut, the Argive what he sees with his eyes open. That the eyes of Lysippus were so amazingly open, and his perception of the subtler realities so keen did not change the principle. Nor did the fact that he frequently represented the conventional theme of the gods, as Polyclitus had done before him, necessarily make him their prophet. His enlargement of the Argive theme along historic and portrait lines is significant in part of new tendencies. Myth is outgrown, religion has lost its interest, history has become inspiring, personality assumes new proportions; old things are done away, all things are become new.

But we must not be too quick to assume that Athens and her idealist tradition were obsolete in this new order. Despite the powerful influence of Lysippus and the many points of contact between the Argive tradition and the new order of things, Athens remained supreme, and the great majority of the statues that interest us in the first century of Hellenistic art are essentially Athenian, though details of date and authorship are scanty. Of these works three may be noted as embodying the spirit of this later Attic art.

The first is a work, or rather a series of works, which now form the unrivaled glory of the Constantinople Museum. A few years ago a peasant, plowing in his field near Sidon, lost an ox by a cave-in of the earth. Investigation revealed the mausoleum of the Sidonian kings, with sarcophagi covering a period of several centuries. The earliest examples are Egyptian in design and probably in execution. Then suddenly, in the sixth century, there is a significant change to work unmistakably Attic. Pisistratus was contesting with Egypt the markets of the Mediterranean. These early examples of Athenian workmanship, however, present Asiatic rather than Attic designs. Athens had no models as yet for the purpose. These were the

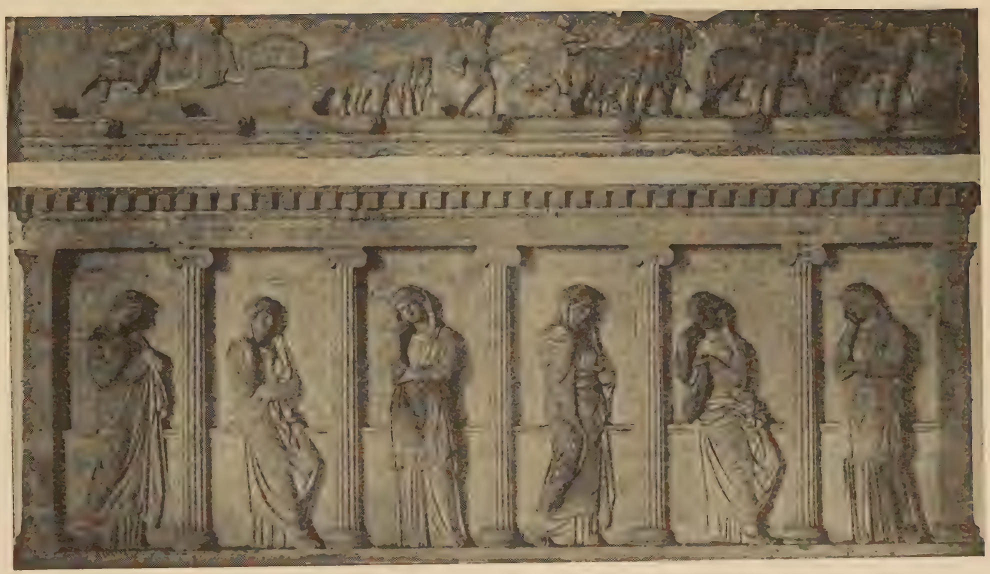

FIG. 124. — Sarcophagus of the Mourning Women. Museum, Constantinople.

days of the Aristion (Fig. 103), days of real sculpture but of inchoate memorial art.

We cannot trace the whole evolution. Suffice it to say, Athens kept the place she had won, and the beauty of the Athenian fourth-century grave reliefs is reflected in the lovely Sarcophagus of the Mourning Women (Fig. 124), which dates from the time of Praxiteles and Scopas and plainly shows their influence. The sarcophagus is in the form of an Ionic temple, between the columns of which stand or sit women in varied but harmonious attitudes, all with unmistakable expressions of grief. This is an adaptation of the often-noted poetic motive of the grave reliefs to the new and more difficult requirements of the sarcophagus. Something is lost, for these women are isolated, and group motives, so expressive on the Attic headstones, thus become impossible. Grief, too, is somewhat less restrained, and therefore more hazardous as a theme for permanent expression in marble. But the work is a unique expression of the Attic spirit of about the middle of the fourth century.

The culminating member of this wonderful series, however, the so-called Alexander Sarcophagus (Fig. 125), which of itself justifies a pilgrimage to Constantinople, must be assigned to near the end of this century. It certainly is not the sarcophagus of Alexander himself, who, we know, was buried in Alexandria, but it is worthy to have served so high a purpose. It is undoubtedly the tomb of some one closely associated with him and high in his favor. The prominence given to Alexander in all the scenes depicted upon this wonderful sarcophagus is easily accounted for, if we suppose it to have been executed as the tomb of a devoted follower in the generation following his death, when, more and more, divinity seemed to gather about his memory. The sarcophagus is again templelike in character as regards its gabled roof and splendid cornice, but the columns are wisely omitted, the broad surfaces of sides and ends being merely set in splendid frames of sculptured molding whose workmanship is unsurpassed by anything in the history of Greek

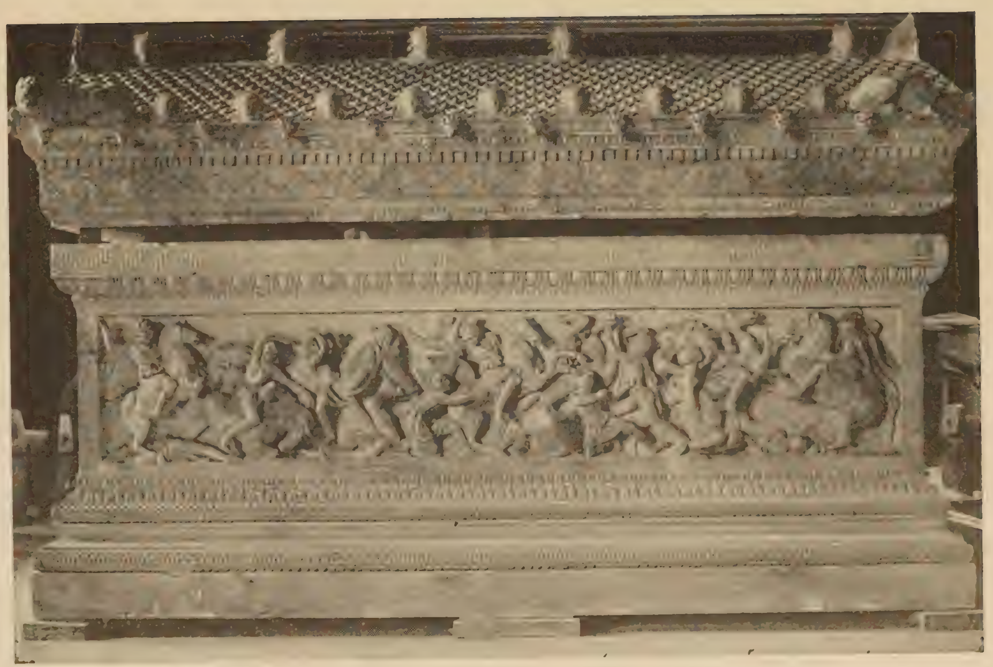

Fig. 125. — Alexander Sarcophagus. Museum, Constantinople.

art. Perhaps there is a trifle of wantonness in this prodigality of skill, a bit of desire to carry the well-known conventional ornaments into dangerously fragile delicacy, but skill does not yet riot or play havoc with sobriety and taste.

The glory of the whole, however, is the relief decoration of the panels, a battle between Macedonians and Persians on the one side and on the other a hunting scene in which the now reconciled enemies participate, while kindred scenes occupy the shorter panels of the two ends. It is impossible to tell what to praise most in these splendid reliefs, the amazing lifelikeness and vigor of the action, the perfect balance and spacing of the composition, or the perfection and delicacy of detail. Alexander of course is everywhere supreme. In this, art need make no apology to history. Whether it were a question of culture leadership, or genius in organization or daredevil bravery, Alexander was easily first in his unrivaled company.

Of unique interest to the student of art's procedure at this time is the coloring of these panels, by far the most perfect specimen that has come down to us from the art of the later time. It is useless to discuss this without having it before us. Suffice it to say that in delicacy it justifies all that has been said regarding the perfection of the colorist's skill at art's zenith and leaves us almost persuaded — but unconvinced.

It will be clear at a glance that the settled theme of the Greek memorial is here abandoned. How could it be otherwise with a man who adored Alexander? Imagine a boon companion of Napoleon ordering mourning women or grieving farewells for his tomb. That would do very well for those for whom life held no supreme memory.

This incomparable monument, which can hardly have been unknown in ancient times, may have been primarily responsible for a new style of memorial which was destined to degenerate into the most absurd irrelevancy. A battle scene sarcophagus — that was the thing — for soldier, for merchant, lawyer, priest, even for women. That was the latest novelty in burial fashions.

Meaningless? Ridiculous? Which, being interpreted, meaneth *fashion*.

Two other representative works of this period are the proud possession of the Museum of the Louvre. The first, the Nike of Samothrace, is the culmination of a great series of representations of this enticing and difficult theme of which we may briefly notice two earlier examples. The first is a quaint winged figure found under conditions which perhaps associate it with a pedestal bearing the name of Archermos, of whom it is recorded that he made a much admired figure of the winged Nike. It is amusing at first to seek in this figure the occasion of this early admiration. The figure is not flying, but running, the missing wings, of which we have many counterparts in contemporary bronze figurines, having been purely ornamental appendages. The legs, which were never even approximately mates, are in a position to suggest kneeling rather than running, a convention of which we have numerous early examples. The body takes the usual quarter turn at the waist, the lower part being in profile, and the upper part in front view. The features, though the work is in marble, clearly betray the soft-stone habits, and the face is animated by the usual archaic smile. All this is easy to see and unprofitable to dwell upon.

But it is not easy to see what the people of the sixth century saw and rejoiced in, a suggestion of the rushing motion which characterized this goddess and which heralded to the artist's contemporaries a new era in sculpture. It is well for us to recognize the long struggle which art must endure before she escapes from these early conventions, but it is more important that we recognize her new thought and her effective though inadequate expression of it.

A century or more passes, and we have another Nike (Fig. 126), this time from Pæonius, a contemporary and companion of Phidias. The work was erected in Olympia about 423 B.C. The artist's conception will be best understood from an excellent restoration of the much mutiliated work. Nike, it

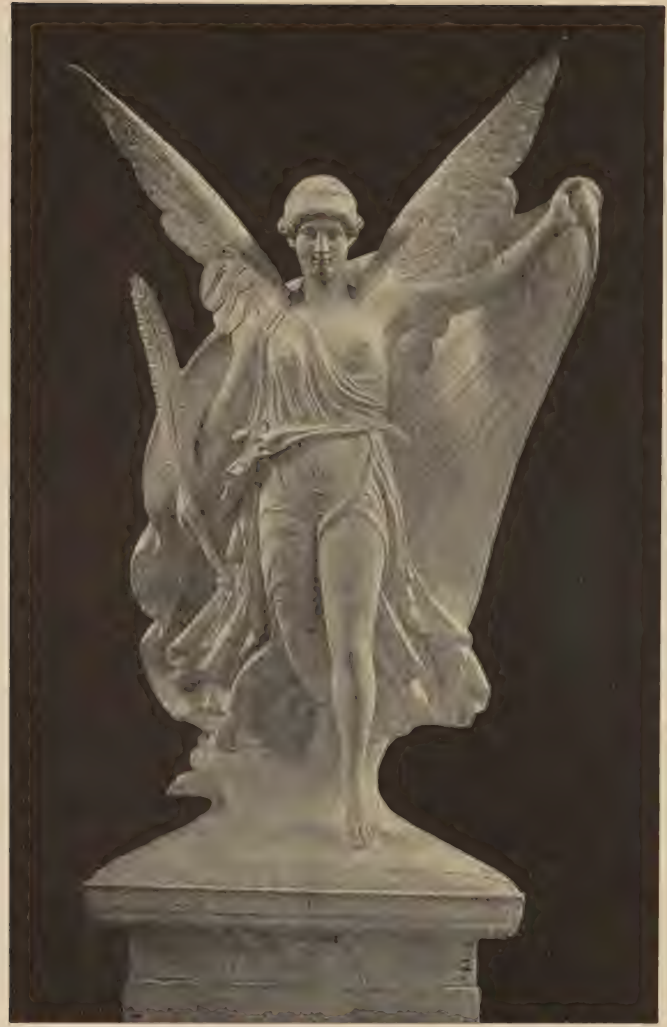

Fig. 126. — Nike of Pæonius. (Restoration.)
Museum, Olympia.

must be remembered, was a winged goddess who was believed to descend from the skies and alight on the prow of the victorious ship or in front of the victorious army, thus sealing the fate of the day. Pæonius has represented the goddess as in full flight downward. The statue, as a matter of physical necessity, is supported by a very high pedestal, so that it was seen above the spectator. The wings, real wings now, are outspread in flight. An eagle, dimly hinted in a mass of marble beneath her feet, is a well-known Greek symbol of the air. The goddess holds, streaming out behind, a garment which serves the double purpose of counterbalancing the leaning statue by its weight, and furnishing by its tinted surface a background for the statue much less glaring than the sky would have been. The delicate draperies, blown against the figure, are a most expressive suggestion of motion.

Pæonius seems not to have been regarded as a great sculptor by the ancients. Our first impression, as we see his resourcefulness and daring originality, is to accord him a higher rank. But on second thought we let the verdict stand. His daring passes somewhat into bravado. He is working in protest against the limitations of his marble rather than in harmony with its nature. No artist who does this, who defies the limitations of his art instead of welcoming them, who arouses our astonishment rather than our sympathy and admiration, ever attains the highest place in art. The artist must not do stunts. Pæonius is but moderately open to this criticism, but it is impossible to forget it altogether.

Again something more than a century passes and we have the great Nike of the Louvre (Fig. 127). This was erected by Demetrius, one of Alexander's generals, to commemorate a naval victory over Ptolemy, his former conpanion in arms, won in the year 306 B.C. The statue is thus approximately contemporary with the great sarcophagus. It stands upon a large pedestal representing the prow of a ship, and thus represents the goddess not in flight, like that of Pæonius, but at the

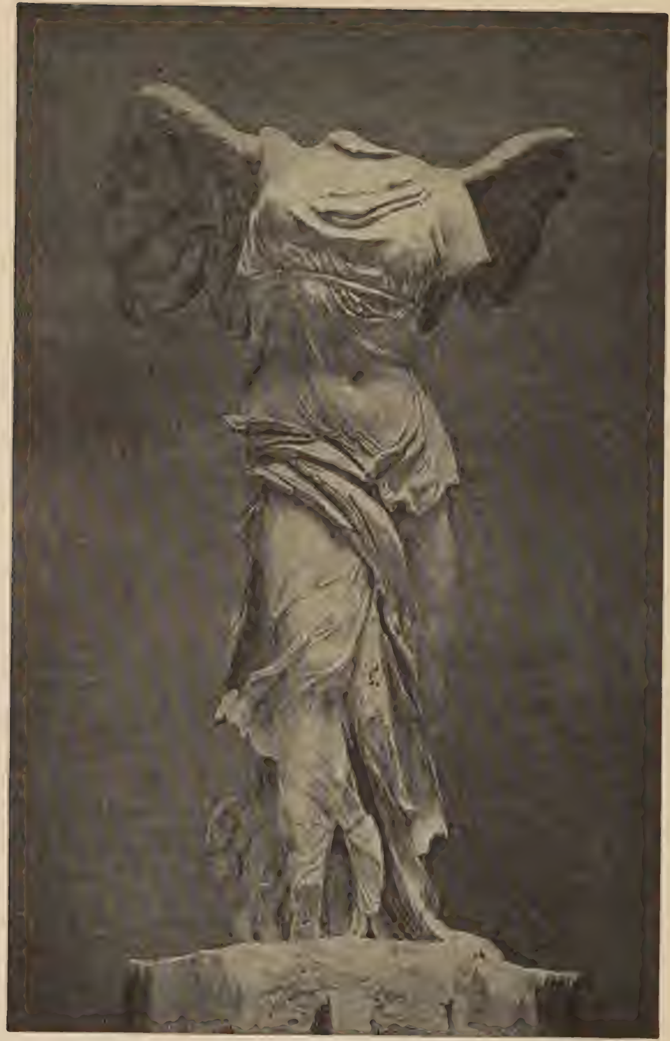

FIG. 127. — Nike of Samothrace. Louvre, Paris.

moment of alighting, the suggestion of motion still present, but with no attempt to suggest the suspension of the heavy figure in the air, a far saner conception. The wings are directed backward and are largely concealed from front view, as though about to be folded from flight.

The marvel of this work, which is of the highest rank, lies chiefly in the draperies, which display a mastery of this difficult theme which has never been surpassed. Draperies illustrate better than any other feature in sculpture the familiar paradox that art must be unnatural to seem natural. Nothing can be more inadequate than the common assumption of the novice that the sculptor has but to reproduce the shape of things in order to make them look natural. The reason is that things have more than shape. Other elements are color, texture and, in living things, motion or change. The sculptor can imitate nature's color if he wishes, but only with disastrous results which we need not here discuss. The Greek, even when he colored his statues, never did so in imitation of nature. Here then is one limitation.

It is even more obvious that the sculptor cannot reproduce texture or motion. Marble and bronze have a texture of their own which it will not do to ignore, for it is obvious and familiar to every one. It is utterly unlike the texture of cloth or flesh. Motion, of course, is altogether excluded. These things which the artist cannot express he must suggest, and obviously he can suggest them only by changes in form, that being his only medium.

Hang a curtain in folds and it will, of course, look like cloth. The folds identify it. Copy it in marble, and it will look like cloth. Now stretch the curtain smooth, eliminating all folds. It will still look like cloth. The texture identifies it. But if now we copy it in marble it will not look like cloth at all. Neither folds nor texture are there to identify it. If we wish it to look like cloth we must put back, not texture, for this is impossible, but folds, for of these our marble is capable. The earlier sculptors do not appreciate this. They copy exactly the plain, heavy garments of the time with their broad, smooth surfaces, but these do not look like cloth. They are more like the smooth, rounded surfaces of gingerbread figures (compare Fig. 25). Only later do the sculptors learn that while real garments may look all right with smooth surfaces, sculptured garments will not. Lacking texture they must have folds if they are to seem really like fabrics. Hence the multiplication and refinement of folds in later sculpture. Witness the Three Fates (Fig. 54) or the Sandal-binding Nike (Fig. 71).

To suggest motion the artist can of course choose a transitional attitude. In fact he does not do so, but invents a composite attitude which we conventionally associate with motion, with the result that we find kodak pictures of moving figures very strange. But do his best, the sculptor makes a feeble impression of motion by manipulation of attitudes. Hence he falls back on other means of suggestion, notably on draperies. By representing draperies as blown by the wind of motion, he suggests motion far more effectively than by any choice of attitudes, though a considerable hyperbole is usually required for the purpose.

Our figure is the finest example extant of the use of draperies in quite artificial form to suggest both the softness and flexibility of cloth and the motion of the figure. Such draperies bear little form resemblance to actual fabric forms under analogous conditions, but as a result of their skillful manipulation, the *figure* is infinitely more true to the artist's conception. Unnaturalness has suggested nature.

Our draperies are even yet not quite explained. Not only are the folds many and subtle, but they are all *curved*. Real folds, on the contrary, always tend toward straight lines, interrupted by angles. But straight lines suggest harshness and strength, and the artist wishes to suggest grace, which is fundamentally associated in our minds with the curve. So all the folds are thrown into curves which we feel but do not think about, much less reject as unnatural.

Here again the artist is merely fencing against the limitations of his art. If we had a real moving figure before us, we should not only get actual motion and have no need of blown draperies to suggest it, but we should get our impression of grace from this same motion, no matter how straight or angular the momentary folds of the draperies might be. Not having either real motion or real grace, we fall back on our willing draperies to do a duty not required of them by nature, and we get both motion and grace.

These considerations will prepare us to appreciate the enormous subtlety of art at this period. The evolution of art may conceivably go farther, but only at the risk of faring worse. It cannot be denied that there is danger in such a subtle science of counterpoise and check as we have in the art of this age. Such cleverness and science are always in danger of becoming unmanageable and going off into business on their own account. They did so in the succeeding age.

It may not be amiss to recall the fate of this wonderful theme, which has now become preëminently the embodiment of grace in Greek art. When Christianity later brought its Hebrew conceptions to a people steeped in Greek art, it inevitably sought in that art its medium of expression. Among these conceptions was the *angelus*, or messenger of the Lord. The noun is masculine, and the concept was certainly that of a male wingless figure. But this winged female figure was too apt and too beautiful, not to serve. Phidias had perhaps set the example of using Nike as a messenger. And so the angelus becomes a woman with wings, the most familiar symbol of Christian art, but best represented by the statue before us. It alone, of all the symbols of a rejected faith, survives through the Christian ages in hallowed use. It is no small tribute to the power of Greek art that it won clemency for its most beautiful creation from the ruthless iconoclasts who swept out all else with the besom of destruction.

The Aphrodite of Melos (Fig. 128) is perhaps the most popular

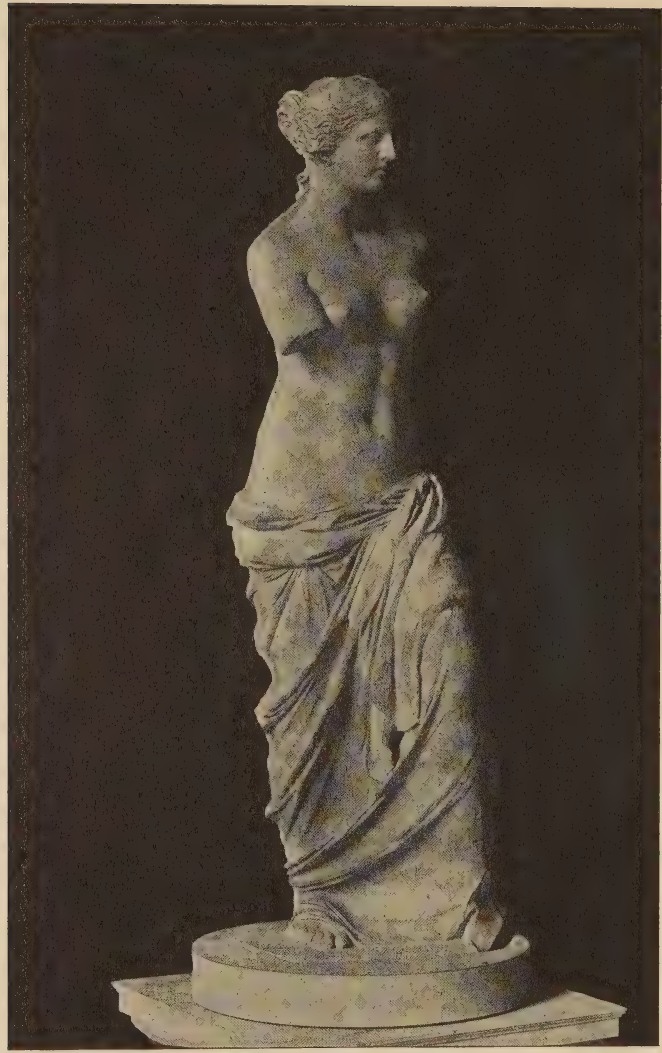

FIG. 128.—Aphrodite of Melos. Louvre, Paris.

Greek statue in existence. It is superbly placed in a widely known museum. It was early the subject of appreciative and felicitous comment, to which have been added poetry and romance. These, in addition to its undeniable beauty, have won for it an affectionate regard hardly equaled by any other statue, ancient or modern. It deserves its popularity, though there are unnoticed works which deserve far more. It is interesting to recall, as suggesting the changed attitude of our time, that when it was presented to the French king less than a century ago it was thought necessary to forge a famous name upon the pedestal to insure its acceptance and preservation.

The statue is in the main well preserved, but lacks both arms, which were seemingly in a suggestive or significant attitude, a fact which has given rise to endless conjecture and various unfortunate attempts at restoration. The result of all such attempts is unsatisfactory and generally brings the would-be restorer to the conclusion that the statue is an inferior work, as it is in truth when he gets through with it. No better proof could be cited of the folly of restoration, once so generally practiced, than the confessed unsatisfactoriness of all these conjectural restorations. Among motives suggested are the well-known theme of the holding of a mirror, a theme excluded by the attitude of the head and by sculptural considerations, a union of some sort with another figure, a leaning upon a pillar or other support, etc. The character of the pedestal, complete enough for this single figure, yet certainly pieced in the original, indicates pretty conclusively the presence of something more, whether figure or pillar we do not know. Meanwhile the loss of the arms in no sense destroys the beauty or deeper significance of the work. Perhaps it enhances it. It behooves us to take the statue as it stands.

"All other Venuses are beautiful women; the Milo Venus is a goddess." So runs a time-honored and significant criticism. The words are true, but to our modern mind misleading. What did the Greeks mean by a goddess? Their conception of divinity is so far removed from our own that it is only in the exceptional conceptions of Phidias and Plato that we recognize our familiar ideal. To the modern or Christian mind God is a parent, neither existing nor needing to exist for his own sake, but concerned wholly with his children or creatures and "fraught with heart care in our behalf." To the Greek the gods were a race of superior beings living their own lives as we do ours, neither malignant towards beings of our lower order, nor yet subordinating their own paramount interests to our welfare. Relations between such beings and humans were notoriously precarious and difficult. Epicurus had taught the Greeks that while the gods existed and relations with them were undoubtedly possible, such relations might better be avoided. Thus we might imagine a sage old squirrel discoursing to his younger kin: "There are such beings as men, undoubtedly, but give them a wide berth. They are not greatly concerned for our interest. At the best they will pet and enslave us; at the worst, destroy us." We can hardly regard this conception of divine self-interest and self-sufficiency as immoral, unless we are willing, with Hindu sensitiveness, to impute like immorality to our own relation to lesser creatures. Our own conception of the divine lays supreme emphasis upon the single quality of love or altruism, of course with great theoretic stimulus to the social virtues. The Greek conception did not. Every impulse or characteristic which he recognized as an integral and constructive element in character the Greek attributed to the gods, redefining and emphasizing as experience brought its light. The gods were supermen, their human characteristics merely projected along the vaster orbit of the illimitable. Special characteristics were prominent in particular divinities, exactly as in individual men, dignity and kingliness in Zeus, intellect in Athena, tenderness in Demeter, etc. Their religion was less focused upon a single virtue than ours, but it offered an exceptional opportunity for the all-round idealization of human character. It is something to say of a religion that it lent no countenance to the fanatic or the monomaniac, and this is not the only thing that can be said for the Greek religion.

In this sense, therefore, the Aphrodite is a goddess. Rounded and perfectly developed womanhood, no quality in excess, but the whole based upon that fine Greek principle of "nothing too much" which is the glory of the race. Rounded and balanced womanhood, but womanhood transcendent, untrammeled by the human blight of *limitation.* That is the human thing, its absence the divine thing. That which balanced impulse prompts, divine self-sufficiency can accomplish. It is this consciousness of impulse flowing unhindered into achievement that is the dream of humanity and the essence of the divine. The Aphrodite of Melos is a goddess.

CHAPTER XV

DISPERSION AND TRANSFUSION. ALEXANDRIA, RHODES AND PERGAMON. 300–146 B.C.

To one who praised the victory of a great conqueror, Napoleon is said to have remarked, "What did he do the day after?" It is the day after which puts the conqueror to the test, which distinguishes a Cæsar, a William of Normandy, a Napoleon, from an Attila, a Tamerlane, or a Mahdi. It is the day after which makes Alexander supreme among conquerors. We are so much more interested in the destroying of cities than in their building that we see his work in false perspective. We do not remember that he built ten cities where he destroyed one, still less that the cities which he built were part of a colossal plan of world reconstruction which was infinitely more daring than his plan of world conquest.

When Baron Haussmann was prefect of the Seine, he took the map of Paris and drew right over this plan of Paris as it was his new plan of Paris as it was to be. There were new thoroughfares and broad boulevards and new squares and centers of beauty and convenience. To this new plan all rebuilding has since conformed, until Paris is a new city in which Saint Louis or even Jean Valjean would be puzzled to find his way.

In something the same way Alexander redrew the map of his suddenly acquired world, exploring its rivers and passes and circumnavigating its unknown coasts to secure the data for the new system of trade routes, markets and harbors, which the brushing away of traditional barriers now made possible. When we remember that he reigned but thirteen years, and that most of this time was spent in active campaigning with enormous drain upon the energy of both himself and his people, we cannot but be amazed both at the magnitude of his plan and the measure of his success. His plan stood the test. It was little more than a project when he died, but though his empire collapsed, the old barriers could never be reërected or the new trade routes closed. The new cities grew and prospered. Egypt may suffer a hundred cataclysms, but nothing destroys Alexandria. The new plan was nature's plan. That it was so far successful was due to the greatness of its projector and to the skill of the body of Greek scientists and engineers with whom he had the wisdom to surround himself. We are beginning in our day to develop the new profession of city planning which traces its tradition back to Baron Haussmann. We scarcely realize that we are but reviving a science which attained its highest development in the planning of Priene and Rhodes by Hippodamus of Miletus.

But this was only a part of Alexander's plan. It was as necessary to break down intellectual barriers and open new thoroughfares for thought as to create new trade routes and build new markets. This, to a disciple of Aristotle, could mean only the triumph of Hellenism. The word had ceased to stand for a local system whose merits were to be weighed against those of another. It was synonymous with enlightenment. Greek thought had become comparatively rational and untrammeled. Superstition with its deadly ban upon thought and action had been largely overcome. Science and philosophy had grappled fearlessly with the largest problems. Humane instincts and constructive action had become distinctly congenial to the Greek mind and brutality and destructive impulses distasteful. Above all, the imagination had become creative, and man had learned to dream of illimitable power to create the utility which he needed and the beauty which he loved. To the enlightened among the Greeks these things were the essence of Hellenism. Its accidents of form and fancy were but convenient vehicles for the transmission of this essence.

In this more difficult part of his plan, Alexander was also measurably successful. Considering the shortness of his career and the collapse of his political organization, he was amazingly so. This success must be attributed to the inherent power of Greek civilization and to the ability of his Greek associates, whose influence did not terminate with his life. The kingdoms into which his empire broke up were heirs of his ideals, and their kings, long his associates, shared his enthusiasms, employed his counsellors, and as far as the troubled conditions of the time permitted, continued his projects.

Bearing in mind this twofold reconstruction of the ancient world, we are now prepared to note two great changes which profoundly affected the evolution which we have been studying. These changes took place slowly and were hardly appreciable until a generation or two after the conqueror's death. Their full effect was hardly noted before the second century. It is the development of perhaps a century and a half that we have now to characterize.

The first change was a redistribution of commerce and industry, following the opening of the new trade routes and the location of new markets. In this redistribution, old centers lost their trade and new centers gained it. Such changes, of course, are always going on. Note the decay of Bristol, England, whose foreign commerce once exceeded that of Liverpool, or that of Chester, whose very existence as a port is now forgotten. But this change just now was unusually rapid and far-reaching. Within a century from its foundation Alexandria numbered more Greeks than Athens, while other races were similarly and perhaps equally represented. Other new centers were hardly less successful.

Much of this gain was sheer world growth, the result of better organization and development, but some of the gain to the new cities was loss to the old. Chief among the losers was Athens. From Pisistratus to Alexander she had held the first place in commerce and industry, and her preëminence in higher things had been the result of her economic supremacy. In this little earlier world her position was central and strategic. In the new world of Alexander it was so no longer. Alexandria now held that position, and many a lesser upstart distanced Athens, which now dropped to the level of a provincial town. In present achievements, therefore, Athens was at a disadvantage, but in past achievements her preëminence was worshipfully acknowledged. The inevitable result was that Athens became retrospective, dwelling fondly upon the past in which she had been supreme, and losing sympathy and touch with the present which had unkindly withdrawn its favor. Slowly she became committed to the thesis that art is of the ancients. There was much on that hill of Athena to justify the thesis, but that much was not enough, was not enough for her and is not enough for us. If our study of Phidias and Praxiteles has filled us with longing for the past and with distrust of the living present, let us close the book forever. We must live with the living principle of Greek art, not be buried with its corpse, and that living principle is none other than this: Art is born of the present, interpreting its ideals and epitomizing its experiences. Art knows no past. True art, to be sure, always seeks to escape from the limitations of the present, but not by exchanging them for the limitations of the past. She knows only the present and the eternal, which is the always present. We should give short shrift alike to the modernist who says that art began with Rodin, and the archaist who maintains that it ended with Phidias.

As Athens thus lost touch with life, she ceased to be creative. The craft was still busy within her walls and the hand had lost nothing of its cunning, but the imagination became reminiscent. The tradition became 'classical.' The burden of past glory was too much for the lessened virility of her artists. Athens had done her work. The candlestick was removed from its place.

But whatever our confidence in the irrepressibility of the art impulse, whatever our enthusiasm for the living present, it is not without a pang that we record the passing of Athens. She still wears her crown, though it no longer implies dominion. She still has her walls, but she does not man their battlements. She has her citizens, but they no longer decide questions of empire in the Assembly. She has her wealth, but it is an inheritance rather than a present creation. Philosophers still discourse to the students who gather in her stoas, but they discourse of Plato and Aristotle, adding reverently, as though by interpretation. Athens is the open forum for new ideas, but too academic to be committed to any. Taste and culture are the birthright of her citizens, but they look toward the ideals of the past, and estrange her from the ruder present. Athens passes, but not her work. When ours is done, and the nation of which we are so proud shall pass, is there anything that we would rather the recording angel would write of us than that which Dionysius of Halicarnassus wrote of this city sacred to later Greek memory: "The Athenians made gentle the life of the world."

The second great fact of the time is the obvious counterpart of the first. The creative forces of Greek life and culture are transferred to the new centers. Mere transfer may mean little, but there is always more than mere transfer. If at any time within the two preceding centuries art leadership had been transferred from Athens to Argos, from Phidias and Praxiteles to Myron and Polyclitus, it would have meant much. How much more if transferred to Sparta or Bœotia, though all were Greek. But these new cities were not Greek. They were cosmopolitan, with mixed population and heterogeneous traditions and ideals, in which the Hellenic element had a just but far from complete precedence. We can imagine how the Jews of Alexandria, for instance, more numerous than those of Jerusalem, affected the character of that city. They were not uninfluenced by Greek culture — indeed, it was notorious that the rabbis of Jerusalem regarded them as apostates, and one of their number deliberately attempted to fuse Plato and the Hebrew prophets into a harmonious philosophical system. But just imagine that Pericles had had to reckon with them in the Athenian Assembly.

And they were but one of a number of powerful foreign elements who, in the aggregate, must have been in the immense majority in this as in every other Hellenistic city. These were foreign cities which were trying to be Greek, or rather, whose rulers and dominant elements were trying to make them so. The nearest counterpart will be found in such quasi-English cities as Calcutta and Bombay. If now we can imagine the break-up of the British Empire, and the continuance of India as an independent kingdom under British rulers with a powerful but small British minority in the population, we shall have a close analogue with the Greek situation two hundred years before Christ. If we further assume that the break-up leaves England weak and London commercially stranded, while Bombay and Calcutta become commercial centers for the world under a new distribution of commerce, we shall have as close a parallel as the conditions permit. English would of course become the language of Bombay, and to a less degree of the country as a whole, but it would be a modified English. English literature would be widely studied, praised and imitated, but with some peculiar results. English architecture, English dress, English customs, in short every phase of English civilization would be widely introduced, much modified and yet in a degree arbitrarily, not to say awkwardly, preserved. The native strain would crop out when least expected, too instinctive for the most abject imitation to repress, and would unite at times with quaintly misplaced elements from the civilization of the dominant race. Our illustration is extreme on account of the greater difference of climate, but this is offset by the vastly greater facility of propaganda and assimilation which we possess in this age of the railroad and printing press.

It is clear that a transfer of the headquarters of British civilization to India, even under a ruling British minority, must profoundly affect its character. The change would be noticed in a multitude of little accidents and excrescences which would be quaintly conspicuous, but the real change would lie deeper in things not so readily noticed. The anglicized Hindu would do the British thing, but he would not understand the British reason for doing it. And failing this reason he would not really do the British thing. The guiding principle being lost, the impulses, the restraints, the discipline and ultimately the true character of British civilization would disappear.

This is precisely what happened in this century and a half of Hellenistic civilization. The Greek tradition is everywhere in the ascendant. In every country there are of course dyed-in-the-wools who resent the new order, but their case is hopeless. Jerusalem is stiff-necked, but is forsaken by its votaries. Ammon sulks in Thebes, but Egypt is ruled from Alexandria. Marduk and Mithra and Baal are no longer names to conjure with. The movement is not so much one of open revolt and avowed conversion as of insinuating change of sympathies. It may be compared to the recent movement in Japan in favor of the occidental civilization.

The great leaders in this movement were Alexandria, Rhodes and Pergamon. The first two were powerful commercial centers whose growth was inevitable under the new Alexandrian system. Alexandria was the new center of the commercial world for reasons which a study of the trade routes will make perfectly plain. Rhodes, situated at the corner of Asia and at the entrance to the Ægean, with its new harbor located and planned by the great Milesian engineer, was a close second. Pergamon, on the other hand, seems to have been a historic accident. Her importance was military rather than commercial, and but for the wars which followed the death of Alexander she would hardly have attained importance. As it was, an accident gave her a start, which was utilized by a dynasty of great ability to make her the capital of a considerable kingdom. Her importance was immensely increased by her successful resistance to the first of those barbarian invasions which were later to desolate this region, and by her later astute alliance with the hardly less barbaric power of Rome, to whom her dominion was the first in these regions to pass. From first to last, therefore, her significance was military.

To these new centers of wealth and enterprise now migrated the Greek artists, carrying their traditions and their skill, but necessarily, also, a large deference for their new patrons. These patrons were sometimes Greeks, sometimes barbarians, the latter hellenized, the former barbarized, by the inevitable intermingling of these cosmopolitan centers. These patrons are the real guides in the further development of Greek art. Their guidance becomes the more significant from the fact that art in these days quite changes its function. Great public works such as characterize Athenian art of the fifth century are now comparatively rare. On the other hand private luxury has enormously increased and has created a new place for art in the embellishment of palatial private dwellings. It is clear, however, that art under such circumstances is far more at the mercy of individual caprice than in great public or religious works, where conservative tradition would be much more powerful.

The influence of Alexandria upon this development of art may well have been the most considerable, but it is least known to us. Of the many Hellenistic works which we are unable to locate not a few may be of Alexandrian origin, but there is little which we can assign even with probability to the new metropolis. There are some indications that marble reliefs of a pictorial and even of a landscape character were a specialty of this center. If so, the relaxation of Greek discipline is manifest. Picture is a thing utterly different from sculpture. The one deals with perspective, that is, with *apparent* spaces and forms, and the other with real spaces and forms. Picture is possible in sculpture, as the marvelous work of Ghiberti has so abundantly demonstrated, but picture is the appropriate goal of painting, whose mastery of light and shade, so far exceeding that of the sculptor, is enhanced by freedom in the use of color. Picture is normal and easy in painting and abnormal and difficult in sculpture.

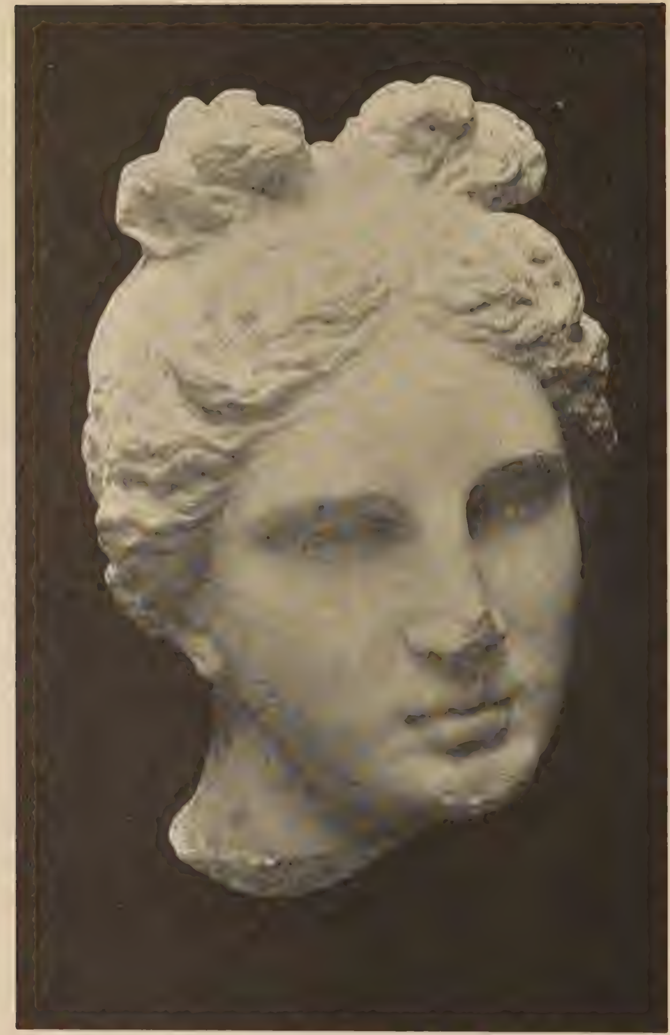

Fig. 129. — Head of a Woman. Museum, Boston.

Now it is a safe and obvious rule in art, as in every line of human endeavor, that we should follow the line of least resistance, for this is the line of greatest achievement. It is possible for a pipe organ to imitate a violin, but the only result is to convert a first-class organ into a third-class fiddle. All cross imitation between the arts involves a waste of energy which is to be deprecated, even though the result is at times exceedingly clever. One of the wonderful things about Greek art is its persistent refusal to yield to this seductive temptation. We are not in a position to judge of their painting, but sculpture, at least, was always sculpture. But under the new patronage, sculpture slips the leash and the true boundaries of these sister arts are obscured.

There are other evidences of the influence of painting on sculpture even in the round. A beautiful head in the Boston Museum (Fig. 129) and another from Pergamon now in Berlin appear with all outlines and details softened or hazed. These heads are 'atmosphered' in the sense familiar to painters. This use of atmosphere to blur and subdue certain objects is primarily a device in perspective, a means of making some things look farther away than others, though something very similar to it is often used rather arbitrarily to subordinate even foreground objects to which the artist does not wish to direct primary attention. It is difficult to see how either of these purposes can concern the sculptor. As here applied, it would seem to be an affectation. The development of painting which, in the hands of masters like Parrhasius and Apelles, certainly went to very great lengths at this time, interested the public in these atmosphered effects and the sculptor saw a chance for a new experiment. The effect is not unpleasing, for the resulting vagueness has the merit of suggestiveness which the sculptor seeks in many ways, but the result is an accidental coincidence. Our judgment is further obscured by the fact that the faces thus thinly veiled are exquisitely beautiful. Any kind of veil looks beautiful on the right kind of face. When all is said, however, it is plain

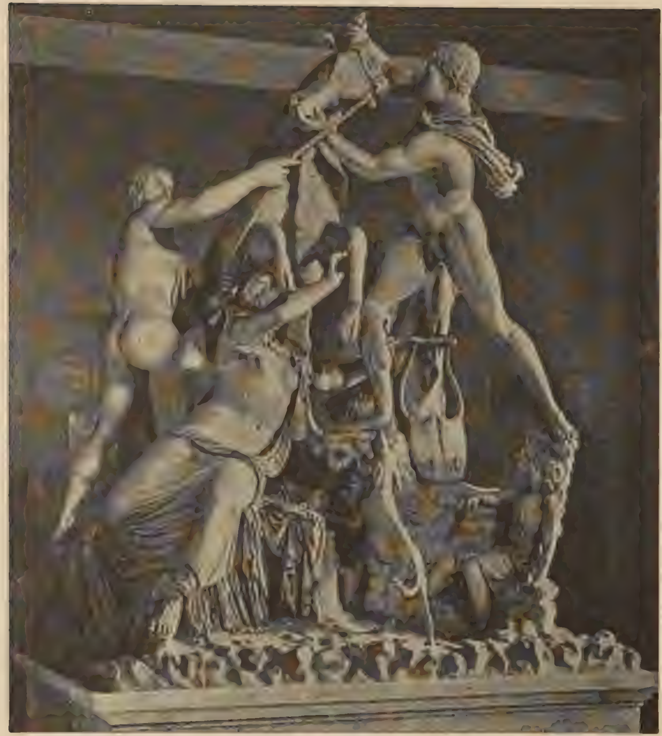

Fig. 130. — Farnese Bull. National Museum, Naples.

that our sculptors are not quite clear as to the nature of their art.

Our knowledge of the art of Rhodes is more considerable, but not more reassuring. She was certainly ambitious, to judge from the erection in 280 B.C. of a bronze statue of the sun god one hundred and five feet high, doubtless the largest bronze ever cast. Whether it was great, or merely big, it is impossible to determine, but the very size of the work, taken in connection with such knowledge of Rhodian art as we possess from other sources, is suggestive of a misdirected ambition. It stood but fifty-six years, being overthrown and destroyed by an earthquake in 224 B.C. The fragments excited wonder for some nine hundred years, when they were sold to a Jew, who employed nine hundred camels to remove them. Without passing judgment upon a work of which we know so little, we cannot avoid the suspicion that these details of height, and the number of camels required to remove it, supplemented by the absurd modern fiction that it once stood astride the harbor entrance, give us the really impressive things about the famous Colossus. It is pitiful that the exuberant wealth of this opulent parvenu should have been able to purchase so little of the spiritual wares of Hellas.

Another large work in the Museum of Naples (Fig. 130), which is certainly of Rhodian origin, represents the punishment of Dirce, who was bound to the horns of a wild bull by two young men whose mother she had mistreated. It is a fine bull.

Altogether the best known of Rhodian works and perhaps the best known ancient work of art is the Laocoön (Fig. 131). It will be remembered that when the Greeks captured Troy by the ruse of the wooden horse, Laocoön, a Trojan priest, protested against drawing the horse inside the walls, whereupon two serpents sent by a divinity friendly to the Greek cause destroyed both him and his two sons. The group represents the death agony of the doomed men. Despite certain errors in restoration it gives an essentially correct idea of the sculptor's intention.

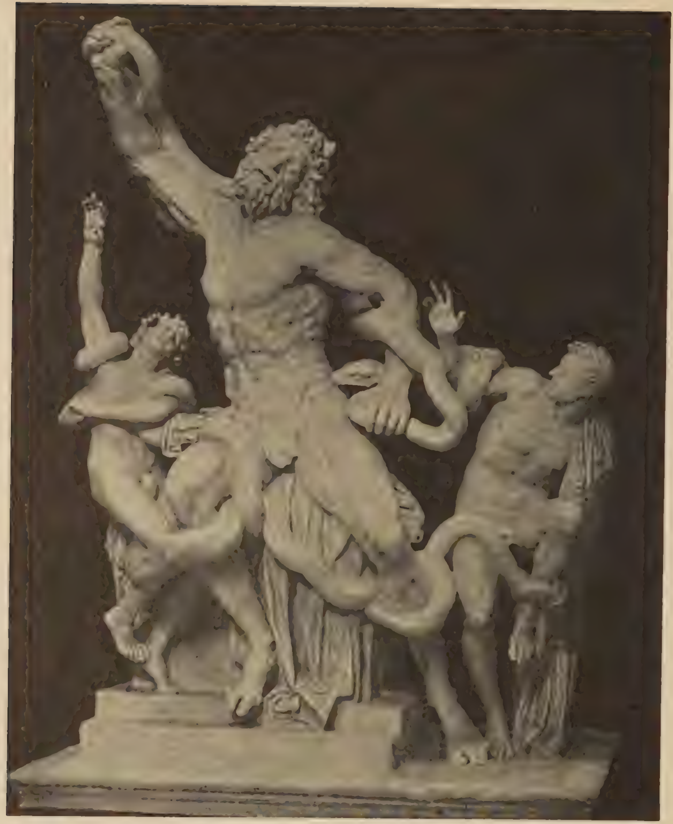

FIG. 131.—Laocoön. Vatican, Rome.

This intention is merely to represent a death agony under highly dramatic conditions. The sculptor's skill is equal to the difficult task. The pathological anatomy of the group is marvelous, the death agony appalling. Minor criticisms as to the adult proportions of the youthful sons may well be waived. The skill manifested is superlative. Praxiteles and Scopas could not have done this.

And they *would* not have done this. The message of Greek art has fallen upon deaf ears if we still call this Greek, if we still call this *art*. This is great sculpture, for those who enjoy skill. This is great art for those who enjoy death agonies.

The Laocoön is the natural stepping-stone to the art of Pergamon, to which indeed this particular group is related, almost to the extent of plagiarism. Beyond doubt Pergamon represents the best type of this later Hellenistic art. Her kings were distinguished for their patronage of art and letters, and the great Pergamon Library, for the decoration of which, as already stated, a modernized copy of the Athena Parthenos had been executed, developed such proportions that it aroused the jealousy of the king of Egypt, whose pride was the famed Alexandrian Library, and he forbade the exportation of the necessary papyrus, of which Egypt held a monopoly. Thereupon Pergamon resorted to specially prepared sheepskins known from this place of their origin as *pergamentum*, the origin of our word parchment. Pergamon was not easily to be balked.

Patronage of art was equally munificent. Here, more than in any other Hellenistic city, art was developed in connection with vast public works. Some idea of the munificence of this patronage, as well as the development at this date of a large respect for the earlier or 'classical' art, may be gathered from the statement that when Corinth was destroyed by Rome in 146 B.C. and her works of art put up at auction by the Roman Mummius, the representative of Attalus, king of Pergamon, bid a thousand talents ($1,200,000) for a single picture. The astonished Mummius thereupon withdrew the picture from the sale, thinking that a picture of such value should adorn his triumph. Mummius apparently had modern standards of appreciation.

This art development in Pergamon was both stimulated and modified by a great historic event already referred to, the conquest of the Galatians. These barbarians had penetrated Asia Minor in the third century, leaving desolation along their route, and now were settled in the interior, where they were a terror to their civilized neighbors. King Attalus I broke their power in a great battle which was a deliverance both for Pergamon and for all Asia. This supreme national exploit naturally appealed strongly to the national imagination and became the theme of a not uninspired art. This art left its modest but appropriate memorials in the Dying Gaul, one of the most famous of existing antiques, and in the Votive Offering of Attalus to Athens. These two works are extremely suggestive of the whole situation as regards art at this time, its living impulses and its acknowledged and treasured affinities with the great past.

The Dying Gaul (Fig. 132) represents a mortally wounded barbarian whom we recognize by unmistakable tokens as a Gaul. He supports himself on one arm just before succumbing to his wounds. The statue is distinguished by marvelous fidelity to the nude, and by equal fidelity to the particular type of barbarian with which the artist is concerned. Withal, the vigorous realism thus involved is subordinated to a certain nobility which redeems it from the vulgarity into which realistic studies of essentially physical themes so easily fall. This is thoroughly representative of Pergamenian art in this period. It is a true art theme, for it recalls a great national achievement and the artist both feels and evokes a genuine enthusiasm. On the other hand the artist is inordinately conscious of his technical skill, and the statue bristles with anatomy, a common fault of the art of this period, perhaps due to the practice of dissecting the human body which had grown up in the medical school of Alexandria and which for a time exercised a baneful influence

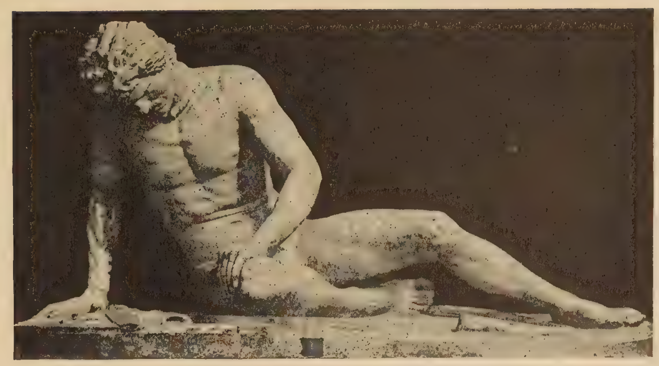

Fig. 132.—Dying Gaul. Capitoline Museum, Rome.

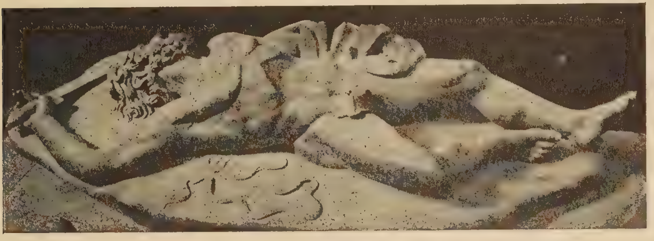

Fig. 133.—Fallen Giant. National Museum, Naples.

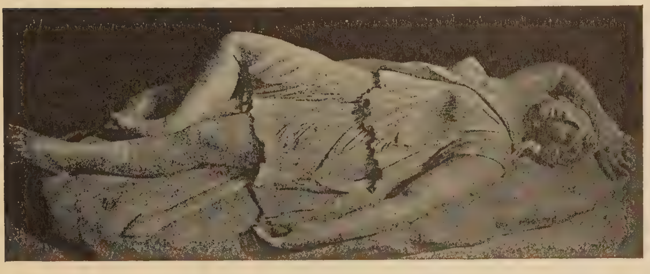

Fig. 134.—Dying Amazon. National Museum, Naples.

upon art. It took the artists a long time to learn that it would not do to parade their anatomical knowledge. These nudes of the third and second centuries are a great deal more wonderful than those of the fourth, but they are too wonderful. Anatomy shouts at you from the housetops. These X-ray studies which turn the body inside out are altogether too specialized, too technical, too scientific, to be really artistic. It is quite of a piece with this excessive anatomical skill, that the artist is careful about costumes, implements, hair, mustache, etc. He is learned in ethnography as well as in anatomy.

In short, with a skill which is capable of anything, the artist has come to rely on observation rather than on imagination, upon science rather than upon art. It is noteworthy that a student in a so-called art class (which never studies art, but always science) is always given one of these Hellenistic statues to draw, either the Dying Gaul, or better, the so-called Borghese Warrior, the finest example in existence of sculptor's science, which has become utterly sterile as art. The artists of this time can *see*, they can *do*, but they scarce *think* or *dream* at all.

But if the modern sculptor, too often a victim of this same Hellenistic tendency, is willing to rest the case of art with mere science and skill, King Attalus was not. He remembered Athens and delighted both to honor her and to honor himself in so doing. It appealed to his pride to think of his victory over the barbarians as the last in the series of great triumphs which the gods themselves had begun. He therefore sent to Athens a votive offering consisting of four groups of sculpture, the first representing the battle of the gods with the giants, the second the battle between the Greeks and the Amazons, the third the struggle between the Greeks and the Persians, and the fourth the battle between the Pergamenians and the Gauls. It is significant that the limited idealism of the time should have expressed itself in this one supreme ambition, to link the life and achievements of the present to this heroic lineage. Several figures copied from these groups still exist, some in Naples and others in Venice. They represent without exception the fallen enemies in the several combats, their position having doubtless conduced to their preservation. They are but a small fraction of the extremely numerous series. Among these a fallen giant prostrate by a thunderbolt of Zeus and a dying Amazon, her hair disheveled and her face imbued with an indescribable pathos, are figures of very great power (Figs. 133 and 134). Of the old-fashioned sobriety and decorum of Greek art there is no trace. The artist now lets loose the floodgates of passion and riots in his magnificent dramatic power. He asks no question as to the calm gaze of the mighty Parthenon on this turmoil of the soul. He knows no conventions, no discipline. He is not 'classical.' It is the tempest of Asian passion clothed in the garb of Greek art. We would like to know what Scopas would have said to this unrestrained expression of the pathos which he interpreted so circumspectly.

It is more important to know what we think about it. Momentary impressions are untrustworthy. A little of this sort of thing is undoubtedly thrilling; more of it becomes sensational, even repellent. Above all, long-continued intimacy wearies us. It has been justly said that our first impression of the purer forms of Greek art is one of tameness, not to say insipidity. It lacks 'ginger,' especially to the untrained and careless observer. Only very slowly do we realize that this absence of the adventitious, the sensational and striking is its very greatness, and come to see in its deep impassiveness the suggestion of eternal and unutterable things. With the staggering, the sensational and stunning, it is the reverse. It arrests the most indifferent attention, but its first moment is its best. Its petrified passion ultimately becomes mere petrifaction and annoys us by a tension that refuses to relax. The reposeful is a crescendo and the dramatic a diminuendo in the static arts.

Unfortunately sensational art usually exposes itself to a much worse criticism, and to this the art of Pergamon is no exception.

Relying upon momentary impressions and measuring its success by the intensity of its impressions, it seldom discriminates long between impressions of different kinds. There is grandeur in the conception of the eternal struggle between Cosmos and Chaos as suggested in the stricken Titan and the dying woman, but another well-known Pergamenian work of this period is of a different sort. It represented the story of Marsyas, the uncouth Satyr whose skill in playing the pipes induced him to challenge Apollo, champion of the lyre, to a contest. The challenge was accepted, and with the condition that whoso won should have his will with regard to the other. With surprising magnanimity, Apollo consented that the shepherds, friends of Marsyas, should be judges. Each played marvelously, and the shepherds, more accustomed to the music of the pipe, were inclined to give the palm to Marsyas, whereupon Apollo turned his lyre upside down and having played marvelously upon it, demanded that Marsyas should do the same with his pipe. When he confessed himself unable to do this, Apollo urged that he had not met him on even ground and claimed the victory, which the shepherds, now conscious with whom they were dealing, hastened to give him. Thereupon Apollo ordered him strung up to a tree trunk and skinned alive. The story is a thoroughly horrid one, of Asiatic rather than of Greek origin, but developed, it must be confessed, in Athens in the later technical period with which we are now dealing. It had a secondary meaning perfectly known to the Greeks which largely redeemed it. It epitomized the age-long struggle between the Greek and the Asiatic civilizations, the one represented by the lyre and the other by the pipe. For this uncouth devotee of the pipe nothing was too bad. Even in the great age we find the story represented in a minor work executed under the supervision of Praxiteles, but significantly enough, the moment chosen is the one when Marsyas is blowing with all his might, confident of victory, while Apollo, coldly dignified, awaits the end. This is not a great theme, but taken in con-

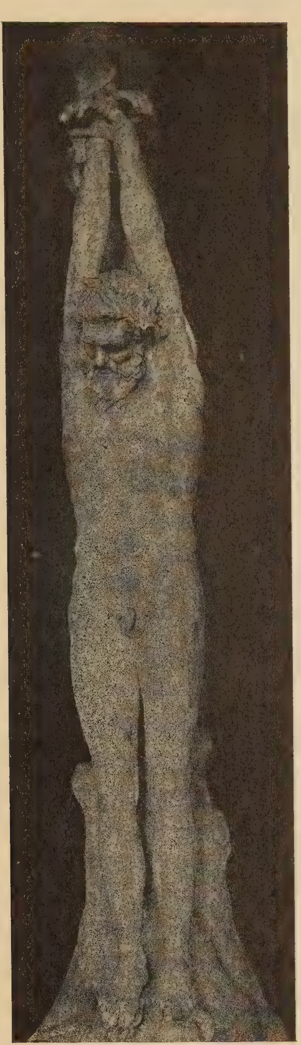

Fig. 135. — Marsyas.
Louvre, Paris.

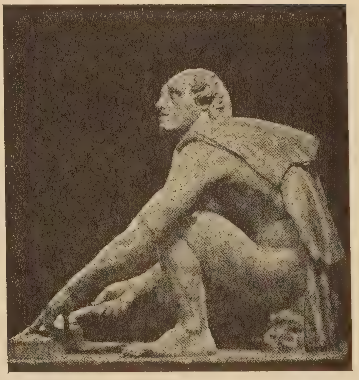

Fig. 136. — Knife Grinder.
Uffizi, Florence.

nection with its secondary meaning, and as thus represented, it is neither unpleasing nor without significance.

But in this age the theme has risen to new and quite uncanny favor. The struggle between civilizations is quite forgotten, and under existing conditions quite inappropriate. Nor is the artist careful to choose the presentable moment. On the contrary, it is the unpresentable moment that tempts him. Marsyas, with his hands tied together above the tree limb from which he is suspended (Fig. 135), offers an enticing study in the new anatomy which now fascinates the craft, while the slave, low-born, servile and obsequious, who eagerly grinds his knife, glancing the while at the terrifying Apollo and the writhing Marsyas, offers a psychological problem of hardly less interest. A superb copy of the slave, the so-called Knife Grinder (Fig. 136), exists as a chief attraction in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, while copies of the Marsyas are found in several museums. An idea of the abyss into which this sensational dramatic art ultimately fell may be derived from the fact that this figure of the writhing Marsyas, isolated from the group and therefore wholly meaningless, seems to have been copied repeatedly as a prized example of ancient art and presumably an ornament of Roman villas and palaces.

Wars with her neighbors reduced Pergamon to a very low state soon after the death of Attalus I, from which the favor of Rome, who found in her a faithful and much needed ally, raised her again to very great wealth and splendor. It was in these latter days of her greatness that she undertook the vast public works which are to the Hellenistic age what the monuments of the Acropolis are to the Greek. Chief among these is the great Zeus Altar, the reconstruction of which in a great museum solely devoted to this work is the greatest attempt in the way of archæological reconstruction in any age. This altar consisted of an immense platform about a hundred feet square, approached on one side by a broad flight of steps and surmounted on the other three sides by a high balustrade wall with rich interior and exterior decorations. The great platform itself was surrounded by a magnificent band of sculpture in high relief, about eight feet high and more than three hundred feet in length. The subject is the battle of the gods and giants, and the allusion is again to the triumph of Pergamon over the Gauls, a victory which it was plainly the ambition of this splendid age fittingly to commemorate (Fig. 137).

This is beyond question the supreme triumph of Pergamenian art, and in some ways it is an unsurpassable masterpiece. The artists have certainly not wrought for nothing in the preceding years. They know perfectly what they are about, and understand exactly how to produce the results which they desire. The modeling is high, the lines of demarcation bold, the contrasts of light and shadow tremendous. They are working for magnificent effects at long range and they perfectly calculate their means. Passion, too, and action are as powerful as are the means by which they are represented. These earth-born rebels against the supreme powers throb with passions that are akin to the tempest and the volcano. They writhe in their agony and storm in tumultuous endeavor, while the gods bear off an easy victory which scarce disturbs their serenity. All this is great, after the Pergamenian ideal of greatness. In skill it is above all praise.

But it is significant that the giants have assumed a long cast-off guise. Human figures have wings, or their heads are lion heads, or their legs pass off into serpent bodies whose heads and writhing forms mingle in the attack and add new terrors to the fray. Such devices of the sculptor and such imaginings of the poet are things of the long ago. Four hundred years before, Greek art had pronounced them unworthy and limited itself to soberer, saner means. Why this return? Does the dramatic craving of the time require serpent terrors for its intenser sensations, or have these things again found lodgment in the beliefs of the people? Something of both. The art that can gloat on the agonies of a Marsyas will hardly hesitate to

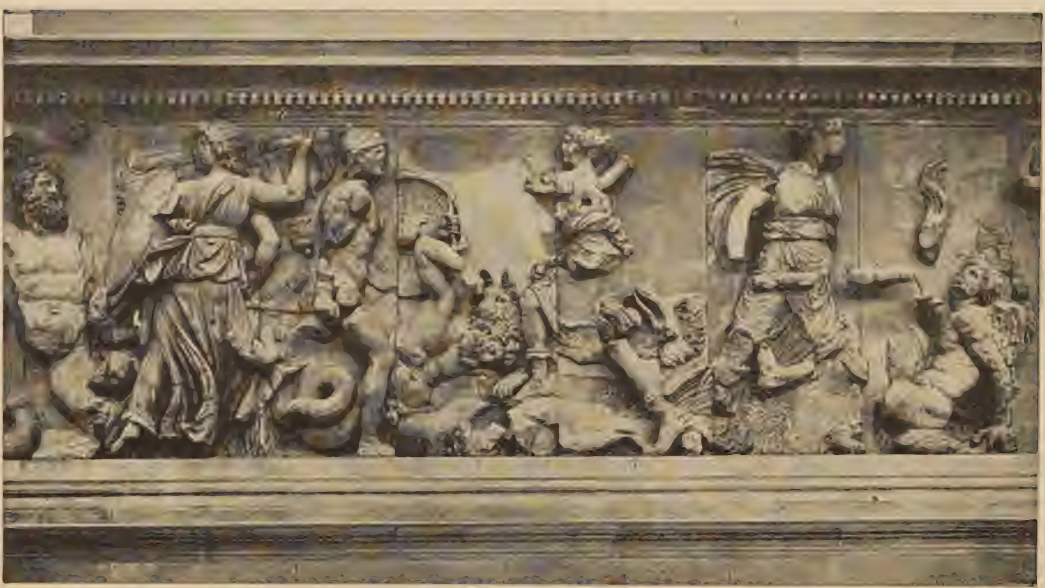

FIG. 137.—Section of Frieze, Pergamon Altar. Pergamon Museum, Berlin.

spice its confections with the ranker condiments. The taste is for ginger of the most biting sort, and such a taste is death to subtler flavors. But why this taste? Largely because this is not Greece. It is barbarism under a Greek veneer. Even Greece is hardly Greek now, for it has been overwhelmed by the vast world which it is attempting to refine.

If these things are in the Pergamon Altar, what may we expect of the art in private homes in Pergamon, in lesser and coarser towns, in later and remoter days? Sensation increased, taste declined, cleverness sought more doubtful occasion. The drunken Satyr in Naples is amazingly drunk, the drunken Faun of Munich beastly drunk, the drunken woman of Rome shockingly, shamefully drunk. The genre art which attains such vogue scruples at no degree of triviality or commonplaceness. The art that once heralded the birth of a goddess now records the realism of the streets. Yet through the period with which we are dealing there is no loss of skill. Scopas would have stood astounded before the Pergamon Altar. It did things that he never dreamed.

But he dreamed things that it never dreamed nor did. The vision had changed. In the larger world of Alexander were mingled torrential streams that plunged from many and distant watersheds, and the great flood ran foaming and turbid to the sea. The Athenian stream might still be limpid, but it had dwindled to a rivulet and was lost in the turbid current. Somewhere, far down the current which we are following still, let us hope the stream will again run clear.

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APPENDIX

REVIEW QUESTIONS

CHAPTER I. 1. In what respects does our civilization seem superior to that of the Greeks? 2. How does our author compare the record of Greece with our own to the advantage of the former? 3. What effect has the widespread revolt against classical studies produced upon our people? 4. How does the scientific attitude of our age necessarily affect our study of Greek art? 5. What gave to Greek art its marvelously significant character?

CHAPTER II. 1. What picture of modern Greece is presented as the opening of this chapter? 2. What explanation is suggested by the discovery of the fragment of obsidian? 3. What do we know of the ancient people who used it? 4. What do we infer as to the state of their civilization under King Minos? 5. In what respects was their work unlike that which was characteristic of the Greeks? 6. What circumstances of their daily life are revealed in their pottery? 7. Why is the decoration of the Ægean vases, rather than their form, of particular value and interest? 8. Describe the use of the spiral. 9. How did the potter use his suggestions from animal forms? 10. In what respects is the skill of the goldworker noteworthy? 11. From the qualities of their art, what do we infer as to the nature of the people?

CHAPTER III. 1. What striking changes in the Ægean civilization are we able to detect about 1500 B.C? 2. Describe the coming of the Spartans. 3. Show how this contrasted with the general features of the "Dorian Invasion." 4. What Greek leader finally ruled in the famous Ægean fortress of the Lion Gate at Mycenæ? 5. How does Homer's narrative show how different was his point of view from that of the earlier Ægean peoples? 6. Show how Athens strove to emulate the skill of Corinth by her black figure vases. 7. How did the style of the Greek vases change in the fifth century B.C.? 8. What further change came about which sent the pottery of Athens into the background?

CHAPTER IV. 1. Describe in general the territory taken possession of by the Greeks who followed the Ægeans. 2. How did it happen that the Ægean civilization secured no hold in Asia Minor? 3. What did the Greeks gain from their control of the coast of Asia Minor in the beginnings of their Hellenic unity? 4. Show how the Greek race differed from the Ægean. 5. What part did the Greek language play in their union? 6. Why did not the Greeks necessarily form a political unity? 7. What were the chief occupations of the Greek people and why? 8. How was their artistic sense developed through their handicrafts? 9. What advantage had the Greeks in their supply of marble? 10. What does the Lion Gate indicate as to its age and difference in character from earliest Greek sculpture? 11. Describe the methods of the early Greek sculptor whether in wood or stone.

CHAPTER V. 1. What was the simplest form of the early Greek temple and what its material? 2. Show how architrave and crossbeams were early and important features. 3. Show how the later 'triglyphs and metopes' developed. 4. Define the four types of Greek temple commonly used and the reasons for each. 5. How did the Greek temple suggest possibilities for decorative sculpture? 6. What would you say were strong points in the sculpture of Heracles and the Hydra (Fig. 18)? 7. What is the commonest explanation for the Greek use of color in marble decoration? 8. What historic reason can we find for this quality of Greek art? 9. What colors are used in the Heracles group and how? 10. How were the early wooden Greek temples probably colored? 11. Was it likely that color would be given up when the temple was first made of stone? 12. How did the quality of the color change as the Greeks made progress in their art? 13. What seems to have been the nature of the process by which the painting of statues attained its highest result?

CHAPTER VI. 1. What did Athens gain from the Ionian invasion? 2. What did Solon do for the city? 3. How was the state transformed by his policy? 4. What able qualities gave Pisistratus the acknowledged leadership? 5. How was art fostered under his direction? 6. What rare good fortune has left us some of the works of his time? 7. How do the early sculptures (Fig. 23) show how Greek art was growing in its perception of beauty? 8. Why does the Calf Bearer (Fig. 25) interest us for several reasons? 9. What are the general characteristics of the draped female figures? 10. What had Greek art of the sixth century still to learn? 11. Compare their coloring with that of the "Typhon" period. 12. What does the skillful and elaborate pattern embroidery teach us as compared with the sculptor's very limited attention to higher forms of expression?

CHAPTER VII. 1. What changes of the government of Athens took place following the death of Pisistratus? 2. How is the change in art ideals shown in the figures of Hestia and those from the Olympia pediment? 3. What did even Mr. Ruskin regard as the probable reason for the extensive use of male nudes by the Greeks? 4. Describe a Greek athletic contest and its effect upon the spectators. 5. How extensive was the use of male nudes in the earlier periods of Greek art? What was their character? 6. What circumstances led to the erection of a statue to the 'Tyrannicides'? 7. What was the later history of this work of art? 8. What two great works of art belong to the period just before and after the battle of Salamis? 9. Describe the striking features of the temple of Ægina. 10. Contrast with its sculptures the still higher standard of the Olympia achievement. 11. What impression does the Apollo of the Omphalos (Fig. 41) make upon you?

CHAPTER VIII. 1. Under what circumstances did Athens become leader of the Greek federation? 2. What importance was attached to the Island of Delos? 3. In what way was the Delian league a tribute to the high character of Aristides? 4. By what stages did Athens become possessed of the Delian treasure? 5. Show how the change in the quality of her political leaders also affected her new point of view. 6. Analyze the character of Pericles. 7. How did Athens in her fall leave with the world convincing proof of her marvelous powers? 8. What world-famous names do we recall as we gaze on the great view from the Acropolis? 9. What was the nature of the influence of Phidias? 10. How would you contrast the work of the sculptors of the Parthenon with that of Phidias? 11. What limits did Pericles place upon the program which he planned for the glorification of Athens?

CHAPTER IX. 1. What was the shape of the Acropolis as leveled by Themistocles and Cimon? 2. How does the rapid completion of the Parthenon stand out in contrast with other famous monuments? 3. What are the chief architectural and sculptural features of the Parthenon? 4. What great qualities of the building stand out when viewed from a distance? 5. Give instances of the 'Greek refinements' in the building. 6. How did the Roman misunderstand the Greek when he attempted to copy the subtle curve of the column? 7. What features of the Parthenon might be eliminated without utterly destroying its underlying character? 8. What was the plan of the proposed Propylæa? 9. What blocked its progress? 10. What striking differences in style were planned for the Erechtheum? 11. Describe the Maiden Porch. 12. Compare the purpose of the Erechtheum with the Parthenon. 13. How is the Asiatic connection of the Athenians suggested by the chief features of the Erechtheum? 14. How is the skill of the sculptor shown in his treatment of the Porch of the Maidens? 15. Describe the events which culminated in the overthrow of the Greeks at Syracuse. 16. What was the tragic fate of Parthenon, Erechtheum and Propylæa?

CHAPTER X. 1. Describe the early statues of Athena attributed to Phidias. 2. What was Phidias' probable relation to the sculptures of the Parthenon? 3. What problem was presented by the pediment and how has it been solved in various temples? 4. What was the theme of the east Pediment of the Parthenon and how was it handled? 5. What has been the fate of the west pediment? 6. What subjects fill the metopes? 7. Discuss the management of the frieze. 8. The probable artists. 9. What artistic spirit is evident in the Temple of Athena Nike? 10. Describe Phidias' Zeus at Olympia and Athena in the Parthenon. 11. How was the art of the great cult statues democratic?

CHAPTER XI. 1. Describe the work of Myron. 2. Of Polyclitus. 3. What was the canon of Polyclitus? 4. How was it obeyed in his figures? 5. Account for his popularity. 6. Discuss science and art.

CHAPTER XII. 1. Account for the diffusion of art. 2. What were some of the changes in technique? 3. Describe the Hermes of Praxiteles. 4. Summarize the development of this period, and connect it with the Hermes. 5. Describe other figures of Praxiteles. 6. In what two famous statues is the influence of Praxiteles shown? 7. Compare the work of Scopas with that of Praxiteles. 8. What are the chief examples of Scopas' chisel? 9. What figure from another hand is marked by his influence?

CHAPTER XIII. 1. Why is the art of the people worthy of study? 2. What has been the evolution of the upright headstone, and what sort of subjects were sculptured upon it? 3. How did theme and technique improve? 4. Compare Greek with Roman taste. 5. Compare the spirit of the Orpheus relief with the tombs in Notre Dame's Westminster Abbey. 6. Why does the author attribute to Phidias the last relief described?

CHAPTER XIV. 1. What is the importance of the date 338 B.C.? 2. How had the temper of Greece changed? 3. Discuss Alexander's Hellenism. 4. Describe the work of Leochares. 5. Describe the Ganymede of the Vatican, and the Apollo Belvedere. 6. Discuss the work of Lysippus. 7. Describe examples of Athenian Hellenistic sculpture. 8. Compare the three Nikes. 9. Discuss the expression of texture and of motion in sculpture. 10. Discuss the Aphrodite of Melos.

CHAPTER XV. 1. How extensive were Alexander's twofold plans? 2. How did Athens fare? 3. What is the living principle of Greek art? 4. To what centers were the creative forces of Greek life transferred? 5. To what was art applied? 6. How did painting influence sculpture? 7. Recall the art of Rhodes. 8. To what extent was art developed in Pergamon and what are its best extant examples? 9. Compare classical and sensational art. Illustrate.

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